

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. LXVII.

PUBLISHED IN

DECEMBER, 1840, & MARCH, 1841.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1841.

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LONDON:
Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and Sons,
Stamford Street.

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ERRATUM.

IRISH REGISTRATION BILL.

Page 592, line 16, *for* under the 51. *read* under the 101.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Eloquence of the United States.* Compiled by E. B. Willison. 5 vols. 8vo. Middletown, Conn., 1827.
2. *Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry.* By William Wirt, of Richmond, Virginia. Ninth edition, corrected by the Author. Philadelphia, 1838.
3. *Orations and Speeches on various occasions.* By Edward Everett. Boston, 1836.
4. *Speeches and Forensic Arguments.* By Daniel Webster. 2 vols. Boston, 1838.

THE Rev. Sydney Smith once wrote an article in the ‘Edinburgh Review’ (re-published amongst his works), proving, to the entire dissatisfaction of the Americans; that they had produced no names in art, science, or literature, since they became a nation, capable of standing a minute’s competition with those produced by England within the same period. This was a little too much; and one of their crack reviewers was commissioned to answer the divine. After a little preliminary castigation, he proceeded to demolish him by a set of searching interrogatories, commencing somewhat in this fashion:

‘Has this writer never heard of Jared Sparks, or Timothy Dwight? Has he never heard of Buckinminster, Griscom, Ames, Wirt, Brown, Fitch, Flint, Frisbie, and Silliman?’

Now it is most assuredly no matter of boast; for many of the writers on the list were men of undoubted talent, and have since obtained well-merited celebrity; but we much fear that Mr. Sydney Smith never had heard of one of them. If he had, he would certainly have been proportionally in advance of the great majority of the reading English public at the time. We have since done a little towards supplying our deficiencies in this respect; but if we were put through the same sort of catechism, most of us should still betray a lamentable degree of ignorance as to the indigenous literature of the United States,—and not less as to their oratory. During Mr. Webster and Miss Sedgewick’s visit to England last spring, it was quite amusing to watch the puzzled faces of the company on the announcement of their names in a drawing-room; for notwithstanding the reprint of Miss Sedgewick’s ‘Tales,’ and the constant mention of Mr. Webster by the

'Genevese Traveller' of the 'Times,' nine persons out of ten in the *élite* of English society had about as accurate a notion of their respective claims to celebrity as Lord Melbourne of Mr. Faraday's, when it was proposed to add that gentleman's name to the pension-list.

To prevent the recurrence of such scenes when Mr. Clay, Mr. Calhoun, or Mr. Everett, shall honour us with a visit, we propose, in the present article, to bring our readers acquainted with the leading orators in the United States, by short sketches of their career and characteristic passages from their speeches,—to play, in short, the 'Timon' of America; and any comparison we may afterwards choose to institute as to the respective excellence of the two countries in this branch of intellectual exertion, will at least not expose us to the reproach of having selected a field in which the advantage is necessarily on the side of the mother-country. Seventy years of democratic institutions may not be sufficient to form a style or perfect a school of art, but they are enough, in all conscience, to show what a nation can do in eloquence and statesmanship.

The eloquence of the Americans, like that of the French, dates from their revolution; but they started under widely different auspices. When the National Assembly was first called together, the members were utterly unacquainted with the forms of business, or the tactics of debate. Dumont tells us that the only orators who possessed any talent for improvisation were Maury, Clermont-Tonnerre, Barnave, and Thouret; and of these Barnave alone was capable of extemporising an entire speech of any length. Mirabeau clearly was not; and most of his best passages are short, rapid, and electrical, flashing out from between the trains of argumentation laboriously prepared for him, like lightning through clouds. In North America, on the contrary, the habit of public speaking was as familiar as in the mother-country at this hour: each provincial assembly was a school; and the very first Congress conducted their debates and carried their resolutions in as orderly and business-like a manner, as if the contending parties had been led by the leaders of our House of Commons, with Lord Canterbury to preside; indeed, in a much more orderly and business-like manner than since the excitement of the crisis has passed away. Unluckily their most momentous sittings were held with closed doors: newspaper reporters did not come into existence as a class, even in England, till full twenty years afterwards; and the vanity of publication had no influence in such a crisis on men whose lives and fortunes were at stake. General descriptions of the principal speakers (Adams, Lee, Dickenson, Hancock) have

come

come down to us; but the one orator who had fire and force enough to stamp his very words and image upon the memory, and blend them indissolubly with the best traditions of the land, was Henry.

Demosthenes left corrected copies of all his best speeches. Demades left none. For aught we know to the contrary, therefore, Theophrastus might have been quite right in saying, as reported in Plutarch, that Demosthenes was worthy of Athens, and Demades above it. But when a speaker takes his fair chance with his fellows, and his thoughts and expressions are laid up in cedar for no other reason than from their being of a kind that the world would not willingly let die, the bare fact is decisive of his claims. If, for example, we knew nothing of Lord Chatham's eloquence but what is recorded by Walpole, we should entertain no doubt of his superiority to Fox or Pulteney; and the few genuine fragments of Mirabeau which have been preserved—preserved only by constant repetition at the time—are more conclusive than volumes; for if the specimens do not entirely come up to the traditional reputation of the man, we are rather tempted to suppose that the thought or expression has lost something of its original brightness on its way to us, than that the concurrent voices of his contemporaries spoke false.

Applying the same criterion to Henry, we cannot well err in placing his name at the head of our list. His authenticated remains consist merely of a few insulated passages, enchased in the note-book of some zealous admirer, or handed down from mouth to mouth; but what are called 'Henry's speeches' form the favourite subjects of declamation in the schools; and the traditionary accounts of the effects produced by his voice and manner, with all those other nameless attributes which Demosthenes included under the word *action*, transcend most things of the kind recorded in history; except the consummate acting of Lord Chatham, who folded his flannels round him like a toga, and awed his adversaries into silence by a sweep of his crutch. Jefferson, no mean authority, declared Henry to be the greatest orator that ever lived; and a firm conviction of the justice of this estimate has been the means of obtaining for him so distinguished a biographer as Mr. Wirt.

Patrick Henry was the second son of Colonel John Henry, a Scotch settler, who emigrated prior to 1730.* Patrick was born in May, 1736, at 'the family seat' called Studley, in Virginia, but

* According to Mr. Wirt, John Henry 'is said to have been a nephew in the maternal line to the great historian, Dr. William Robertson.' Had this been so, he must also have been cousin-german to the mother of Lord Brougham. But dates are awkward things. Dr. Robertson was born in 1721. There may have been some connection.

'was raised and educated' (to borrow the precise expression of Mr. Wirt) at another 'seat' in the same colony. Colonels and seats, however, are good cheap in America, as Blackstone said of gentlemen in England; and there is nothing in Patrick Henry's 'raising' that hears token of aristocracy. He picked up a little Latin and less Greek, with a smattering of mathematics, under the direction of his father, who, it is rather enigmatically stated, 'had opened a grammar-school in his own house;' but he manifested a decided aversion to study, and when the hour for it arrived, was generally to be found in the woods with his gun, or by the river with his fishing-rod. The melancholy Jaques, however, not Nimrod, was his prototype; and the sports of the field were little better than a pretence to get away from books and men, and enjoy the solitary luxury (or vice) of day dreaming. His person at that period was coarse, his manners awkward, his dress slovenly, his conversation rude, and if he gave any indications of future excellence, they were not of a sort to attract the attention of his friends. A fondness and aptness for the observation of character were the only creditable peculiarities they saw in him. At the age of fifteen he was placed behind the counter of a merchant (*Anglicè*, shop-keeper), and after a year's novitiate was set up in business for himself, in partnership with his brother William, whose habits closely resembled his own. The result may be guessed, and was not long in coming. The firm failed within a year; but its ill-success had one good effect on Patrick; it drove him first to music, then to books, as a relief; he learnt to play well on the flute and violin, and acquired, for the first time, a relish for reading. He had also found out one mode of turning his customers to account. When they met to gossip in his store, he availed himself of the opportunity to pursue his favourite study of character; and it was subsequently remembered that, so long as they were gay and talkative, he generally remained silent, but whenever the conversation flagged, he adroitly recommenced it in such a manner as to bring their peculiarities of mind and disposition into play. At eighteen he married, and turned farmer, but he was as little fitted for agriculture as for trade. After a two years' trial, he gave up his farm, and re-commenced shop-keeping, which soon reduced him a second time to insolvency. Part of the abundant leisure, however, in which he uniformly indulged himself, had been devoted to books, and whilst his farm was going to rack and ruin, or his customers were waiting to be served, he was deep in a translation of Livy, whose eloquent harangues particularly attracted him.

It was now that, all other experiments having failed, he resolved to make trial of the law, but his confirmed habits of idleness had induced

induced a general belief that he would stand no chance against the formidable array of competitors which the Virginia bar presented at the time, and he set to work with so little energy as to justify a suspicion that his own expectations were extremely moderate. 'To the study of a profession,' says Mr. Wirt, 'which is said to require the lucubrations of twenty years, Mr. Henry devoted not more than six weeks; Judge Tyler says one month; and he adds, This I had from his own lips. In this time he read Coke upon Littleton, and the Virginia laws.'

A student must be endowed with considerable powers of application who could read Coke upon Littleton in a month; and we incline to think that Henry's perusal was of a cursory description, for his licence to practise was obtained with difficulty, and the examiners who granted it acknowledged that they found him very ignorant of law, but perceived him to be a young man of genius, and did not doubt that he would soon qualify himself. Four years passed away before these expectations were fulfilled, and during much of this period he acted as assistant to his father-in-law, a tavern-keeper. An occasion at length presented itself peculiarly adapted to his powers, and he sprang by one bold bound into celebrity.

The ministers of the established church of Virginia (the Church of England) were then paid in kind, *i.e.* each was legally entitled to an annual stipend of 16,000 pounds of tobacco. In 1755 the crops failed, and an act was passed enabling the planters to discharge their tobacco debts in money, at the rate of 16s. 8d. per hundred weight, when the actual value was 50s. or 60s. This Act, though invalid for want of the royal assent, was submitted to; but when it was revived in 1758, the clergy took the alarm, and one of their body brought the question before the courts. It came on for argument in the shape of a demurrer, and judgment being given for the minister, nothing remained but to assess the damages under a writ of inquiry. The leading counsel of the colony threw up the cause as hopeless, and the defendants applied to Henry because they could get no one else to risk his reputation in it. On the appointed day the bench was crowded by the clergy, and the floor by the populace. What was still more embarrassing, the presiding judge was his own father.

'And now came on the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks with each other; and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat. But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others, of a very different character. For now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed,

possessed, for the first time, developed; and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance, which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the *exuvie* of the clown seemed to shed themselves spontaneously. His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. * * *

'It will not be difficult for any one who ever heard this most extraordinary man, to believe the whole account of this transaction, which is given by his surviving hearers; and from their account, the court-house of Hanover county must have exhibited, on this occasion, a scene as picturesque as has been ever witnessed in real life. They say that the people, whose countenance had fallen as he arose, had heard but a very few sentences before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses; then, attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charm of his emphasis, and the varied and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more. In less than twenty minutes they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in death-like silence; their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening and riveted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mockery of the clergy was soon turned into alarm; their triumph into confusion and despair; and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they fled from the bench in precipitation and terror. As for the father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that, forgetting where he was, and the character which he was filling, tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks, without the power or inclination to repress them.

'The jury seem to have been so completely bewildered that they lost sight, not only of the act of 1748 but that of 1758 also; for, thoughtless even of the admitted right of the plaintiff, they had scarcely left the bar when they returned with a verdict of *one penny damages*. A motion was made for a new trial;* but the court too had now lost the equipoise of their judgment, and overruled the motion by a unanimous vote. The verdict and judgment overruling the motion were followed by redoubled acclamations from within and without the house. The people, who had with difficulty kept their hands off their champion, from the moment of closing his harangue, no sooner saw the fate of the cause finally sealed than they seized him at the bar, and in spite of his own exertions, and the continued cry of "order" from the sheriffs and the court, they bore him out of the court-house, and raising him on their shoulders, carried him about the yard in a kind of electioneering triumph.'—*Wirt*, pp. 42—45.

As Queen Caroline said of Jeannie Dean's appeal for mercy—

* This is quick work; but the narrator is an ex-attorney-general, and we must not judge the practice of an American county court by that of our own Queen's Bench, where a motion for a new trial is not often decided under three years.

'this

'this is eloquence.' Its wonder-working power is proved by the very exaggeration of the accounts. Unluckily (perhaps luckily for the speaker), not a sentence has been preserved: his hearers declared that they were carried away captive at the commencement, and that, when it was over, they felt as if just awakened from a dream, of which they were unable to connect or recal the particulars. To this day the old people of the country cannot conceive a higher compliment to a speaker than to say of him—'*He is almost equal to Patrick when he pled against the parsons.*'*

Henry's reputation was now established, and he was employed in most causes of importance where there was any room for eloquence, for he could not be induced till long after to make the slightest effort with the view of removing his ignorance of law, and, instead of refining his manner or improving his dress, he took a delight in their plainness, and would often come into court attired in a coarse hunting-jacket, greasy leather-breeches, and with a pair of saddle-bags under his arm. He had also contracted, or affected, the vulgar style of pronunciation, as:—'*Naiteral* parts is better than all the *larning* upon *yearth*'—though his friends deny the *is*.

We pass over his many triumphs at the bar to come at once to his grand display in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, which at that time boasted five or six speakers, whom Mr. Wirt seems inclined to parallel with the first debaters of any country. Henry broke ground in opposition to a motion for shielding some influential members of the aristocratic party from the consequences of a misappropriation of the public money, but his first grand effort was in support of the resolutions against the Stamp Act, moved by himself. He was opposed by all the old members;

* At the same time we lay comparatively little stress on verdicts against law and evidence in cases where the passions or prejudices of the jury can be appealed to. For example, the late Sir John Astley brought an action of trespass against the notorious Henry Hunt, one while M.P. for Preston. Hunt, like Henry's client, suffered judgment by default: the damages were to be assessed under a writ of inquiry before the undersheriff, who told the jury that the plaintiff was entitled to their verdict for some sum, however small, though no actual damage had been sustained. Hunt appeared in person, and contended that, as the only trespass proved was walking once across a bare common, and the witness admitted that no injury, not even a farthing's worth, had been done, he was entitled to a verdict; and they found for him. A second inquiry was instantly awarded by the court, and the result was the same. A third was then applied for, and, after an ingenious argument by Hunt, was granted,—Lord Ellenborough, who delivered the judgment, growling out an injunction to the sheriff to be prepared with an assessor capable of teaching the jury their duty. The advice was followed, and the jury, happening to be more intelligent than usual, were at length brought to understand the true character of the point. A still more daring attempt is recorded of Curran. His adversary's case was clear, and he had not a tittle of evidence to oppose to it; so, seeing a fellow in the last stage of intoxication amongst the bystanders, he desired him to be placed in the witness-box, and told the jury that the other side had made his only witness so drunk that he could not utter a syllable. The jury (Irish) found for their favourite 'counsellor' without delay.

but

but (to borrow the words of Jefferson, who was present) 'torrents of sublime eloquence from Henry, backed by the solid reasoning of Johnson (the seconder), prevailed. The last, however, and strongest resolution was carried but by a single vote. The debate on it was most bloody.' It was on this occasion that he uttered the celebrated passage—

"Caesar had his Brutus—Charles the First his Cromwell—and George the Third—('Treason!' cried the speaker—'Treason, treason!' echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which is decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis)—*may profit by their example*. If *this* be treason, make the most of it."—*Wirt*, p. 83.

Henry had hitherto confined his practice to the county courts, but in the year 1769 he joined the bar of the general court, and came into collision with the best lawyers of the colony. His biographer is obliged to confess that he stood a bad chance with them in most causes involving questions of property, but says he was unapproachable as counsel for the prisoner in a criminal case.

A gentleman who has examined several of Erskine's briefs informs us that the notes and interlineations were few, but that particular parts were doubled down and dashed with peculiar emphasis—his plan being to throw all his strength upon the grand features of the case, instead of frittering it away upon details. Henry's method was the same. He grouped instead of analysing, and produced, by a few master-touches, effects which laborious finish would have marred.

In 1774 he was elected a member of the first congress, and here too his superiority is said to have been soon established. Still we get nothing but descriptions, and to arrive at even the skeleton of a speech we must pass to a sitting of the Virginia convention, 20th March, 1775, when he brought forward a series of resolutions for arming the colony:—

"They tell us, sir," continued Mr. Henry, "that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible

invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

“It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me,” cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation—“give me liberty, or give me death!”

‘He took his seat. No murmur of applause was heard. The effect was too deep. After the trance of a moment several members started from their seats. The cry, “to arms!” seemed to quiver on every lip, and gleam from every eye!’—*Ibid.* p. 142.

It was thought the highest commendation to say of Demosthenes that, when he had done speaking, the cry was not ‘*What a splendid oration!*’ but ‘*Let us march against Philip!*’

The colony took to arms at Henry’s bidding, and appointed him their commander; but his military talents were distrusted, and he was eventually driven to resign without having had any opportunity of showing what he could do as a general. Unlike Demosthenes, however, who was one of the first to run away at Chæroneæ, he gave decided proofs of personal intrepidity in the field. In 1776 he was elected governor of Virginia, and in the fall of that year it was even proposed to make him dictator. The project was crushed by Colonel Cary, the speaker of the senate, who thus accosted Henry’s step-brother, Colonel Syme, in the lobby of the house:—‘I am told that your brother wishes to be dictator: tell him from me that the day of his appointment shall be the day of his death, for he shall feel my dagger in his heart before the sunset of that day.’ There is no proof of his implication in the scheme, which was suggested merely by the temporary bad aspect of affairs.

It is highly to Henry’s honour that one of the first measures proposed by him after the independence of the colonies was secured, was protection to the British refugees.

“Let

“Let us have the magnanimity, sir, to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. Those are an enterprising, moneyed people—they will be serviceable in taking off the surplus-produce of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries, during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, in making them tributary to our advantage. And as I have no prejudices to prevent my making this use of them, so, sir, I have no fear of any mischief that they can do us. Afraid of *them*!—what, sir,”—said he, rising to one of his loftiest attitudes, and assuming a look of the most indignant and sovereign contempt,—“shall *we*, who have laid the proud British *lion* at our feet, now be afraid of his *whelps*? ”—*Ibid.* p. 254.

The concluding figure is said to have produced an amazing effect, which is highly probable, for it not only addressed the reason, but tickled the vanity of the assembly.

Mr. Henry was elected a member of the Convention which met to discuss the constitution of the United States in 1788. Their debates and proceedings have been fully reported by Mr. Robertson of Virginia, but he admits the impossibility of doing justice to such a speaker as Henry, and we find little worth quoting.

In one of Curran's most celebrated speeches he was struggling for an illustration of his client's innocence. ‘It was clear as—as—’ (at this moment the sun shone into the court) ‘clear as yonder sunbeam that now bursts upon us with its splendid coruscations.’ Henry thus worked up a somewhat similar incident:—

‘After describing, in accents which spoke to the soul, and to which every other bosom deeply responded, the awful immensity of the question (the adoption of the Constitution) to the present and future generations, and the throbbing apprehensions with which he looked to the issue, he passed from the house and from the earth, and looking, as he said, “beyond that horizon which binds mortal eyes,” he pointed—with a countenance and action that made the blood run back upon the aching heart—“to those celestial beings who were hovering over the scene, and waiting with anxiety for a decision which involved the happiness or misery of more than half the human race.” To those beings—with the same thrilling look and action—he had just addressed an invocation that made every nerve shudder with supernatural horror—when, lo! a storm at that instant arose which shook the whole building, and the spirits whom he had called seemed to have come at his bidding. Nor did his eloquence, or the storm, immediately cease—but, availing himself of the incident with a master's art, he seemed to mix in the fight of his ethereal auxiliaries, and, “rising on the wings of the tempest, to seize upon the artillery of Heaven, and direct its fiercest thunders against the heads of his adversaries.” The scene became insupportable; and

and the house rose without the formality of adjournment, the members rushing from their seats with precipitation and confusion.'—*Wirt*, pp. 312, 313.

We cannot help suspecting that the members rushed out, not so much from the confounding effect of Henry's eloquence as for fear the building should come crumbling upon their heads. It was, however, no trifling matter to induce them to keep their places till he had done.

In the same session he obtained a triumph of a different order. A young member of the federal party, the son of an officer of rank, who had been educated in England and resided there during the whole period of the revolution, had the bad taste to make a direct set at Henry. The occasion he chose was in reply to a speech in which the veteran had expressed his readiness 'at all times and on all occasions to bow, with the utmost deference, to the majesty of the people.' Being endowed with a lively fancy, a graceful address, and easy sprightly elocution, he rang the changes on these words with considerable felicity through thirteen periods, concluding each period with a bow. Among other things he said it was of little importance whether a country was ruled by a despot with a tiara on his head, or by a demagogue in a red cloak and a caul-bare wig (describing Henry's dress), although he should profess on all occasions to bow to the majesty of the people. Henry raised himself up heavily, and with affected awkwardness:—

"Mr. Speaker," said he, "I am a plain man, and have been educated altogether in Virginia. My whole life has been spent among planters, and other plain men of similar education, who have never had the advantage of that polish which a court alone can give, and which the gentleman over the way has so happily acquired; indeed, sir, the gentleman's employments and mine (in common with the great mass of his countrymen) have been as widely different as our fortunes; for while that gentleman was availing himself of the opportunity which a splendid fortune afforded him, of acquiring a foreign education, mixing among the great, attending levees and courts, *basking in the beams of royal favour at St. James's*, and exchanging courtesies with crowned heads, I was engaged in the arduous toils of the revolution; and was probably as far from thinking of acquiring those polite accomplishments which the gentleman has so successfully cultivated, as that gentleman then was from sharing in the toils and dangers in which *his unpolished countrymen* were engaged. I will not, therefore, presume to vie with the gentleman in those courtly accomplishments of which he has just given the house so agreeable a specimen; yet such a bow as I can make shall be ever at the service of the people." Herewith, although there was no man who could make a more graceful bow than Mr. Henry, he made one so ludicrously awkward and clownish, as took the house by surprise, and put them into a roar of laughter. "The gentleman, I hope,

hope, will commiserate the disadvantages of education under which I have laboured, and will be pleased to remember that I have never been a favourite with that monarch whose gracious smile he has had the happiness to enjoy." He pursued this contrast of situations and engagements for fifteen or twenty minutes without a smile, and without the smallest token of resentment, either in countenance, expression, or manner. "You would almost have sworn," says a correspondent, "that he thought himself making his apology for his own awkwardness before a full drawing-room at St. James's. I believe there was not a person that heard him, the sufferer himself excepted, who did not feel every risible nerve affected. His adversary meantime hung down his head, and sinking lower and lower, until he was almost concealed behind the interposing forms, submitted to the discipline as quietly as a Russian malefactor who had been beaten with the knout till all sense of feeling was lost."—pp. 322-324.

This reminds us of Lord Chatham's attack on Lord Mansfield, as described in a letter from the first Lord Holland to the Marquis of Hartington :—'Every word was Murray; yet so managed that neither he nor anybody else could or did take public notice of it, or in any degree reprehend him. I sat near Murray, *who suffered for an hour.*'

A long and elaborate report of his argument on the question of the British debts—whether debts due to British subjects were recoverable—has been preserved; and though its imperfections are frankly admitted by the reporter, it proves that Henry could thoroughly master a great legal question, and argue according to the strict rules of logic when he chose. (See Wirt, p. 331.) The case of John Hook is ordinarily put forward as an example of what he could do in the comic line. This Hook was a Scotchman, fond of money, and suspected of being unfavourable to the American cause. Two of his bullocks had been seized for the use of the troops in 1781; and so soon as peace was established he brought an action against the commissary. Henry was engaged for the defence:—

'He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigour of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched with the blood of their unshod feet. "Where was the man," he said, "who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots? Where is the man? *There* he stands; but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge." He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of. He depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colours of his eloquence: the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection

jection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches: they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of Washington and liberty, as it rang and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighbouring river. "But hark! what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? they are the notes of *John Hook*, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, *beef! beef! beef!*"—pp. 389, 390.*

It is added that the clerk of the court, unable to contain himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum, rushed out and was found rolling on the grass in a paroxysm of laughter by Hook, the hero of the day. 'Jemmy Steptoe, what the devil ails ye, mon?' Mr. Steptoe could only say that he could not help it. 'Never mind ye,' said the defendant; 'wait till Billy Cowan gets up; he'll show him the la.' Billy Cowan's exertions, however, proved vain. The cause was decided by acclamation; and a cry of *tar and feathers* having succeeded to that of *beef*, Mr. Hook was fain to make a precipitate retreat.

His last appearance on the stage of public life was in 1799, when, alarmed at the violent measures meditated by the democratic party, he thought it his duty to stem the torrent, and presented himself as a candidate for the House of Delegates for Charlotte County. On the day of election he received such homage from the people that a baptist minister demanded why they followed him about: 'Mr. Henry is not a god.' 'No, indeed, my friend,' was the reply; 'I am but a poor worm, as fleeting and unsubstantial as the shadow of the cloud that flies over your fields, and is remembered no more.' In the course of his address he painted the horrors that would ensue if they compelled Washington to march against them:—

"And where (he asked) are our resources to meet such a conflict?—Where is the citizen of America who will dare to lift his hand against the father of his country?" A drunken man in the crowd threw up his arm, and exclaimed that "he dared to do it."—"No," answered Mr. Henry, rising aloft in all his majesty: "you dare not do it: in such a parricidal attempt, the steel would drop from your nerveless arm!"

He was elected by a large majority, and the assembly was thrown into commotion by the tidings of his approach; but his health was irretrievably broken, the crisis was accelerated by the agitations of the period, and on June 6th, 1799, he died.

The person of an orator who produced such effects by action is important. Henry was tall and raw-boned, with a slight

* This passage was introduced with considerable felicity by Mr. Charles Phillips, in his speech against a gentleman who had prosecuted two of his servants for feloniously appropriating to their own use sundry slices of a boiled round of beef.

stoop of the shoulders; his complexion was dark and sunburnt, without any appearance of blood in the cheeks; his ordinary expression was that of gravity, and he had an habitual contraction of the brow, which gave him a look of harshness till he spoke. His forehead was high and straight—nose Roman, and eyes of singular power and brilliancy, overshadowed by dark thick eyebrows. His voice was clear, firm, and of extraordinary compass. His delivery was easy and natural when he warmed; but he often hesitated at the commencement, and had the air of labouring under a distressing degree of modesty or timidity, which indeed continued to characterise his manner throughout, unless he was led to throw it off by some high excitement. His information was very limited, for his disinclination to study returned upon him so soon as his reputation was established. 'Take my word for it,' was his remark to a friend in advanced life,—'we are too old to read books: read men—they are the only volumes *we* can read to advantage.' What he did read was always ready for use. Mr. Lee (the Cicero of the Virginian Assembly) was descending tediously, till a late hour, on the beauties of Don Quixote. Henry assented, but added, 'you have overlooked in your eulogy one of the finest things in the book—the divine exclamation of Sancho—"Blessed be the man who first invented sleep: it covers one all over, like a cloak."'

We have already suggested a parallel; and no one can help being struck by the striking resemblance which Henry's oratory (so far as it can be collected from description) bears to Lord Chatham's, notwithstanding the startling discrepancy between their birth, breeding, tastes, habits, and pursuits. The one, a born member of the English aristocracy—the other, the son of a Virginian farmer: the one, educated at Eton and Oxford—the other, picking up a little Latin grammar at a day-school: the one, reading Bailey's Dictionary twice over, and articulating before a glass to perfect his use of language—the other, affecting a still greater carelessness of style and rusticity of pronunciation than were natural to him: the one, so fine a gentleman and so inveterate an actor, that, before receiving the most insignificant visitor, he was wont to call for his wig, and settle himself in an imposing attitude—the other, slouching into the provincial parliament with his leather gaiters and shooting-jacket. But they meet in all the grand leading elemental points—in fire, force, energy and intrepidity—the sagacity that works by intuition—the faculty of taking in the entire subject at a glance, or lighting up a whole question by a metaphor—the fondness for Saxon words, short uninverted idiomatic sentences, downright assertions, and hazardous apostrophes—above all, in the singular

singular tact and felicity with which their dramatic (or rather melo-dramatic) turns and touches were brought in.

It is in vain to say that people could never have been such fools as to be awed by what reads very like buffoonery or impertinence; or to cite the failure of Burke, who, when he flung the dagger on the floor of the House, produced nothing but a smothered laugh, and a joke from Sheridan:—‘The gentleman has brought us the knife—but where is the fork?’ The scene would have gone off differently, had the actor been equal to the part. Lord Chatham often succeeded in worse. On one occasion, for example, he rose and walked out of the House, at his usual slow pace, immediately after he had finished his speech. A silence ensued till the door opened to let him into the lobby. A member then started up, saying, ‘I rise to reply to the right honourable member.’ Lord Chatham turned back, and fixed his eye on the orator, who instantly sat down dumb; then his lordship returned to his seat, repeating, as he hobbled along, the verses of Virgil:

‘At Danaûm proceres, Agamemnoniæque phalanges,
Ut vidère virum fulgentiaque arma per umbras,
Ingenti trepidare metu: pars vertere terga,
Ceû quondam petiere rates: pars tollere vocem
Exiguam: inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.’

Then placing himself in his seat, he exclaimed, ‘Now let me hear what the honourable member has to say to me.’ When the late Mr. Charles Butler, from whom we borrow this anecdote, asked his informant, an eye-witness, if the House did not laugh at the ridiculous figure of the poor member, he replied, ‘No, sir, we were all too awed to laugh.’

Another extraordinary instance of his command of the House is the manner in which he fixed indelibly on Mr. Grenville the appellation of ‘the gentle shepherd.’ At the time in question, a song of Dr. Howard, which began with the words, ‘Gentle shepherd, tell me where,’ each stanza ending with that line, was in every mouth. In the course of the debate, Mr. Grenville exclaimed, ‘Where is our money? where are our means? I say again, where are our means? where is our money?’ He then sat down, and Lord Chatham paced slowly out of the House, humming the line, ‘Gentle shepherd, tell me where.’

Mr. Butler states that a gentleman mentioned the two last circumstances to the late Mr. Pitt; the minister observed that they were proofs of his father’s ascendancy in the House; but that no specimens remained of the eloquence by which that ascendancy was procured. The gentleman recommended him to read slowly his father’s speeches for the repeal of the stamp-act; and while he

he repeated them to bring to his mind, as well as he could, the figure, the look, and the voice, with which his father might be supposed to have pronounced them. Mr. Pitt did so, and admitted the probable effect of the speeches thus delivered.

In the case of his Transatlantic rival we must go still further: we must infer both language and action from the wonders recorded of him; but when we find Americans of all classes, parties, and shades of opinion, bearing concurrent testimony to these, there is obviously no alternative but to assume the direct falsehood of their statements, or admit that Patrick Henry possessed the genuine *vis viva*, the inborn genius of oratory, as much perhaps as any other modern, dead or living, with the exception of Chatham and Mirabeau.

Botta, the Italian, who, in his 'History of the American Revolution,' has thrown the arguments for and against the Declaration of Independence into the form of harangues after the manner of the historians of antiquity, makes Lee and Dickinson the champions of their respective parties. Lee certainly moved the resolutions, but Jefferson says, 'the colossus of that Congress, the great pillar of support to the Declaration, and its ablest advocate on the floor of the House, was *John Adams*,' who poured forth his passionate appeals in language which 'moved his hearers from their seats.' It was a bold measure to attempt an imitation, but this has been done by Mr. Webster, artistically interweaving the few original expressions which have been retained. We will quote a few sentences:

'Let us, then, bring before us the assembly which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors, and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and care-worn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voices of this band of patriots.

'Hancock presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the declaration. . . .

'It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness—

'“Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence; but there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration? For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander

commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him! The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence?

"Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die! die colonists! die slaves! die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold! Be it so—be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

"But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honour it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment; independence *now*—and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER!"

The first sentence of the speech here given to Adams is copied from his declaration to the attorney-general for Massachusetts in 1774:—"The die is now cast. I have passed the Rubicon. To sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish with my country, is my unalterable determination." The passage would be materially improved by leaving out the words 'survive or perish;' but a leaning towards pleonasm is one great defect of American style, as we may subsequently have occasion to point out.

Prior to his appearance in congress, Adams had obtained great celebrity at the bar. He defended Captain Preston, prosecuted for firing on the people in 1770; and, throwing all petty considerations and prejudices aside, called on the jury 'to be deaf, deaf as adders, to the clamours of the populace.' Captain Preston was acquitted; and the circumstance is often mentioned as a proof of the inherent sense of justice among the people of the United States. But is it quite clear that they retain as a nation all the good qualities which distinguished them as a British colony?

Were the ringleaders of the Baltimore mob, who murdered the printer of a newspaper which opposed a war with England in 1812, convicted or acquitted? Or if the slave-owners had tarred and feathered Miss Martineau, and sent her to keep company with wild turkeys, as they threatened, could any southern jury have been persuaded to find them guilty of an assault?

Two other famous speakers of the ante-revolutionary period were John Rutledge and James Otis. The latter argued the great question of writs of assistance (a sort of general warrant) in 1761; and his speech is thus described in one of John Adams's letters:—'Otis was a flame of fire! With a promptitude of classical allusion, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eye into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. American independence was then and there born. Every man of an immense crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take arms against writs of assistance.'—Jefferson was struck in precisely the same manner by Henry, and gives him credit for the same description of effect. We may split the difference, by supposing that Otis then laid the embers which Henry afterwards lighted and flung abroad.

This is all worth repeating that we have been able to collect regarding the ante-revolutionary epoch, and we gladly pass on to a period which offers something more substantial than scattered allusions to argue from. Common Rumour is an indispensable witness in an inquiry like the present. With all her hundred-tongued propensity to fibbing, she must be put into the box; and our first care was to learn from the most enlightened Americans of our acquaintance, which, according to the popular estimate, were generally regarded as the best speakers of their time. The following is a carefully-collated list of the chief names that have been forwarded to us with satisfactory testimonials:

Alexander Hamilton, Fisher Ames, John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, Rufus King, Samuel Dexter, Chief Justice Marshall, John Wells, Thomas Emmett (the Irish barrister), Harrison Grey Otis, John Randolph, William Wirt, Joseph Hopkinson, Horace Binney, Luther Martin, William Pinkney, Robert Harper, Robert Hayne, James Madison, James Bayard, William Preston, Joseph Story, Henry Clay, John Calhoun, Daniel Webster, and Edward Everett.

It is a remarkable fact that the whole of these are lawyers by profession except the last. The order in which they are here named means nothing; and it may be as well to say that no just conclusion can be drawn from the preference we may accord,

OR

or the comparative space we may devote to any of them, in our remarks and quotations.

Lord Brougham, in his *Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients*, says that public speaking among them bore a more important share in the conduct of affairs, and filled a larger space in the eye of the people, than it does now, or indeed ever can again. He afterwards alludes to their interest in oratorical displays as sources of recreation, but it seems to have escaped his attention that 'the orators' formed a class distinct from the public men in general, and were more frequently the disturbers than the rulers of the state. Thus Plutarch, in the *Life of Phocion*, says—'For as princes divert themselves at their meals with buffoons and jesters, so the Athenians attended to the polite and agreeable address of their orators merely by way of entertainment; but when the question was concerning so important a business as the command of their forces, they returned to sober and serious thinking,' &c. For this reason it was said that Demosthenes was the finer orator, and Phocion the more persuasive speaker—Phocion, who, when his opinion once happened to be received with universal applause, turned to his friends and asked, 'Have I inadvertently let slip something wrong?'

The good sense of mankind has established the same distinction in all countries,—even under a democracy like that of the United States, where, from the undue prevalence of the talking profession, it might be thought that the assembly or the forum afforded the only legitimate means of influence. The name of Jefferson, for example, does not appear upon our list; yet who has played a more important part? The fact is, his voice, weak at best, became guttural and inarticulate in moments of high excitement, and the consciousness of this infirmity prevented him from risking his reputation in debate; though, judging from the productions of his pen, he possessed all except the physical qualifications of an orator. Washington, again, was wont to exercise much the same sort of influence as the Duke of Wellington has long exercised in this country. He delivered his opinion in a few pithy sentences, written or spoken, and the mere declaimers subsided into insignificance. It is remarkable, too, that the patriotic exertions of these great men were generally directed against the same class of politicians—namely, those who sought to gain the favour of the people by relaxing the reins of government and weakening the foundations of authority.*

It is related of Washington, at the conclusion of his campaign against the Indians, that, having to appear before the assembly

* Many other points of analogy will be suggested by a perusal of the inestimable and (in some measure) parallel compilations of Colonel Gurwood and Mr. Sparks.

of Virginia and return thanks for a complimentary vote, he got confused, and was unable to go on. 'Sit down, Mr. Washington,' said the Speaker; 'your modesty is equal to your valour; and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess.' He afterwards, however, acquired the power of expressing himself without embarrassment, and when Patrick Henry was asked in 1774 who was the first man in Congress, he replied: 'If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor.'

Even amongst those who take rank as orators, there may be some whose speeches possess few attractions in a rhetorical point of view, though grave, dignified, replete with thought and knowledge, and admirably adapted both to the subject-matter and the time. Those of Alexander Hamilton, the most consummate statesman ever 'raised' in America, pre-eminently belong to this category. 'There is not an element of order, strength, and durability in the constitution of the United States,' says M. Guizot, 'which he did not powerfully contribute to introduce into the scheme, and cause to be adopted.'*

What the reader naturally looks for in specimens is the striking metaphor, the happy illustration, the biting sarcasm, the graceful irony, the bold invective, the vehement apostrophe—something, in short, of the stimulating or exciting kind, and these are not always to be found in the models of clear statement or the correctest trains of reasoning. At the same time, it would be unfair in the extreme to infer the absence of statesmanship from the presence or even abundance of these qualities. Fire and fancy are not incompatible with truth and wisdom; or, as Lord Chatham once said in answer to Mr. Pelham—

'What the gentlemen on the other side mean by long harangues or flowers of rhetoric, I shall not pretend to determine; but if they make use of nothing of the kind, it is no very good argument of their sincerity, because a man who speaks from his heart and is sincerely affected with the subject upon which he speaks, as every honest man must be when he speaks in the cause of his country, such a man, I say, falls naturally into expressions which may be called flowers of rhetoric, and therefore deserves as little to be charged with affectation as the most stupid serjeant-at-law that ever spoke for a half-guinea fee.'

We have now, it is to be hoped, said enough to escape the risk of wounding the self-love of any irritable individual of the most irritable nation in the world. To save the trouble of frequent

* *Washington.* By M. Guizot. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. 1840.

repetition, we will next briefly explain the nature of the great party-topics on which the larger, if not the better, half of American eloquence has been expended.

No sooner were the United States recognised as a nation than the powers vested in congress during the war were found utterly insufficient for the purposes of peace. The British government, perhaps not sorry to mortify the new state, refused to sign a treaty till they were increased. A project of a constitution was accordingly submitted to a convention of delegates in 1787, and, after a warm discussion, adopted by the majority. The most enlightened and (with two or three exceptions) most distinguished statesmen strongly advocated the expediency of giving the largest amount of power to the supreme central authorities. The men of local influence, backed by the lower class, struggled hard to maintain the supremacy of the provincial legislatures, on which the popular voice could be brought to bear with full effect. The views of the former were explained in a series of letters called *The Federalist*. This gave a name to the party; and *Federalist* and *Anti-Federalist* were thenceforward the designations of the two grand divisions into which the entire country was split. Jay, Madison, and Hamilton were the chief leaders of the Federalists, who had also the support of Washington. The principal speaker on the other side was Patrick Henry, but their real leader was Jefferson, then absent on a diplomatic mission. The Federalists leaned towards aristocracy and England, the Anti-Federalists towards democracy and France. 'Thus,' says M. Guizot, in the little tract already quoted—in our humble opinion the best thing he ever wrote—'the controversy between them involved the social as well as the political order of things,—the very constitution of society as well as its government. Thus the supreme, eternal questions, which have agitated and will ever agitate the world, and which are connected with the far higher problem of the nature and the destiny of man, all lay at stake between the parties into which the American community was divided, and were all concealed under their designations.'

When the constitution was discussed, the parties were so equally divided, that the decision often hung upon a vote. But after the death of Washington the popular party rapidly gained ground, and the election of Jefferson to the Presidency in 1801 was the crowning triumph of democracy. His friends then took the name of *Democrats* or *Republicans*. The name of Federalist continued till a much later period; but in 1824, when John Quincy Adams was elected President, it was changed for that of *National-Republicans*, and about the same period the democrats who opposed him began to be called *Jackson-men*. In 1834 both parties were baptised anew. The old federalists, or aristocrats,

tocrats, were christened *Whigs*; and the democrats (who supported Van Buren) *Tories*,—which had been regarded as a term of opprobrium ever since the revolution, when the adherents of the mother-country were so called. Some of these new Tories had a meeting at Tammany Hall, New York: the lamps being accidentally extinguished, the hall was re-lighted by Locofoco (Lucifer) matches, and thus arose the term *Locofocos*, by which the ultra-Radicals of the United States are designated. We need hardly add that these lines have been occasionally crossed by both parties: thus Jackson's proclamation against South Carolina in 1833 was, to all intents and purposes, a strong Federalist manifesto. Of late years, too, other questions, not strictly referable to either set of principles, have been chosen for rallying points, as the bank, the tariff, the abolition of slavery; and at the present moment topics of a purely personal nature are most in fashion. The suffrages of an enlightened public have been demanded for General Harrison (the *Whig*, i.e. *Conservative*, candidate for the Presidency) on the ground of his dwelling in a log-house and drinking hard cider of his own making; and it is deemed patriotic to use letter-paper headed by a vignette representing him seated in front of such a residence with a cup in his hand and a hogshcad by his side.

The speakers whom (with reference to the foregoing considerations, and with reference also to the materials within our reach) we have selected for particular illustration are: Fisher Ames, John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, Wirt, Story, Randolph, Calhoun, Clay, Everett, and Webster.

Fisher Ames was born at Dedham, Massachusetts, 1758. He graduated at Harvard University, and, after going through a course of legal study at Boston, began the practice of his profession in his native village. In most parts of North America the functions of the barrister and attorney are combined, like those of surgeon and apothecary in an English country-town, and he probably discharged both. He made himself known by his political contributions to the newspapers, and was elected a member of the provincial assembly, where he so highly distinguished himself as to lead to his being soon transferred to a more conspicuous field,—the first congress that met after the constitution was declared.

Fisher Ames has received from the fond partiality of his countrymen the name of the American Burke, and though his political *Essays* form the chief and most lasting foundation of his fame, there are passages in his *speeches* which might go far towards accounting for, if they do not quite justify, the appellation. Thus, in his speech on Mr. Madison's motion in 1794 to impose

impose additional restrictions on foreign commerce in the hope of inducing other nations to repeal theirs :

‘The extravagant despotism of this language accords very ill with our power to give it effect, or with the affectation of zeal for an unlimited freedom of commerce. Such a state of absolute freedom of commerce never did exist, and it is very much to be doubted whether it ever will. Were I invested with the trust to legislate for mankind, it is very probable the first act of my authority would be to throw all the restrictive and prohibitory laws of trade into the fire; the resolutions on the table would not be spared. But if I were to do so, it is probable I should have a quarrel on my hands with every civilised nation. The Dutch would claim the monopoly of the spice-trade, for which their ancestors passed their whole lives in warfare. The Spaniards and Portuguese would be no less obstinate. If we calculate what colony monopolies have cost in wealth, in suffering, and in crimes, we shall say they were dearly purchased. The English would plead for their navigation act, not as a source of gain, but as an essential means of securing their independence. So many interests would be disturbed, and so many lost, by a violent change from the existing to an unknown order of things; and the mutual relations of nations, in respect to their power and wealth, would suffer such a shock, that the idea must be allowed to be perfectly Utopian and wild. But for this country to form the project of changing the policy of nations, and to begin the abolition of restrictions by restrictions of its own, is equally ridiculous and inconsistent.’

We believe it to be equally Utopian for any country, in the present condition of the world, to form the project of changing the policy of nations, and begin the abolition of restrictions by *abolishing* its own. But the self-complacency with which our corn-law repealers annually bring forward their commonplaces as novelties, and think it the height of philosophy to have discovered the abstract evil of monopolies, is the principal topic of reflection suggested by this paragraph; though Sir Robert Peel’s masterly exposure of their fallacious statements, which he tore to tatters without finding it necessary to go into the main question, has pretty well reduced them to their proper dimensions as economists.

Mr. Ames’s countrymen may still learn something from the following :

‘In open war, we are the weaker, and shall be brought into danger, if not to ruin. . . . By cherishing the arts of peace, we shall acquire, and we are actually acquiring, the strength and resources for a war. Instead of seeking treaties, we ought to shun them; for the later they shall be formed, the better will be the terms: we shall have more to give, and more to withhold. We have not yet taken our proper rank, nor acquired that consideration which will not be refused us, if we persist in prudent and pacific counsels; if we give time for our strength to mature itself. *Though America is rising with a giant’s strength, its bones are yet but cartilages.* By delaying the beginning of a conflict, we insure the victory.’

Burke

Burke, in his speech on American affairs delivered in 1772, calls the Americans 'a nation in the gristle;' and Talleyrand, on his return from the United States, described them as 'un géant sans os ni nerfs.'

Mr. Ames's great speech, however, is one delivered in 1796 in support of the Treaty with Great Britain, which, though ratified by the President, a considerable party in the House of Representatives were anxious to repudiate. He was so weak from severe illness when he rose, that it seemed doubtful whether he would be able to do more than enter his protest against the proposed infraction of public faith; but as he warmed in the argument, he acquired a factitious strength, and there is a kind of feverish force and wildness in the expressions he flings forth as his convictions deepen in the very act of uttering them:

'Will any man affirm the American nation is engaged by good faith to the British nation, but that engagement is nothing to this House? Such a man is not to be reasoned with. Such a doctrine is a coat of mail that would turn the edge of all the weapons of argument, if they were sharper than a sword. Will it be imagined the King of Great Britain and the President are mutually bound by the treaty, but the two Nations are free?

'This, sir, is a cause that would be dishonoured and betrayed if I contented myself with appealing only to the understanding. It is too cold, and its processes are too slow, for the occasion. I desire to thank God, that, since he has given me an intellect so fallible, he has impressed upon me an instinct that is sure. On a question of shame and honour, reasoning is sometimes useless, and worse. I feel the decision in my pulse—if it throws no light upon the brain, it kindles a fire at the heart.'

Under the treaty in question certain posts, supposed to be essential to the protection of the American frontier against the Indians, were to be surrendered by Great Britain. This afforded a fine topic of declamation:—

'By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make, to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake, to our country, and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable, and if duty be anything more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

'There is no mistake in this case, there can be none. Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of their wilderness. It exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture,

torture. Already they seem to sigh in the west wind—already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.’

In order to make the resemblance to Burke more complete, the speaker steals a second feather from his wing:—

‘For when the fiery vapours of the war lowered in the skirts of our horizon, all our wishes were concentrated in this one, that we might escape the desolation of the storm. This treaty, like a rainbow on the edge of the cloud, marked to our eyes the space where it was raging, and afforded, at the same time, the sure prognostic of fair weather. If we reject it, the vivid colours will grow pale, it will be a baleful meteor portending tempest and war.’

This is not exactly the famous *Hyder-Ali* image, but it is an obvious and rather clumsy imitation of it. A compliment was paid him at the conclusion of this speech, similar to that paid by Pitt to Sheridan at the conclusion of his famous *Begum* speech.* A member of the opposite party objected to taking a vote at that time, as they had been carried away by the impulse of oratory.

Ill health compelled him to retire into private life, but he viewed the progress of ultra-democratic opinions with ever-deepening interest and alarm, and continued to write a great deal on public matters down to his death in 1808. He was a man of warm devotional feelings, and is reported to have said, ‘I will hazard the assertion that no man ever did or ever will become truly eloquent, without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language.’

We should have said more of Mr. Ames on this occasion, had we not given an article in a former Number to his political essays. They were collected and published the year after his death, in America; and a selection from them was printed here, in 1835, under this title:—‘*The Influence of Democracy on Liberty, Property, and the Happiness of Society, considered, by an American.*’ The appearance of that most remarkable volume was opportune; and it supplied us with some specimens of profound reasoning and terse energetic eloquence, which, we should hope, our readers are not likely to have forgotten †

John Quincy Adams, the son of the orator of the revolutionary congress, was bred to the bar, and his name occurs once or twice in the Reports of the decisions of the supreme court; but he quitted this career for diplomacy, and filled the situation of minister at various foreign courts successively. The rest of his time was actively devoted to general politics, and in 1825 he was elected President. His studies have been as multifarious as his avocations: he affects to know (and really does know almost)

* Let those who judge of speeches by the reported passages account for the praises lavished by cotemporaries, without one dissenting voice, on this speech of Sheridan’s.

† See *Quart. Rev.*, vol. liii, p. 518.

everything : his speeches are profusely interspersed with literary allusions, and no description of subject is rejected as alien to his pursuits. Whenever a Philosophic Society or learned Institution required an inaugural address, he was ready with one : when an eulogy was to be pronounced on Lafayette, he was selected by congress to pronounce it ; and his anniversary orations are numberless.

The only specimens to be found in Mr. Willison's five-volume collection are his inaugural address as President in 1825—a manly, statesmanlike, and spirited appeal—and an oration delivered at Plymouth, New England, Dec. 22, 1802, at the anniversary commemoration of the landing of the first settlers, commonly called the Pilgrims, at that place. One grand object on these occasions is to vindicate the purity of North American descent :

'The founders of your race are not handed down to you, like the father of the Roman people, as the sucklings of a wolf. You are not descended from a nauseous compound of fanaticism and sensuality, whose only argument was the sword, and whose only paradise was a brothel. No Gothic scourge of God ; no Vandal pest of nations ; no fabled fugitive from the flames of Troy ; no bastard Norman tyrant appears among the list of worthies who first landed on the rock which your veneration has preserved as a lasting monument of their achievement. The great actors of the day we now solemnise were illustrious by their intrepid valour, no less than by their Christian graces ; but the clarion of conquest has not blazoned forth their names to all the winds of Heaven. Their glory has not been wafted over oceans of blood to the remotest regions of the Earth. They have not erected to themselves colossal statues upon pedestals of human bones, to provoke and insult the tardy hand of heavenly retribution. But theirs was "the better fortitude of patience and heroic martyrdom." Theirs was the gentle temper of Christian kindness ; the rigorous observance of reciprocal justice ; the unconquerable soul of conscious integrity. Worldly fame has been parsimonious of her favour to the memory of those generous champions. Their numbers were small ; their stations in life obscure ; the object of their enterprise unostentatious ; the theatre of their exploits remote : how could they possibly be favourites of worldly fame ?—That common crier, whose existence is only known by the assemblage of multitudes : that pander of wealth and greatness, so eager to haunt the palaces of fortune, and so fastidious to the houseless dignity of virtue : that parasite of pride, ever scornful to meekness, and ever obsequious to insolent power : that heedless trumpeter, whose ears are deaf to modest merit, and whose eyes are blind to bloodless, distant excellence.'

When, amongst other grounds of complaint against the English army for burning Washington, it was urged that the national records had been destroyed, the 'Courier' newspaper replied, that this part of the mischief might be easily repaired by presenting congress with a complete copy of 'The Newgate Calendar ;'
and

and when a Virginian fine gentleman was once boasting of his family jewels, he was thrown into a frenzy by an English traveller, who inquired whether he meant the irons in which his ancestor made his escape. These are jokes addressed to popular ignorance; but at the same time it might be as well to avoid invidious contrasts, since even English refugees for conscience' sake can hardly be better born than Englishmen, and the population of North America has certainly received considerable additions from a class described by Barrington, the famous pickpocket, in a prologue spoken in New South Wales:

' True patriots we; for, be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.'*

Mr. Adams continues—

' Preserve, in all their purity, refine, if possible, from all their alloy, those virtues which we this day commemorate as the ornament of our forefathers. Adhere to them with inflexible resolution, as to the horns of the altar; instil them with unwearied perseverance into the minds of your children; bind your souls and theirs to the national union as the chords of life are centred in the heart, and you shall soar with rapid and steady wing to the summit of human glory. Nearly a century ago one of those rare minds to whom it is given to discern future greatness in its seminal principles, upon contemplating the situation of this continent, pronounced in a vein of poetic inspiration,

' Westward the Star of empire takes its way.'

Let us all unite in ardent supplications to the Founder of nations and the Builder of worlds, that what then was prophecy may continue unfolding into history—that the dearest hopes of the human race may not be extinguished in disappointment, and that the last may prove the noblest *empire* of time.'

The line of verse is taken from a stanza by Bishop Berkeley:

" Westward the course of empire takes its way.
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day.
Time's noblest *offspring* is the last."

How lamentably the thought is impaired in the citation by the change of a word! Still this is the purest piece of rhetorical composition we have hitherto discovered in the progress of this inquiry.

We should do Mr. Adams injustice were we not to add that he possesses higher merits than occasional force or felicity of style. His political views are almost uniformly broad and enlightened; and his speech on the affair of Texas has been pronounced by good judges to be altogether the most statesman-

* Mr. Barrington was finally transported for a most successful attendance at a drawing-room of Queen Charlotte's in the character of an Irish bishop; the lawn sleeves were found crammed full with stars and diamonds. He rose subsequently to be stage-manager and *high sheriff* at Botany Bay.

like ever delivered in North America. His voice, now broken by age, was once clear and musical, and his look and manner are remarkably impressive. Commemorative discourses are usually delivered in a church or meeting-house, and the venerable ex-president, addressing a large audience from the pulpit with all the animation of his youth, might form as good a subject for a picture as John Knox.

Josiah Quincy is the son of a Boston patriot bearing the same names, who died in 1775, but was considered to have sufficient claims on the gratitude of his countrymen to justify a Life by his son; though, be it observed, this is a tribute which has become very common, and is not always, as in the present instance, justified by circumstances and the real merits of the man. *Josiah, fils*, though we believe bred to the bar, has paid more attention to literature than law. He is reckoned an excellent classic, and has filled the post of president of Harvard university for several years. He is a productive composer of anniversary harangues; but his two best speeches were made as a member of congress. In 1808 he spoke in support of a resolution to resist the edicts of the belligerent powers, which had the effect of restricting the commerce of the United States:

‘Gentlemen exclaim, Great Britain “smites us on one cheek;” and what does administration? It turns the other also. Gentlemen say, Great Britain is a robber; she “takes our cloak;” and what say administration? “Let her take our coat also.” France and Great Britain require you to relinquish a part of your commerce, and you yield it entirely. Sir, this conduct may be the way to dignity and honour in another world, but it will never secure safety and independence in this. . . . But I shall be told, “this may lead to war.” I ask, “are we now at peace?” Certainly not, unless retiring from insult be peace; unless shrinking under the lash be peace. The surest way to prevent war is not to fear it. The idea that nothing on earth is so dreadful as war is inculcated too studiously among us. Disgrace is worse. Abandonment of essential rights is worse.’

We cannot venture to say that the following passage is in strict accordance with modern English taste; but we are quite sure that, had an Irish orator uttered it, his cotemporaries would have applauded and his biographers recorded it:—

‘But it has been asked in debate, “will not Massachusetts, the cradle of liberty, submit to such privations?” An embargo liberty was never cradled in Massachusetts. Our liberty was not so much a mountain as a sea-nymph. She was free as air. She could swim, or she could run. The ocean was her cradle. Our fathers met her as she came, like the goddess of beauty, from the waves. They caught her as she was sporting on the beach. They courted her whilst she was spreading her nets upon the rocks. But an embargo liberty; a handcuffed liberty; a liberty in fetters; a liberty traversing between the four sides of a prison and beating

ing her head against the walls, is none of our offspring. We abjure the monster. Its parentage is all inland.'

Yet let us do justice to Ireland. Grattan's personification was immeasurably superior: 'Short-lived, indeed, was Irish independence. I sat by her cradle,—I followed her hearse.'

The subject of Mr. Quincy's other great speech was the admission of Louisiana into the Union. His exordium (too long to quote) is admirable, though suddenly broken off by an appeal to the Chair. One of Lord Chatham's favourite modes of arresting attention was to say something startling for the express purpose of provoking a call to order; and we incline to think that Mr. Quincy had laid a trap for an interruption with the same view; for it is stated to us, on good authority, that he invariably learns his speeches by heart, though he, notwithstanding, contrives to deliver them with the required energy. This is one of the most difficult attainments in oratory; for, to do it well, it is necessary to reproduce the same state of thought and feeling under which the oration was composed. Unluckily the writer is more apt to feel like the litigant who complained to Lysias that the speech provided for him read well enough the first and second time, but sounded rather flat the third and fourth. 'The audience,' replied Lysias, 'are only to hear it once.' To put themselves as nearly as possible on a level with the audience in this respect, the practice of the best speakers is to meditate the subject thoroughly, fill their minds with arguments and illustrations, select and arrange the best topics, and trust to the excitement of the moment for the language and the tone.

William Wirt, the biographer of Patrick Henry, has done more than enough, according to American notions, to earn a biographer for himself. He was born in Maryland in 1772, and, after a successful forensic career, was made Attorney-General to the United States, under the presidency of Monroe. He is known in literature by a series of essays, called 'The British Spy,' written with a clearness, spirit, and facility, which, independently of extraneous evidence, would lead to the conclusion that he was calculated to excel in oratory. The fact, however, is satisfactorily established by his reported speeches, one of which has attained a high degree of celebrity—his speech against Aaron Burr, prosecuted in 1807 for treason in preparing the means of a military expedition against Mexico, a territory of the King of Spain, with whom the United States were at peace.

The following satirical sketch of his opponent's style (Mr. Wickham) may serve to exemplify his command of language:

'I will treat that gentleman with candour. If I misrepresent him, it will not be intentionally. I will not follow the example which he has set me on a very recent occasion. I will not complain of flowers and
graces

graces where none exist. I will not, like him, in reply to an argument as naked as a sleeping Venus, but certainly not half so beautiful, complain of the painful necessity I am under, in the weakness and decrepitude of logical vigour, of lifting first this flounce, and then that furbelow, before I can reach the wished-for point of attack. I keep no flounces or furbelows ready manufactured and hung up for use in the millinery of my fancy, and if I did, I think I should not be so indiscreetly impatient to get rid of my wares as to put them off on improper occasions. I cannot promise to interest you by any classical and elegant allusions to the pure pages of *Tristram Shandy*. I cannot give you a squib or a rocket in every period. For my own part, I have always thought these flashes of wit (if they deserve that name), I have always thought these meteors of the brain, which spring up, with such exuberant abundance, in the speeches of that gentleman, which play on each side of the path of reason, or, sporting across it, with fantastic motion, decoy the mind from the true point in debate, no better evidence of the soundness of the argument with which they are connected, nor, give me leave to add, the vigour of the brain from which they spring, than those vapours, which start from our marshes and blaze with a momentary combustion, and which, floating on the undulations of the atmosphere, beguile the traveller into bogs and brambles, are evidences of the firmness and solidity of the earth from which they proceed.'

The defendant's counsel had endeavoured to shift the principal guilt of the expedition from Colonel Burr to a Mr. Blannerhassett. Mr. Wirt's description of the latter has grown into a common subject of declamation in the schools:

'Who is Blannerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blannerhassett's character, that on his arrival in America he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste, and science, and wealth; and lo, the desert smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach. No
monitory

monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanour, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blannerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardour panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangour and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and in a few months we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly," we find her shivering at midnight on the winter banks of the Ohio and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while he by whom he was thus plunged in misery is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted, and having already ruined Blannerhassett in fortune, character, and happiness for ever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.

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The same kind of contrast is beautifully sketched by Curran in a speech delivered in 1794, alluding to the banishment of Muir :

‘To what other cause can you ascribe, what in my mind is still more astonishing, in such a country as Scotland, a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth ; cool and ardent, adventurous and persevering ; winning her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires ; crowned as she is with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse ; from the deep and scrutinising researches of her Humes, to the sweet and simple, but not less sublime and pathetic morality of her Burns—how from the bosom of a country like that, genius, and character, and talents, should be banished to a distant barbarous soil ; condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and base-born profligacy, for twice the period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuance of human life ?’

The chief fault to be found with Mr. Wirt’s description is that the occasional fancifulness of the images and the ornate grace of the language detract from our conviction of the speaker’s earnestness. This objection is not applicable to a holiday discourse, and his eulogy on Jefferson and Adams, who died on the same day, July 4, 1826—and that day the anniversary of American independence—is the best which this remarkable coincidence has called forth.

Mr. Justice Story has established an enduring reputation amongst the lawyers of all countries by his *Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws* ; whilst his works on *Bailments and Equity* are already exercising a formidable degree of rivalry with the best British books on these subjects. When we find a jurist of this calibre acquiring contemporaneous celebrity for language and style, it would be unjust both to his country and the man not to pay him the compliment of a quotation as we pass. We turn for this purpose to his *Miscellaneous Writings*, where his best discourses are collected,—and lasting monuments they form to his taste, knowledge, truth of feeling, and grasp of thought. Our classical readers will readily give us credit for the justice of this commendation, when they read the defence of their favourite studies of which this passage forms part :

‘I pass over all consideration of the written treasures of antiquity, which have survived the wreck of empires and dynasties, of monumental trophies and triumphal arches, of palaces of princes and temples of the gods. I pass over all consideration of those admired compositions, in which wisdom speaks, as with a voice from heaven ; of those sublime efforts of political genius which still freshen, as they pass from age to age, in undying vigour ; of those finished histories which still enlighten and instruct governments in their duty and their destiny ; of those matchless orations which roused nations to arms, and chained senates to
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the chariot-wheels of all-conquering eloquence. These all may now be read in our vernacular tongue. Ay, as one remembers the face of a dead friend by gathering up the broken fragments of his image—as one listens to the tale of a dream twice told—as one catches the roar of the ocean in the ripple of a rivulet—as one sees the blaze of noon in the first glimmer of twilight. . . .

‘There is not a single nation, from the North to the South of Europe, from the bleak shores of the Baltic to the bright plains of immortal Italy, whose literature is not imbedded in the very elements of classical learning. The literature of England is, in an emphatic sense, the production of her scholars; of men who have cultivated letters in her universities, and colleges, and grammar-schools; of men who thought any life too short, chiefly because it left some relic of antiquity unmastered, and any other fame humble, because it faded in the presence of Roman and Grecian genius. He who studies English literature without the lights of classical learning loses half the charms of its sentiments and style, of its force and feelings, of its delicate touches, of its delightful allusions, of its illustrative associations. Who, that reads the poetry of Gray, does not feel that it is the refinement of classical taste which gives such inexpressible vividness and transparency to his diction? Who, that reads the concentrated sense and melodious versification of Dryden and Pope, does not perceive in them the disciples of the old school, whose genius was inflamed by the heroic verse, the terse satire, and the playful wit of antiquity? Who, that meditates over the strains of Milton, does not feel that he drank deep at

“Siloa’s brook, that flow’d

Fast by the oracle of God”—

that the fires of his magnificent mind were lighted by coals from ancient altars?

‘It is no exaggeration to declare that he who proposes to abolish classical studies proposes to render, in a great measure, inert and unedifying the mass of English literature for three centuries; to rob us of much of the glory of the past, and much of the instruction of future ages; to blind us to excellencies which few may hope to equal and none to surpass; to annihilate associations which are interwoven with our best sentiments, and give to distant times and countries a presence and reality as if they were in fact our own.’

His discourses abound in passages of at least equal merit,—such as the description of the effects of modern chemistry (p. 119), which might be placed alongside of Lord Jeffrey’s description of the effects of steam in his Notice of Watt; or the sketch of the view from the Mount Auburn Cemetery (p. 97), which rivals the same writer’s exquisite contrast of highland and lowland scenery in his Essay on Taste in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Mr. Justice Story’s charges to juries are also much admired; and his judgments are admirable specimens of judicial statement and reasoning. The most important are reported by Mr Charles Sumner, barrister, who recently paid a visit of some

duration to this country, and presents in his own person a decisive proof that an American gentleman, without official rank or widespread reputation, by mere dint of courtesy, candour, an entire absence of pretension, an appreciating spirit, and a cultivated mind, may be received on a perfect footing of equality in the best English circles, social, political, and intellectual; which, be it observed, are hopelessly inaccessible to the itinerant note-taker, who never gets beyond the outskirts or the show-houses.

A second legal luminary of the first water was the late Chief-Justice Marshall, the Lord Stowell of the United States: the late William Pinkney, attorney-general to the United States, was a third: * but want of space compels us to quit them for the politicians who are still fretting their busy hour upon the stage.

John Caldwell Calhoun (Miss Martineau's 'cast-iron man, who looks as if he had never been born') was born March, 1782, in South Carolina. His family are Irish, and had a hard battle to fight with the Cherokees for their settlement. At an early age he applied himself to the reading of history with such diligence as seriously to impair his health, but this led to his being subsequently sent to Yale College, under Dr. Dwight, who said of him, after the animated discussion of a class question in which the student had the presumption to differ from the Principal, 'That young man has talents enough to be President of the United States.' Cyril Jackson is reported to have said something of the sort of Mr. Canning, then an under-graduate; but as he foretold about the same time that the late Lords Morley and Darnley would play conspicuous parts, and the late Lord Liverpool do nothing, we cannot take upon ourselves to put the Dean as a prophet on a par with Dr. Dwight, whose prediction has been already verified in spirit, and may be verified to the letter before long.

Whilst studying for the bar Mr. Calhoun was diligent in his attendance on debating clubs, and has always, it is said, made a point of extemporising his speeches. He took his seat in Congress in 1811, and continued a member till 1817, when he was appointed secretary-at-war. At the expiration of Mr. Monroe's second term of Presidency, Mr. Calhoun was started as a candidate, but his name was withdrawn to avoid dividing his party, and he was elected Vice-President under General Jackson by a large majority. In 1833 he resigned this office, and, as a member of the senate, resumed his oratorical career.

His style is more close and sententious than is common in American speakers, his manner energetic, his delivery rapid,

* See his *Life*, by Mr. Wheaton, the accomplished author of the 'History of the Northmen.' There is an interesting biographical sketch of Chief Justice Marshall in *Story's Miscellaneous Writings*.

his figure tall, his countenance full of animation and intelligence. It is the opinion of good judges that he would succeed better in the English House of Commons than any other Transatlantic orator; but they add that he has somewhat of a metaphysical tendency—which certainly never suits that atmosphere.

We are sorry to see that he supported a motion for increasing the army in 1811 (a warlike demonstration against England), but the ground on which he rested his argument will astonish Sir Henry Parnell and Mr. Hume:—

‘ Sir, I here enter my solemn protest against this low and “calculating avarice” entering this hall of legislation. It is only fit for shops and counting-houses, and ought not to disgrace the seat of sovereignty by its squalid and vile appearance. Whenever it touches sovereign power, the nation is ruined. It is too shortsighted to defend itself. It is an unpromising spirit, always ready to yield a part to save the balance. It is too timid to have in itself the laws of self-preservation. It is never safe but under the shield of honour. Sir, I only know of one principle to make a nation great, to produce in this country not the form but real spirit of union, and that is, to protect every citizen in the lawful pursuit of his business. He will then feel that he is backed by the government, that its arm is his arm, and will rejoice in its increased strength and prosperity. Protection and patriotism are reciprocal. This is the road that all great nations have trod. Sir, I am not versed in this calculating policy; and will not, therefore, pretend to estimate in dollars and cents the value of national independence or national affection. I cannot dare to measure in shillings and pence the misery, the stripes, and the slavery of our impressed seamen; nor even to value our shipping, commercial, and agricultural losses under the orders in council and the British system of blockade. I hope I have not condemned any prudent estimate of the means of a country before it enters on a war. This is wisdom, the other folly.’

Mr. Calhoun is the chief supporter of the nullification doctrine; in other words, of the attempt made by South Carolina to nullify the authority of Congress, as regards any individual State which may choose to protest against it. The part he has taken in this controversy has made him so popular amongst the people of his province, that at the late election they placed all their votes at his disposal.

His chief opponent in this debate was *John Randolph*, of Virginia, a strange eccentric genius, with a tall gaunt figure, and a screeching voice like a eunuch—who played an important part as a debater in Congress from 1801 to 1802. Amongst other oddities he took an unaccountable interest in English topography, and could have competed with Pennant himself in a minute acquaintance with our country-seats and villages, though we are not aware that he ever paid a visit of any duration to this

country. In 1833 he was appointed minister to St. Petersburg, but he only resided there six weeks, and died in 1834, leaving several wills, which are still in litigation on the alleged ground of insanity. By one of them he emancipates his slaves, upwards of three hundred in number; and this alone would go far towards persuading a Virginian jury that he was mad. His speeches were awfully long, often occupying three days, but exceedingly effective, particularly when he was in the sarcastic vein. We can only find room for his mode of putting down the attempt to denounce British attachments as a crime:

‘Strange! that we should have no objection to any other people or government, civilised or savage, in the whole world! The great autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The Dey of Algiers and his divan of pirates are very civil, good sort of people, with whom we find no difficulty in maintaining the relations of peace and amity. “Turks, Jews, and Infidels,” Melimelli or the Little Turtle: barbarians and savages of every clime and colour are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of banditti, negro or mulatto, we can treat and can trade. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in arms against her. Against whom? Against those whose blood runs in our veins; in common with whom we claim Shakspeare, and Newton, and Chatham, for our countrymen; whose form of government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed—representation—jury trial—voting the supplies—writ of *habeas corpus*—our whole civil and criminal jurisprudence;—against our fellow protestants, identified in blood, in language, in religion with ourselves. In what school did the worthies of our land, the Washingtons, Henrys, Hancocks, Franklins, Rutledges of America, learn those principles of civil liberty which were so nobly asserted by their wisdom and valour? . . . I acknowledge the influence of a Shakspeare and a Milton upon my imagination, of a Locke upon my understanding, of a Sidney upon my political principles, of a Chatham upon qualities which, would to God, I possessed in common with that illustrious man! of a Tillotson, a Sherlock, and a Porteus, upon my religion. This is a British influence which I can never shake off.’

In the *North American Review* for October, 1832, will be found some notes of a conversation between the writer (Mr. A. Everett) and Sir James Mackintosh, who is reported to have said of Randolph, ‘I have read some of his speeches, but the effect must depend very much on the manner. There is a good deal of vulgar finery. Malice there is too, but that would be excusable, provided it were in good taste.’

Henry Clay, the son of a Virginian clergyman, was born in 1777. His early career coincides with that of Sir Samuel Romilly in three particulars: his education was neglected, he was placed in the office of a chancery clerk, and (like Curran also)

also) he broke down when he first attempted to address an audience: 'In his first attempt,' we are told, 'he was much embarrassed, and saluted the president of the society (a debating club) with the technical phrase, *Gentlemen of the Jury*, but gaining confidence as he proceeded, he burst the trammels of his youthful diffidence, and clothing his thoughts in appropriate language, gave utterance to an animated and eloquent address. He soon obtained an extensive and lucrative practice, and the reputation which the superiority of his genius acquired was maintained by his legal knowledge and practical accuracy.*'

After acquiring distinction as an advocate, he made his first appearance as a political speaker in the state legislature, and was soon afterwards elected a member of the national senate. Since that period he has taken an active part in discussing or effectuating most of the great measures completed or contemplated by the government of the United States. He has been employed on diplomatic missions, has filled a cabinet office, been twice a candidate for the presidency, and at the present moment the leadership of the 'Whig' party in Congress lies between him and Mr. Webster.

Mr. Clay, as secretary-at-war under J. Q. Adams, zealously urged the recognition of the South American States; he hailed 'the glorious spectacle of eighteen millions of people struggling to burst their chains and to be free;' and his biographer, in 'The National Portrait Gallery,' now arrogates for him the honour of having called a new world into existence. 'That honour belongs not to George Canning, as a reference to dates will show: if there be glory due to any one mortal man more than to others, for rousing the sympathies of free men for a people struggling to be free, that glory is due to Henry Clay, *although he has never had the vanity to say so himself*: his exertions won the consent of the American people to sustain the President in the decisive stand which he took when the great European powers contemplated an intervention on behalf of Spain, and it was that which decided Great Britain in the course which she pursued. The Spanish American States have acknowledged their gratitude to Mr. Clay by public acts. His speeches have been read at the head of their armies, and his name will find as durable a place in the history of the South American republics as in the records of his native land.' This is a recurrence of the old error. The Americans are fully persuaded that the great European powers are constantly watching the policy of the United States with a view to the direction of their own, though, in point of fact, they think much less of it than they ought to do, and hardly ever

* *The National Portrait Gallery.*

reckon it as more than a makeweight in their system of balances. How can a nation, powerless for aggressive warfare, expect to influence sovereigns who can bring half a million of men into the field?

The tariff, however, is Mr. Clay's peculiar hobby; and he might, with much more plausibility, be called the founder of the restrictive laws called 'the American system,' than the originator of a grand stroke of European statesmanship.

Mr. Clay must be heard and seen to be appreciated. His person is tall and commanding; his action graceful and dignified; and his voice possesses such compass and variety, that we have heard it compared to a band of music. Miss Martineau speaks of 'his small grey eye and placid half-smile redeeming his face from its usual unaccountable commonness.' But this lady's descriptions are rarely confirmed by eye-witnesses. Clearness of statement is one of his chief merits; and this, added to some general resemblance in bearing, is probably the reason why Lord Lyndhurst, when he rises in the House of Lords, so frequently reminds Americans of Mr. Clay. The following is the best specimen of his style within our reach:—

'During all this time the parasites of opposition do not fail, by cunning sarcasm or sly innuendo, to throw out the idea of French influence, which is known to be false, which ought to be met in one manner only, and that is by the lie direct. The administration of this country devoted to foreign influence! The administration of this country subservient to France! Great God! what a charge! how is it so influenced? By what ligament, on what basis, on what possible foundation does it rest? Is it similarity of language? No! we speak different tongues—we speak the English language. On the resemblance of our laws? No! the sources of our jurisprudence spring from another and a different country. On commercial intercourse? No! we have comparatively none with France. Is it from the correspondence in the genius of the two governments? No! here alone is the liberty of man secure from the inexorable despotism which everywhere else tramples it under foot. Where, then, is the ground of such an influence? But, Sir, I am insulting you by arguing on such a subject. Yet, preposterous and ridiculous as the insinuation is, it is propagated with so much industry, that there are persons found foolish and credulous enough to believe it. You will, no doubt, think it incredible (but I have nevertheless been told it as a fact), that an honourable member of this House, now in my eye, recently lost his election by the circulation of a silly story in his district, that he was the first cousin of the emperor Napoleon. The proof of the charge rested on a statement of facts, which was undoubtedly true. The gentleman in question, it was alleged, had married a connexion of the lady of the President of the United States, who was the intimate friend of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, who, some years ago, was in the habit of wearing red French breeches.

breeches. Now, taking these premises as established, you, Mr. Chairman, are too good a logician not to see that the conclusion necessarily follows!

Edward Everett is one of the most remarkable men living. He is a native of Massachussets, and was born about 1796. At nineteen he had already acquired the reputation of an accomplished scholar, and was drawing large audiences as a Unitarian preacher. At twenty-one (the age at which Roger Ascham achieved a similar distinction) he was appointed Professor of Greek in Harvard University, and soon afterwards he made a tour of Europe, including Greece. M. Cousin, who was with him in Germany, informed a friend of ours that he was one of the best Grecians he ever knew, and the translator of Plato must have known a good many of the best. On his return from his travels he lectured on Greek literature with the enthusiasm and success of another Abelard—we hope, without the Heloise.

In the United States the clerical (so called) profession is taken up or thrown off almost at pleasure. Mr. Everett got so sick of it during his early trials, that he retains a marked aversion to a pulpit, and generally insists upon a stage or rostrum when he has to deliver an anniversary discourse. He was eight years a member of Congress, and on his retiring was made Governor of Massachusetts; but, failing to get re-elected in 1839, he has since lived in comparative retirement. We are not sorry to add that he owes no inconsiderable portion of his fame to the 'North American Review,' to which (like his accomplished brother) he has been for many years a frequent and distinguished contributor. Indeed his celebrated article on Greece might be quoted as one of the best specimens of his eloquence.

Mr. Everett's chief qualifications as an orator are a clear sweet voice and a prodigious memory; to which Mr. Sydney Smith's description of Mackintosh's might apply: 'His memory (vast and prodigious as it was) he so managed as to make it a source of pleasure and instruction, rather than that dreadful engine of colloquial oppression into which it is sometimes erected.' He delivers his lectures and orations with the manuscript before him, but seldom or never has occasion to refer to it, and the effect is consequently fully equal to that of improvisation. It is admitted, however, that he failed in Congress; and his addresses, literary and commemorative, are rather eloquent pieces of writing than orations in the popular acceptance of the term. They are graceful, polished, imaginative, high-toned and flowing, with a kind of Ciceronian richness and redundancy; but the condensing power is wanting, and there is no such thing as effective oratory without that.

Mr. Everett is hardly a match for Mr. Macaulay either as a
speaker

speaker or a writer, though his style is not equally open to the objection of sameness; but they resemble each other in one striking particular. Their written compositions read like orations,—their orations sound like written compositions: with a slight change in the commencement and conclusion, the speech becomes a critical essay, or the critical essay a speech; and both, with all their undoubted excellence, remind us of those ingenious patent contrivances which are constructed with a peculiar view to this sort of metamorphosis—the walking-stick, for example, which does duty as a fishing-rod when the head and ferule are screwed off.*

One of the first productions which brought Mr. Everett into notice was a discourse delivered at an academical society in the presence of Lafayette in 1824. The personal appeal to the illustrious visitor is a failure, but the discourse contains some great truths finely stated. For example:—

‘ Our country is called, as it is, practical; but this is the element for intellectual action. No strongly-marked and high-toned literature, poetry, eloquence, or ethics, ever appeared but in the pressure, the din, and crowd of great interests, great enterprises, and perilous risks, and dazzling rewards. Statesmen, and warriors, and poets, and orators, and artists, start up under one and the same excitement. They are all branches of one stock. They form, and cheer, and stimulate; and, what is worth all the rest, understand each other; and it is as truly the sentiment of the student in the recesses of his cell, as of the soldier in the ranks, which breathes in the exclamation—

‘ To all the sons of sense proclaim,
One glorious hour of crowded life
Is worth an age without a name.’

The ages of Pericles, of Augustus, of Leo, of Louis the Fourteenth, of Elizabeth, of Anne, pass in review before us as we dwell upon this splendid stanza of Sir Walter Scott’s. All these in one sense might be termed revolutionary periods, for the minds of men had been violently upstirred, and society was still rocking from the consequences of the shock. But what has this to do with the present condition of the people of the United States, who are practical as the population of Birmingham are practical?—and the sole magnates of intellect that distinguished community has sent forth are Mr. Joseph Parkes, Mr. Attwood, and Mr. Muntz, who are only just fit to illustrate an age of brass.

Mr. Macaulay has produced many a gorgeous piece of historical painting, which it expands the mind and charms the imagination to dwell upon, but he has produced nothing more impres-

* A collection of Mr. Macaulay’s writings has been recently published in America, apparently without his leave.

sive than Mr. Everett's description of the landing of the first settlers:—

‘ I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months’ passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage,—poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore,—without shelter,—without means,—surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventurers, of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter’s storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labour and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?’

Every orator before us has tried his hand at this topic, and put forth all his strength to heighten the contrast between the past and present condition of the colonies. But how ineffably inferior are all of them to Burke! The passage is familiar to the reader of taste; but as we shall have occasion to allude to it again, we think it best to save the trouble of reference:—

‘ Mr. Speaker, I cannot prevail on myself to hurry over this great consideration. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst might remember all the stages of its progress. He was in 1704 of an age at least to be made to comprehend such things. . . . If, amidst these bright and happy scenes of domestic honour and prosperity, that angel should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the genius should point out to him a
little

little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body, and should tell him,—“Young man, there is America—which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilising conquests and civilising settlements in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life!” If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect, and cloud the setting of his day.’

If the invitations to these annual spouting-matches were headed with this passage, or it were inscribed on a plain tablet on the traditional landing-place at Plymouth, we cannot help thinking that a great deal of useless trouble might be saved. How well it justifies the remark of Fox: ‘I cannot bear this thing in anybody but Burke, and he cannot help it.’

Daniel Webster was born in 1782, the son of a New Hampshire farmer. Like the Dean of St. Patrick’s, and many others besides, he showed no signs of talent in early youth, and it was contrary to the wishes of his family that he undertook the study of the law. He was called to the bar in 1805, and began the practice of his profession in a small village, but removed in 1807 to Portsmouth, the capital of the county, where he soon acquired celebrity. He became a member of Congress in 1812, and distinguished himself by his exertions to place the currency of the United States on a sound footing. In 1816, his pecuniary means having been much straitened by the consequences of a fire, he removed to Boston, and gave up all his time to his profession. The experiment was attended with complete success, and in a very short period his practice equalled that of any member of the American bar.

Many of his law-arguments are good specimens of this kind of composition; but his speech on the prosecution of Knapp (tried for murder), from which Miss Martineau quotes largely, and with high commendation, appears to us more remarkable for affectation than force: *e. g.*

‘The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the grey locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!’

death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon.—He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

'Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything, as in the splendour of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later.'

Miss Martineau informs us that, on the eve of the trial, Mr. Webster asked whether there was anything remarkable about any of the jury. The answer was, that the foreman was a man of remarkably tender conscience, and Miss Martineau entertains no doubt that the concluding passage was intended for his especial benefit:—

'A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the utmost parts of the seas, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet further onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.'

We suspect that in general such considerations are as well suppressed in an address to a jury. If there be a delicate conscience it needs no stimulus to act—and a dull one will be more sensible to arguments of a more mundane sort. The late Rowland Hill understood human nature well. His chapel having been infested by pickpockets, he took occasion to remind the congregation that there was an all-seeing Providence, to whom all hearts were open and from whom no secrets were hid; 'but lest,' he added, 'there may be any present who are insensible to such reflections,

I beg

I beg leave to state that there are also two Bow-street officers on the look-out.'

During the period of his retirement Mr. Webster found time to write for the *North American Review* an answer to an article of ours on the American law of debtor and creditor. (Q. R., May, 1819. We have no wish to revive the controversy, and shall therefore content ourselves with bearing willing testimony to the tone and taste of Mr. Webster's observations. Some of them may surprise such of our readers as are not aware that the most enlightened of the American statesmen are fully alive to the importance of the grand principle on which alone good government can be based in any country :

' If the property cannot retain the political power, the political power will draw after it the property. If orator Hunt and his fellow-labourers should, by any means, obtain more political influence in the counties, towns, and boroughs of England, than the Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Stafford, Lord Fitzwilliam, and the other noblemen and gentlemen of great landed estates, these estates would inevitably change hands. At least so it seems to us ; and therefore, when Sir Francis Burdett, the Marquis of Tavistock, and other individuals of rank and fortune, propose to introduce into the government annual parliaments and universal suffrage, we can hardly forbear inquiring whether they are ready to agree that property should be as equally divided as political power ; and if not, how they expect to sever things which to us appear to be intimately connected.'

Sir Francis Burdett has come to a different conclusion since the Reform Bill experiment, and so, we believe, have most of the other individuals of rank and fortune alluded to ; but, unluckily, he is the only one amongst them who has had the manliness to act upon his convictions.

At the end of seven years Mr. Webster had gained enough to justify his return to public life ; and in January, 1823, he delivered one of the speeches which have done most towards the diffusion of his fame,—a speech in favour of the Greeks. The following passage is much and justly admired :—

' It may, in the next place, be asked, perhaps, supposing all this to be true, what can *we* do ? Are we to go to war ? Are we to interfere in the Greek cause, or any other European cause ? Are we to endanger our pacific relations ?—No, certainly not. What, then, the question recurs, remains for *us* ? If we will not endanger our own peace ; if we will neither furnish armies nor navies to the cause which we think the just one, what is there within *our* power ?

' Sir, this reasoning mistakes the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies, were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, there has arrived a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced ; and the *public opinion*

opinion of the civilised world is rapidly gaining an ascendancy over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and, as it grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassable, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

"Vital in every part,
Cannot, but by annihilating, die."

'Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is vain for power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. In the history of the year that has passed by us, and in the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs, in a cause which violates the general sense of justice of the civilised world. It is nothing that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadiz; it is nothing that an unhappy and prostrate nation has fallen before them; it is nothing that arrests, and confiscation, and execution, sweep away the little remnant of national resistance. There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations, it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre; that it shall confer neither joy nor honour, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice, it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilised age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind.'

Strange inconsistency! this passage is applauded, learnt by heart, and recited by the whole rising generation, in a land which doggedly retains millions of human beings in the most degrading state of slavery, in direct defiance of the opinion of the world!

The people of the United States are proud of having fulfilled one poetic promise; when will they fulfil another, made for them by a poet who never let slip an opportunity of showing kindness to an American?

'Assembling here, all nations shall be blest,
The sad be comforted, the weary rest;
Untouch'd shall drop the fetters from the slave,
And He shall rule the world he died to save.'*

Or when will an American orator be permitted to rise to the height of the magnificent piece of declamation which gave Mr. Webster the framework of his best passage? †

* Rogers, *The Voyage of Columbus*.

† Curran's Speech for Archibald Hamilton Rowan.—'No matter in what language his doom may be pronounced,' &c. &c.

In 1826 Mr. Webster was elected a member of the Senate, and in 1833 the same honour was conferred upon him. This is the field in which he has gathered most of his laurels; his resistance to the nullifying doctrines of the South Carolina delegates having been the principal means of preserving the entirety of the Union, which was seriously endangered by the threatened resistance of that state. Mr. Webster's profound knowledge of the constitution gave him a decided advantage in the resulting contest with Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Hayne, who were both antagonists of a calibre to call forth all his energies. His chief speech, in answer to Mr. Hayne, occupied three days in the delivery, and abounds in fine passages, besides giving ample evidence of his power as a debater in the English sense. For example:—

‘I shall not acknowledge that the honourable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honour, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurences, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans, all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation they served and honoured the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him, whose honoured name the gentleman himself bears—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir, increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here, in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state, or neighbourhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

‘Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past—let me remind you that in early times no states cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the revolution—hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it
exist,

exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

‘Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history: the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill—and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie for ever. And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it—if folly and madness—if uneasiness, under salutary and necessary restraint—shall succeed to separate it from that union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle (Boston) in which its infancy was rocked: it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigour it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.’

The extract relating to Greece contains a quotation from Milton, and the last a paraphrase of Dryden. These, with Shakspeare, form the bulk of Mr. Webster’s poetical reading; and we are by no means sure that it is useful for an orator to be familiar with any poets but those which are in the mouths and memories of the people; for what avail allusions which it requires notes or an appendix to explain?

It is obvious, however, that he has made a careful study of the best English orators, particularly Burke. The following instances of resemblance, in the hands of a sharp critic, might be converted into plausible proofs of plagiarism.

Mr. Webster speaks of ‘affections which, running backwards, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity;’ and Burke says, ‘they seldom look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors.’ The appeal to Lafayette, in the speech on laying the corner-stone of the Bunker’s Hill monument,—‘Fortunate, fortunate man! with what increase of devotion will you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! you are connected with two hemispheres and with two generations,’—is only a fresh application of the allusion to Lord Bathurst. In the same speech (p. 72) we find,—‘Like the mariner, whom the ocean and the winds carry along, till he sees the stars which have directed his course, and lighted his pathless way,

way, descend, one by one, beneath the rising horizon, we should have felt that the stream of time had borne us onward, till another great luminary, whose light had cheered us, and whose guidance we had followed, had sunk away from our sight.' This was evidently suggested by an image which the late Charles Butler terms the finest in modern oratory: 'Even then, Sir, before this splendid orb was entirely set, and whilst the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, in an opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and for his hour became lord of the ascendant.'

But many others have been laid under contribution besides Burke. A passage in the eulogium of Adams and Jefferson beginning—'Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant will flourish although they water it and protect it no longer'—probably owed something to the noble peroration of Grattan: 'The spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted,' &c. The passage beginning—'Is any man so weak as to hope for a reconciliation,' &c.—is almost a translation from the *Philippics* of Demosthenes. The invocation against slavery—'I would invoke those who fill the seats of justice and all who minister at her altar,'—is borrowed from Lord Chatham's 'I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution.' The sudden and effective turn in the peroration of his speech for Prescott—'For myself, I am willing here to relinquish the character of an advocate, and to express opinions by which I am willing to be bound as a citizen of the community'—is imitated from Erskine, in his defence of Captain Bailey: 'My lords, I address you no longer as an advocate, but as a man, as a member of that state whose very existence depends upon her naval power.'

This peroration is one of those which American schoolboys recite on holiday occasions; and the circumstance is always worthy of note as an indication of popular taste.

Mr. Webster's taste is not uniformly refined, and he is by no means nice in his choice of language: but then his style is not of the feeble order which depends upon the collocation of an epithet; it is of granite strength and texture; and, if the asperities were polished off, would still present the solidity of the rock. His voice is one of extraordinary power; his personal appearance, as many of our readers can bear testimony, is singularly impressive—nay grand; his dark deep-set eyes blaze with lustre when he is animated, and his broad black overhanging eyebrows, in particular, give an almost unnatural air of energy and determination to his face. We may be pardoned for adding that his unaffected

affected simplicity and perfect modesty as well as dignity of bearing in society, were universally appreciated during his late visit to Great Britain.

Miss Martineau speaks of his 'indolent, pleasure-loving disposition;' and it is a common saying in the United States, that 'Webster must be pushed.' Just so Dumont describes Mirabeau's manner as '*un peu trainante*' till he got under weigh—*jusqu'à ce qu'il se fût animé et que les soufflets de la forge fussent en fonction*. Lord Chatham used frequently to speak in a careless manner, and in an undertone, for a quarter of an hour or more at a time, and then break out into one of his brilliant passages. Lord Brougham would often take as long to get clear of the long-entangled sentences—parenthesis within parenthesis—with which it was his pleasure to begin: but then it is our firm conviction that he often finds himself upon his legs without having made up his mind as to what he is going to say.

In compliance with the suggestion of David Hume,—who says that criticism is nearly useless unless the critic quotes innumerable examples,—we have given specimens enough to enable our readers to form an opinion for themselves regarding the degree of excellence attained by the public speakers of the United States; but we have naturally been more anxious to illustrate their merits than their demerits, and must be pardoned, therefore, for briefly noting their two prominent defects, which otherwise could hardly be collected from this article. These are their lengthiness (to borrow one of their own words) and their magniloquence. Few American orators appear to have the slightest notion that too many words or topics may be employed, or that an effect may be produced by simplicity. Reversing the method of Demosthenes,—who, according to Lord Brougham, never came back upon the same ground, and always ended quietly,—they never know when they have said enough, and generally conclude, like a melodrame, with a blaze.

It is an ordinary occurrence in Congress for a member to speak two or three days, and his fellow-members make it a point to listen, or at least to suffer with decency. Captain Hall recommended the introduction of coughing, but was told that the state of manners did not admit of such a cure. Some Kentucky representative might adopt the late Mr. Richard Martin's example, and propose a bullet as 'the best pill for the honourable gentleman's complaint;' or a dozen bowie-knives might start from their sheaths to revenge a catarrh that threatened him with insult. Besides, as we formerly observed, the evil is inherent in the very

nature of a strictly representative system, and is beginning to be felt in the English House of Commons to a formidable extent.

'All laws,' says M. de Tocqueville, 'which tend to make the representative more dependent on the elector, not only affect the conduct of the legislature, but also their language. They exercise a simultaneous influence on affairs themselves, and on the manner in which affairs are discussed. There is hardly a member of Congress who can make up his mind to go home without having despatched at least one speech to his constituents, nor who will endure any interruption until he has introduced into his harangue whatever useful suggestions may be made touching the four-and-twenty states of which the Union is composed, and especially the district which he represents.'*

When an orator has got his audience bound hand and foot, it is not in human nature to be merciful, and it is consequently no matter of astonishment to find the best speakers almost as unsparing as the worst. After dining for the first time in company with one of their greatest men when visiting London, the reflection suggested to an acute observer by his mode of delivering his opinions was, that time must be of comparatively little value in America. To test the justice of the remark, apply the criterion which Mr. Rogers has applied to so many distinguished authors with such success.

This most elegant and correct of writers, with a taste matured by the constant study of the classics of our tongue, has amused his leisure hours by trying into how small a compass wit, wisdom, and eloquence may be packed. The notes to the last edition of his poems are not merely treasure-houses of anecdote and illustration, but admirable studies in composition for those who will be at the pains of ascertaining the precise language in which the same thoughts or incidents have been expressed or related by others. A good instance is afforded by his version of a now familiar incident, as compared with that of Mr. Wordsworth or (what can induce this young and really able writer to challenge such comparisons?) Mr. Milnes:—

"'You admire that picture,'" said an old Dominican to me at Padua, as I stood contemplating a Last Supper in the refectory of his convent, the figures as large as the life,—"I have sat at my meals before it for seven-and-forty years; and such are the changes that have taken place amongst us—so many have come and gone in the time—that, when I look upon the company there—upon those who are sitting at that table, silent as they are—I am sometimes inclined to think that we, and not they, are the shadows."—*Rogers's Poems*, p. 312.

* *Democracy in America, Part the Second*, vol. iii. p. 189. *English Translation.*
Mr.

Mr. Wordsworth gives twenty-three lines of blank verse to this story, and Mr. Milnes seven stanzas of four lines each:—

‘Stranger! I have received my daily mea
In this good company now three score years,
And thou, whoe’er thou art, canst hardly feel
How time these lifeless images endears,’ &c. &c.

Mr. Rogers has also compressed the famous passage from Burke (quoted *ante* p. 41) into less than half of its original dimensions. This, however, is a doubtful experiment. Burke was a rich and full but not a wordy speaker; and almost every epithet has an individual aim, and serves to point, amplify, or modify the thought. Moreover, essences are rather hard of digestion; and, considering how modern popular assemblies are composed, it would seldom be safe to calculate on that intuitive quickness of perception which takes in a fine image at a hint, or bolts a long train of reasoning in a syllogism. Does the bare *ὡσπερ νεφός* of Demosthenes fill the mind like the ‘one black cloud,’ which ‘hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains,’—or was Lord Erskine wrong in rating amongst Fox’s highest merits his mode of passing and repassing the same topics ‘in the most unforeseen and fascinating review’? But after making all fair allowances for audience and occasion, it is not going too far to say that the best American orators might be advantageously reduced a third—many, two-thirds—and some, if nothing were left but what the sense or sentiment required, would shrink down into a resemblance to the little Dutch governor mentioned by Knickerbocker, who pined away so rapidly, that, when he died, there was nothing of him left to bury.

The constant straining after effect is another of their obvious failings: they have no notion of repose or simplicity: they never stand at ease: they live, and move, and have their being upon stilts. *Action, action, action*, says the Greek: *Metaphor, metaphor, metaphor*, cries the American. ‘Get money,’ says the old-world adage, ‘honestly if you can—at all events get money,’—*quocunque modo rem*. ‘Be eloquent,’ says the American, ‘naturally if you can—at all events be eloquent.’ The German professor (we suspect, Dr. von Raumer) was found jumping over the chairs and tables to make himself lively, and the Transatlantic orator may be seen slapping his forehead, beating his breast, puffing, blowing, and perspiring, to make himself sublime. There cannot be a stronger proof of their weakness in this particular than the fact of the Irish looking tame, chaste, and abstemious alongside of them. It will readily be admitted that the natives of the Green Isle are fond of flowers, and not over-nice in their selection, but they do not insist upon passing off faded or artificial

ones as fresh bouquets of their own gathering. They invoke the genius of their country too often, and lay too many chaplets on her shrine, but they are not eternally dancing round her (like the philanthropists in the Anti-jacobin) with sunflowers and hollyhocks in their hands.

Here, also, M. de Tocqueville has his theory ready; as for what anomaly has he not? In this instance, however, he has clearly been led astray by his love of generalising :

‘ In democratic communities each citizen is habitually engaged in the contemplation of a very puny object, namely, himself. If he ever raises his looks higher, he then perceives nothing but the universal form of society at large, or the still more imposing aspect of mankind. His ideas are all either extremely minute and clear, or extremely general and vague: what lies between is an open void. When he has been drawn out of his own sphere, therefore, he always expects the same amazing object will be offered to his attention; and it is on these terms alone that he consents to tear himself for an instant from the paltry, complicated cares which form the charm and excitement of his life.’*

With all due deference to M. de Tocqueville, we should say that the attention of such a citizen would be more likely to be attracted by simple domestic pictures and practical good sense than by sublime flights or large general views; that he would prefer Crabbe to Wordsworth, and Tierney to Burke. As to his perceiving nothing but society or mankind in the abstract, he cannot raise his eyes without seeing ships, shops, and crops—the outward and visible signs of commerce, manufactures, and agriculture; public works and public men; the wonders of art and nature; General Jackson and the falls of Niagara. In fact, the mixture of jealousy and self-complacency with which the citizens of the United States are wont to contemplate such things, affords a much more plausible solution of the mystery. The English are a proud nation; the Americans a vain one. The English care little what foreigners think or say of them; the Americans care a great deal. The English bide their time, or repose upon their laurels; the Americans fret, fume, and play the frog in the fable, in the vain hope of arriving, *per saltum*, at the same height of intellectual and political superiority. In our opinion, their commemorative discourses are alone sufficient to vitiate both their feelings and their style. On the anniversaries of the landing at Plymouth, the declaration of independence, the battle of Bunker’s Hill, and many other interesting events of the same kind, all the orators of the country, bad, good and indifferent, are regularly set to work to abuse England, and glorify their own great, good, wise, free and unpretending democracy.

* See the chapter entitled—*Of the inflated style of American orators and writers.*

The ordinary images and topics being long ago exhausted, exaggeration is the order of the day; and the more inflated the language the better, when national vanity is to be pampered and commonplaces are to be attractively dished up. At the same time there is surely no necessity for going into any refined or recondite train of speculation to show why, speaking generally, our Transatlantic friends (if they will allow us to call them so) want taste, which is the sum and substance of the charge.

ART. II.—*Report from the Select Committee on Medical Education, with the Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix. Part I. Royal College of Physicians, London. Part II. Royal College of Surgeons, London. Part III. Society of Apothecaries, London.* Printed by order of the House of Commons, 1834.

IN the year 1834 a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into 'the laws, regulations, and usages regarding the education and practice of the various parts of the medical profession in the United Kingdom.' A gentleman, who had rendered a great service to the public by introducing what is usually called the Anatomy Act into parliament, having been named chairman, the Committee proceeded to their inquiry, which seems to have been of a very extended nature, as the printed evidence, which relates only to the state of the medical profession in England, occupies not fewer than eight hundred folio pages. The evidence as to Scotland and Ireland has never been printed at all; and it is generally understood that it was destroyed by the fire which consumed the Houses of Parliament a year or two afterwards.

The Committee were satisfied with having performed their duties so far, and, notwithstanding the title which is prefixed to the printed papers, never made a *report*. We are not surprised at this. To analyse and arrange the discordant materials of which this evidence consists would be an almost endless undertaking; and, even if it were accomplished, it would be found to throw but a scanty gleam of light on the only questions in which the public and the great mass of the profession are really interested. The disputes which so long subsisted between the fellows and licentiates of the College of Physicians, and which, in one way or another, occupy between three and four hundred out of the whole eight hundred pages, have never excited much interest, except among the disputants themselves; nor are there many, even within the pale of the profession, and certainly there are none out of it, who take it much to heart whether the councillors of the College of Surgeons

Surgeons are elected in one way or in another. As to the best mode of conducting medical education, so as to ensure a supply of well-informed and honourable practitioners, who, while they fulfil their duties to society in the best possible manner, maintain for themselves a respectable station in it—but little useful information can be obtained from the most careful perusal of the whole of what the Committee have published. This, however, is the problem which the House of Commons must have intended (if they intended anything) really to have had solved; and believing, as we do, that the subject is one of the highest importance, not only to the public at large, but to every individual among us, we do not hesitate to draw the attention of our readers to it.

But here a preliminary question presents itself. Are we to admit it as a general principle, that it is wise and expedient for the state to interfere in any way with the regulation of the medical profession? There is no such interference with the majority of other professions. No course of study is prescribed as a necessary qualification for civil engineers, architects, surveyors, sculptors, or painters; nor are there any colleges whose business it is to examine those who have completed their studies, as to their knowledge and attainments, and give them licences to practise:—Yet there is no want of talent, information, and skill among those who are engaged in these pursuits. Even in the inns of court, the being called to the bar proves little as to the qualification of the candidate, except that there is nothing disreputable in his general character. It may be further observed—and it will not be denied by those who are acquainted with these matters—that no degree of discipline, nor any kind of examination, can ensure the public against having a certain number of persons who are very indifferently qualified included in the list of well-qualified practitioners. Young men may be compelled to have opportunities of study, but they cannot be compelled to learn; and it is notorious that of those who have wasted their time for two years and nine months there are many who contrive, by means of labour and a good memory, to learn their lesson so well by rote in the remaining three months, that the most careful and experienced examiner will find it no easy matter to detect their insufficiency. It is, indeed, impossible, under the very best system of examination, to prevent a certain quantity of base metal receiving the stamp which ought to be impressed only on the good; and if to this we add the following consideration, that such an examination as all are required to pass neither can, nor ought, to prove more than that the individual examined has the *minimum* of knowledge which a practitioner should possess, we cannot well be astonished that there should be reasonable persons who doubt the advantage

advantage of examinations altogether; and who regard the various medical corporations as being nearly in the same situation with the city companies, which, however useful they may have been in nursing the infancy of British commerce, contribute little or nothing to its advancement at the present period.

Admitting, as we do, the force of these arguments, still they are not convincing to us. Would our naval officers be such as they now are, if midshipmen were admitted as lieutenants without examination? or would our artillery and engineer officers have the high character which they now possess, if, as cadets, they had not been made to go through a certain course of study, and prove their fitness afterwards? As to the attainments of those engaged in most other professions, the public have the means of forming a tolerably correct estimate. Every one can see what goes on in the construction of a church or a railroad, and those who do not understand the subject themselves may be assisted by the opinion of those who do; but in what regards the medical profession the case is wholly different. There is no subject of which the public, on the whole, know so little as they do of the medical sciences. Although in the end they seldom fail to distinguish knowledge from ignorance, and real talent from mere pretension, they are always liable to be deceived in the first instance. It is true that the physicians and surgeons of a large hospital, having a school attached to it, practise their art openly enough, and are sufficiently amenable to criticism; but it is also true that, in private practice, the practitioner is not before the same tribunal. What he prescribes is often known only to himself. Those who employ him have no direct means of judging of his qualifications; and it is not until after the lapse of a considerable time that even those who belong to the same profession are enabled to form an exact opinion as to what he is really worth. Then, although, when a certain course of study has been prescribed, it may not be always diligently pursued—it will be so in a great number of instances; and it is of no small importance to the student himself that his friends should be compelled to afford him the proper opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the profession which it is designed that he should practise. Lastly, although no examination can be regarded as furnishing an exact measure of the fitness of a candidate to enter on the duties of a practitioner, yet it is a measure of it to a certain extent; and there is no doubt that the prospect of the examination which is to close his career as a student is, in a great many instances, the principal stimulus by which a young man is urged to be diligent.

And here another question arises. Should those who have passed their examination, and received their licence, have a monopoly

nopoly of practice? Should there be penal laws to prevent their being interfered with by the competition of the ignorant, the uneducated, and unlicensed? or is it sufficient that the public are supplied with a list of those who are supposed to be qualified practitioners, it being then left to individuals to procure medical assistance where they please? To us it seems not in the least doubtful that the latter is the proper course to be pursued. It is right that no individual should be allowed to be inoculated for the small-pox, because he may communicate the disease to others; but in what concerns himself alone, we see no justice in the interference of the state. It may be foolish to be rubbed with St. John Long's balsam, or to trust to the prayers of Prince Hohenlohe, but mankind do many things more foolish than these, and nothing can prevent them. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that, if there be no penal laws to prevent the existence of unlicensed practitioners, there will not be sufficient inducement to those who enter the medical profession to go through a long course of study, and then to subject themselves to an examination. The empire of opinion here, as in most other instances, will do more than legislative enactments: and this is no speculative doctrine, but the result of actual experience.

The College of Physicians possess, under their charter, confirmed by acts of parliament, a monopoly of medical practice in the metropolis, and within the distance of seven miles from it; and they in many instances instituted legal proceedings against the unlicensed physicians by whom those privileges had been invaded; but, finding that no good arose from these prosecutions, either to themselves or others, and that they were in fact altogether ineffectual, they have for many years abandoned them. The London Society of Apothecaries possess a similar monopoly, under the act of parliament of 1815, but on a still larger scale, as it extends to the whole of England. They also have frequently resorted to courts of justice in defence of their privileges, but with so little success that it is notorious that many apothecaries are practising without their licence, either in open defiance of the law, or (which is no difficult matter) contriving to evade it. On the other hand, the London College of Surgeons have no monopoly, no privileges, no power to prosecute. Any one may establish himself as a surgeon, even next door to the college, and no one can molest him. But the College is of royal foundation, and the diploma which it grants has affixed to it the signatures of many of the leading surgeons of London: and so necessary has it become to any one who makes the least pretension to practise surgery, that there are few, either in England or in the colonies (with the exception of those who have a similar diploma

diploma from the colleges of Dublin or Edinburgh), who venture to call themselves surgeons without it.

We are aware that the foregoing observations will not be very acceptable to many of the medical profession. It is natural that the managing bodies of the several corporations should be anxious to maintain and extend their powers and privileges; and it is also natural that licensed practitioners, who have expended considerable sums of money, and no small portion of their lives, in their education, should be jealous of the competition of others. Accordingly we find, among the resolutions and petitions of the lately formed medical associations, no subject connected with schemes of medical reform put so prominently forward as the suppression of quackery. Let them, however, be assured that this is what no legislation can accomplish. It is no more possible to put down quackery in medicine than it is to put down quackery in politics or religion. The medical profession, while human nature continues to be such as it is now, and always has been, can never meet the demands which are made upon it. That men are born to die; that the power of giving relief is limited; that many diseases must prove fatal in defiance of all remedies; that other diseases, though not of a fatal tendency, may be incurable—no one will doubt the truth of these as general propositions: but the individual who labours under the inflictions of disease will always indulge himself in the hope that he is at any rate safe on the present occasion, and that the time is not yet come when he can derive no benefit from art. 'It is very extraordinary,' said a gentleman who had known little of the infirmities of age until he approached his eighty-eighth birthday, 'that no one can discover a cure for my complaints.' Where the resources of skill and science fail, the instinct of self-preservation will lead many sufferers to look for other aid; and the honest and well-educated practitioner will always have to contend not only with the St. John Longs of the day, but with those among his own brethren who do not partake of his anxiety to avoid making promises which cannot be fulfilled. There are in fact no more offensive impostors than those who march under the banners of the true faith, and we suppose that even the most sanguine of the petitioners against quackery will not expect that such as these can be extinguished by an act of parliament. Let us not, however, be misunderstood, as recommending that no distinction should be made between those who are properly educated and licensed, and others. Each individual in society has, with respect to his own complaints, a right to consult whom he pleases; but it is quite different where he is to provide medical attendance for his fellow-creatures. The governors
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of a parish union, or a bench of county magistrates, should be bound to make their selection from those who are properly authorised to practise. They have no right to confide the care of the parochial poor, or the inmates of gaols and lunatic asylums, to any other persons. The same rule applies to merchant-ships, to schools, to the army and navy, and every other department of the public service.

In England, the medical profession may be considered as forming three principal classes—distinguished as physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners. The last, with few exceptions, supply medicines to their patients, and are therefore described also as surgeon-apothecaries. Midwifery, in a few instances, is followed as a separate occupation; but is more frequently in the hands of those who pursue at the same time some other branch of the profession. Whatever may be said to the contrary by some of those whose evidence has been published by the Committee of the Commons, the distinctions which have been just enumerated are pretty well maintained in the metropolis and in the larger towns and cities. There is a considerable field of practice, which forms a sort of neutral ground between physicians and surgeons;—but the physician rarely deals much with the cases which belong to surgery; and of those who have any degree of reputation in the latter department there are few who much encroach on the province of the physician. Of course the surgeon prescribes the internal remedies necessary for the cure of the diseases which it is his business to attend; and the more extended application of medical treatment to surgical cases constitutes one of the greatest modern improvements in the healing art, and one of the proudest distinctions of English surgery, as compared with that in most parts of the continent. In smaller societies the quantity of surgical practice is too limited for surgery to be followed as a separate vocation; and under these circumstances we find it sometimes in the hands of the physician, but more frequently in those of the apothecary.

On looking into the plans proposed by modern reformers, we find that one of them has for its object to put an end to these distinctions, which are represented as being altogether artificial; to require that all who enter the profession should be admitted at one door, so as to form one society—the individuals of which are supposed to be equally qualified by their education to undertake one or another branch of practice. We do not, however, believe that the advocates of this one-faculty-system form more than a very small proportion of the great mass of medical practitioners; and, for ourselves, we must say that we can discover no wisdom in it. In fact, the division of the profession which has taken place in
this

this country is anything but artificial. Originally, the only persons legally qualified to undertake the treatment of diseases were the fellows and licentiates of the College of Physicians. The surgeons of that day were not what are called surgeons now, but a class of subordinate persons, who performed certain manual operations under the direction of the physicians; whatever else was required in the management of surgical cases being in the hands of the latter. As society advanced, the extension of knowledge introduced the necessity of a division of labour. It was found that surgical cases were better managed by being left altogether in the hands of a particular order of practitioners, and thus surgery became established as a separate profession. But even this was not sufficient; and the apothecaries, who were originally merely compounders and venders of medicine, gradually became established in the exercise of higher functions, so as to constitute at last the present useful and influential class of general practitioners. All this was accomplished, in the first instance, not only without legislative enactment, but in defiance of the College of Physicians; and the Act of 1815, which first recognised the apothecaries as legitimate practitioners, was not the cause, but the consequence, of the change which had taken place in their condition.

But even if the existing order of things had been artificial, it seems to us to be so exactly what is wanted, that we should be unwilling to disturb it. *First*—the practitioners employed on ordinary occasions, and to whom the great majority of society look in the first instance for assistance, are those who do not limit themselves to any particular branch of practice; *secondly*, another class of practitioners, who, having first obtained a knowledge of the profession generally, have afterwards directed their attention chiefly to medical practice, are called into consultation in rare, difficult, and dangerous cases, in all classes of society—at the same time that their opinion is sought in cases of less urgency among those who have the advantages of ease and affluence; and, *lastly*, a third order of practitioners are, in like manner, consulted in difficult cases, and by the more affluent classes of society, for those diseases which are in the department of surgery. From these two last-mentioned classes are selected the physicians and surgeons of the public hospitals, and the professors of the various sciences, which constitute the foundation of the healing art, in the medical schools; and to them therefore is offered an especial inducement not only to devote ample time to the obtaining a complete professional education, but to qualify themselves for the important situations which they may be required to fill, by a good general education previously.

Certainly

Certainly it appears to us to be of no small importance that nothing should be done which would lead directly or indirectly to the extinction of the grades of physicians and surgeons, and the merging them in the other grades of the profession, not only on account of the services which they render as officers of the public institutions, and as teachers of the rising generation, but also because experience has shown that it is to them that we are principally indebted for whatever improvements are made in pathological science and in medical and surgical practice. Still, when we consider how great are the prizes offered to those who are engaged in these lines of the profession, the competition to which they are subjected, to which we may add the circumstance of a large proportion of them being occupied in hospitals and schools before an open, and not always a very lenient, tribunal; and that after all it is but a very small number of such persons that is really wanted; we are compelled to acknowledge that there is no great danger of there being an insufficient supply of well-qualified physicians and surgeons; and that it is not so much practitioners of these descriptions, as it is those who belong to the class of general practitioners, that require the especial attention and protection of the legislature. Thus we arrive at what may be considered as by far the most important part of our subject, namely, the wisdom and propriety of the plans which are at the present time adopted for the regulation of this part of the medical profession.

The act of parliament of 1815 requires that all those who mean to practise as apothecaries in England and Wales should be examined by, and receive a licence from, certain persons appointed to be examiners by the London Society of Apothecaries: and the force of public opinion brings nearly the whole of these to be examined also by the examiners of the College of Surgeons. Thus the great majority of the general practitioners, in this part of the British empire, have pursued their studies under the direction of the governing bodies of two separate institutions; the one prescribing a system of education with respect to pharmacy and medicine, and the other with respect to anatomy and surgery. These two systems, of course, agree in many points, while they differ in others.

We conclude that there are no individuals belonging to either of these governing bodies who will hesitate to admit the following propositions as the basis on which all their regulations should be founded: *first*, that they are bound to consider the trust reposed in them as held for the good of the community at large, and not for the benefit of the particular corporation to which they belong: *secondly*, that it is their duty to require of the candidates for their diploma

diploma or licence the highest qualifications which they may be expected to possess, at the same time taking care that they do not raise the standard so high as to prevent a sufficient number of persons entering the profession to meet the wants of the public and ensure a wholesome competition: *thirdly*, that as to the extent of the qualifications which ought to be required, no general rule can be laid down; but that they must vary from time to time according to the state of society generally, or as the means of obtaining a good education are easy or difficult. Roderick Random became a surgeon's mate in the navy with no other stock of knowledge than that which he had obtained from the surgeon-apothecary to whom he had been apprenticed; and we conclude that many private practitioners must have been in the same situation at the time when Smollet wrote; as schools of anatomy and medicine were then only just established in Edinburgh and London, and these, in London especially, were of a very imperfect kind. At present, however, the case is widely different. There are schools, not only in each metropolis, but in many of the great provincial towns, and the greater wealth diffused throughout society places the means of acquiring an education within the reach of a greater number of persons than possessed them formerly.

The College of Surgeons and the Society of Apothecaries have respectively taken advantage of these circumstances, and have gradually increased the amount of studies required of those who come before them.* No one can now receive a licence of any kind to practise who has not been engaged for at least three years in the pursuit of his profession in a regularly organised medical school, not more than three months being allowed for a vacation in each of these years. Many young men indeed remain in the schools for a still longer period; but we doubt whether it would be safe to make a more prolonged education a matter of necessity: and in fact, a diligent student may obtain a great deal of information, and may qualify himself for becoming an excellent practitioner on all ordinary occasions, during the term which is now prescribed.

But although no alteration in the system of education may be wanted in this respect, it appears to us that much alteration is wanted otherwise. By the Act of 1815 it is made necessary that every candidate for a licence to practise as an apothecary should have been apprenticed to an apothecary, who also had been li-

* Let honour be given where honour is due. The first improvements were made by the Society of Apothecaries, and it was not until they had set the example that the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons awoke from their long slumber, and discovered that the time was come for requiring a more extended medical education in every department of the profession.

censed, during a period of at least five years; and the regulations of the Society of Apothecaries have from the beginning admitted the candidates for examination at the age of twenty-one years. The College of Surgeons formerly did not allow candidates to appear before them until they had completed their twenty-second year, but of late (for what reason it is difficult to understand) they have taken off one year, and they now admit them at the same age as the apothecaries.

Now we hold that the minds of very few young men can be sufficiently matured at the age of twenty-one years to fit them for such serious and responsible duties as those of a medical practitioner: and we further see another great evil as the result of this regulation, that it induces parents, in their anxiety to get their children off their hands as soon as possible, to send them to begin their professional studies while they are yet boys, and often without the advantage of even a moderate degree of education previously. We have conversed with many persons who have been engaged in the education of young men, not only for the medical profession, but for others also, and have always been informed that those whose minds have been prepared by a good preliminary education have on the whole been found to be much more diligent, and to have gained knowledge much more easily, than others. Our own experience, which has been sufficiently extensive, would lead us to the same conclusion; and we suppose that no one will venture to deny that there are moral as well as intellectual advantages belonging to a well-trained mind which are nowhere more likely to be conspicuous than in the various departments of the medical profession.

As matters now stand we find the subject of general or preliminary education altogether unnoticed in the regulations both of the College of Surgeons and of the Society of Apothecaries, except indeed that the latter require that the candidates should construe some scraps of Latin. If education be a thing of so much importance, ought such an omission to exist? and ought not proofs of a good general education to form a part of the documents which the candidates are expected to produce as entitling them to examination?

With all our prepossessions on the subject we doubt the policy of any regulation of this kind; and we would willingly avoid the fault of recommending that over-legislation which so frequently defeats itself. What is to be considered as a test of a good preliminary education? and in what does it consist? On these points there may be great differences of opinion, for while the mental faculties may be improved by the cultivation of various branches of knowledge, each individual is apt to regard that as most important

portant which has most contributed to the improvement of his own.* To require degrees at colleges and universities for the whole of those who enter the medical profession would be manifestly absurd; and, after all, the common degree of B.A. at Oxford and Cambridge is not incompatible with very little study and a very low degree of knowledge. Are the candidates to be especially examined as to their general as well as professional attainments? There being not fewer probably than five or six hundred candidates in the year, who would undertake the task? and, if such examinations were instituted, would they not soon degenerate into a mere empty form? Are the licensing bodies to be satisfied with certificates from school-masters and tutors? Those must have very little knowledge of the world, or of the nature of testimonials generally, who think that these would be of the smallest value. Let us look at the question as we will, we perceive insurmountable difficulties in the way of any other system than that of offering a negative encouragement to young men to obtain a good general education, by the removal of every inducement to begin their professional studies before they are eighteen or nineteen years of age. But further, we believe that this would be found to be generally sufficient. A father will not incur the expense of entering his son at a medical school sooner than is really necessary; and, for his own sake, if not for his son's, he will be disposed to keep him employed in some kind of study, rather than that he should dissipate his time in idleness. Besides, satisfied as we are of the vast advantages which the many are likely to derive from a good preliminary education, we are aware that intellects of a higher order may overleap the barrier which the want of it places in their way, and we should be sorry to witness the adoption of any measures the effect of which would be to prevent these master-spirits from entering the medical profession. The Inns of Court have acted wisely in this respect. The tendency of their regulations is to encourage those who propose to be called to the bar to be liberally educated. They do not insist on it, and, if they had done so, the legal profession would have been deprived of some of its brightest ornaments.

* If the wrangler believes that no pursuit is so useful to the mind as that of Mathematics, the classical scholar is not less disposed to attribute the same virtue to Greek and Latin, and the Metaphysician to Moral and Intellectual Philosophy. The impartial observer, however, cannot doubt that there are many kinds of exercise which equally tend to produce the desired result. It appears to us that those who are intended for the medical profession will generally derive most advantage from a variety of studies; and (without meaning to recommend superficial acquirements) we should say that it is better for them to go a moderate way in each, than a very long way in one to the exclusion of the rest.

But

But it may be urged that, if young men are not able to obtain a licence to practise until they are twenty-three years of age, so many to whom it is important to obtain a livelihood in early life will be deterred from entering the profession, that there will be an inadequate supply of licensed practitioners, and that the result will be to call into existence a number of other practitioners, who are unlicensed and unqualified. It is true that such was the effect of the too stringent regulations of the College of Physicians in former times, and such would be the effect of too stringent regulations at any period. But there must be much greater changes than those which we venture to suggest to make us liable to any such danger at the present moment. The supply of medical practitioners is in fact not only very much beyond the demand, but very much beyond what is necessary to ensure a just and useful degree of competition. For the truth of this assertion we venture to appeal to the experience of all those who will be at the trouble of making their observations on the subject; and to this cause may mainly be attributed the present restless and uneasy state of the profession. In this, as in all other pursuits, a certain degree of competition is required for the security of the public; but in the medical profession it is easy to conceive that the competition may be not only beyond what is really wanted, but so great as to be actually mischievous. We have heard it suggested that a tax in money should be levied on those who are brought up as medical practitioners, in the same manner as on attorneys and solicitors; but such a tax would be of little service to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and surely one in the shape of a better education would be much preferable.

The addition of one or two years to the age at which a candidate may be admitted for examination would however be of little avail, unless another change were made at the same time. We have pointed out that by the Act of 1815 it is made necessary that an apothecary should have served an apprenticeship. We understand, from the evidence given before the Medical Committee (*page 21 of the Report on the Apothecaries*), that Mr. Rose, who introduced the bill into the House of Commons, objected to this clause; that it was in consequence struck out; but that it was afterwards inserted in the House of Lords (we believe on the suggestion of one of the bench of Bishops). Dr. Burrows, who gives this piece of secret history, says that 'the Association of general Practitioners were anxious for the apprenticeship clause, on account of the great difficulty of getting apprentices;' but what could have passed in the mind of the Right Reverend Prelate which led him to this notable piece of legislation, about a year after Parliament had passed an Act abolishing the
necessity

necessity of apprenticeships in other cases, it is difficult to comprehend; nor is it less remarkable that twenty-five years should have been allowed to elapse without any attempt having been made to repeal a clause so unjust and mischievous.

We use these expressions not unadvisedly. The tendency of the apprenticeship system is always to throw a great impediment in the way of obtaining a good general education; and in a great number of instances to prevent it altogether. The law requires five years' apprenticeship, and the corporate bodies require three years of study in a medical school, making eight years in all. If a young man is to obtain his licence (as he may now obtain it) at the age of twenty-one, and serves the full term of his apprenticeship in a village or town in which there are no lectures and no hospital, he must be taken from school and apprenticed at thirteen years of age. If the law be evaded, as it sometimes is, by the master giving up two years of the term of apprenticeship, still there are six years left, and the boy is taken from school at fifteen. If the master reside in a large town in which the apprentice has the opportunity of pursuing his studies in the hospital and lecture-room from the beginning of his apprenticeship, still, even under these more favourable circumstances, under which it can fall to the lot of very few to be placed, he is launched in his profession at the age of sixteen, just as he is entering on that important period in which, in the course of two years, a well-disposed young man will make greater progress with respect to his general education than in all the former years of his life put together.

But these are not the only objections. Is this a just monopoly? Is there no way of learning pharmacy, but by means of an apprenticeship? A member of the Committee asks with great reason, 'If young men, in addition to the customary four years of study in the University of Edinburgh, were to pass ten or twelve months exclusively in learning pharmacy, why should they not be permitted to act as general practitioners?' (*Report on the Apothecaries*, p. 22.) And again, 'Were a young man to graduate as a bachelor of medicine at Oxford or Cambridge, and afterwards to apply himself to the study of medicine, and from the want of an adequate fortune be at length prevented practising as a physician, why should he be prevented acting as a general practitioner?' Yet both these descriptions of persons are prevented practising in that capacity under the existing law.

We have not the smallest doubt that a residence for a limited period in the house of an apothecary is likely to be very useful to the student who proposes to enter on the same line of practice; but we cannot conceive that an apprenticeship for five years, or

even for three years, is necessary, nor indeed any apprenticeship at all. At all events there are good reasons why the legislature should not interfere with a matter of this kind. It may very safely be left to the discretion of the parents and guardians, and of the young men themselves; especially if the Society of Apothecaries require, as they have a right, and indeed as they are bound, to do, that the candidates for their licence, before they had begun to learn anatomy, or at any rate in addition to their other studies, should have devoted a certain time to the study of pharmacy.

It is far from our intention to occupy the time of our readers by a lengthened discussion as to the details of medical education: but our inquiries would indeed be incomplete if we left the subject altogether unnoticed. The College of Physicians, for their part of the profession, merely require that the candidates should have been engaged in their professional studies for five entire years; that they should have passed three of these years in attendance on the medical practice of an hospital; that they should bring proofs of their having pursued the various sciences on which the art of medicine is founded: and they descend to no further particulars. The Company of Apothecaries, on the other hand, not only specify exactly the courses of lectures, but the precise number of lectures in each course, and the periods during which the student is to attend them, so that he has little choice as to the mode of occupying his time either in the summer or winter. The College of Surgeons in their curriculum pursue an intermediate course, leaving a good deal, but not so much as is left by the College of Physicians, to the discretion of the student. It appears to us, if any of these bodies be in an error (and indeed they cannot be all in the right), that the error of the College of Physicians is much safer than that of the Society of Apothecaries, or even of the College of Surgeons. It has been observed, we believe by Sir Walter Scott, that 'no one can properly be said to be well educated who has not been, to a certain extent, self-educated:' and all our experience would lead us to regard this maxim as especially applicable to the education of medical students. It is the duty of the governing bodies to prescribe for them a general plan of study; but as to the details, we are much mistaken if they will not manage them better for themselves than they can be managed for them. One result of the present system, as it relates to the students who mean to be general practitioners, is, that they are too much encumbered with lectures. Let it be borne in mind that it is of little use to sit on the benches and listen to a lecture without taking notes in writing, and that such notes are of little value, unless at one period or another a fair copy is made of them so as to be in a fit state for reference hereafter.

If

If the students were rigidly to attend every lecture prescribed by the College of Surgeons and Society of Apothecaries (which in fact they scarcely ever do), they would amount to not fewer than 1500, exclusive of clinical lectures on cases in the hospital, of which the number is uncertain. If we add to the number of hours which the lectures themselves occupy, those which ought to be occupied in making fair copies of the notes which are taken of them, we may form some notion of the labour which a strict attendance on lectures alone imposes on the students. We have no doubt that there are few of these courses of lectures which might not be usefully abridged. The College of Surgeons expect certificates to be produced of attendance on 140 anatomical lectures and 100 demonstrations during each of three winter seasons. We conceive that this regulation might advantageously be commuted for another merely requiring proofs of having studied anatomy during two winters. Fifty lectures would teach all that lectures ought to be expected to teach of the *Materia Medica*, whereas 100 are required at present. In like manner the lectures on botany might very safely be reduced from fifty to twenty; those on the practice of physic from 100 to seventy or eighty; and those on medical jurisprudence from fifty to a dozen.

The foregoing observations would indeed be misplaced if lectures were the only road, or the principal road, to knowledge, which is open to the student. They are but the means to an end. The good anatomist is made what he is not by attending lectures, but by his own labours in the dissecting-room. A knowledge of diseases, and of the mode of treatment, is obtained not from lectures, but from a diligent attendance in the wards of the hospital; from taking notes of cases, and thinking of them afterwards. In attending lectures the mind is merely passive. It receives knowledge, but when received it does little or nothing with it. But what is chiefly wanted to make a good practitioner, either in medicine or surgery, is that he should have acquired the habit of observing, thinking, and acting for himself; and this is to be accomplished, not on the benches of the lecture-room, but in the wards of the hospital; where the student finds, not dull descriptions of disease, but disease itself in all its variety of forms changing from day to day; where every bed tells an impressive history to those who are disposed to read it; and where the intellect is animated and sharpened by collision with the intellects of others. We scarcely know any physicians or surgeons to London hospitals with whom it is not a matter of deep regret that the great majority of the young men should be so much occupied in other ways, that they have but little time left which they can devote to their hospital studies. The number of those who take written notes of the cases

is very limited, and there are many who do not visit the wards on an average more than three or four days in the week. We would willingly see the number of lectures curtailed to whatever point may be necessary, so as to enable the students to find time for pursuing in an efficient manner this higher and more essential part of their education.

We offer no apology for having entered thus at length into the working of the present system, as it relates to the general practitioners. What we have to offer respecting the other classes of the profession may be comprised in a smaller compass.

We have already had occasion to notice how large a portion of the Evidence before us relates to the disputes between the Fellows and Licentiates of the College of Physicians. These disputes have indeed been most unfortunate, and it is easy to show that they have tended in no small degree to impair the usefulness of this ancient institution.

In order that we may make ourselves intelligible to those among our readers who are unlearned in these matters, it is necessary to explain that the Fellows of the College, who constitute the corporation, have at different times enacted bye-laws preventing any but the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge being admitted into their body. To other physicians they merely gave licences to practise. A few, indeed, who were not English graduates, were from time to time received as fellows, but so very few that they formed the smallest possible exception to the general rule. This exclusive system was galling to the excluded, which was natural enough. But the licentiates also believed very generally that it interfered with their professional advancement, and in this we have no doubt that they were mistaken. The public knew little, and cared still less, about the difference between them; and if the greater number of those who obtained a very large practice in the metropolis belonged to the order of fellows, this was to be attributed to their having been brought up with the English gentry at the Universities, and to their having received their professional education in London, and not to their being fellows of the college. However, the result was to make a divided house, and to produce a mischievous jealousy between the two orders of physicians. It is reasonable to suppose that the original intention of the fellows was to maintain the general respectability and usefulness of their profession by encouraging persons of good education to enter into it. But in process of time the fellows, in their anxiety about the means, seem to have forgotten the end. Young men, with the smallest possible amount of medical science, were at once admitted as fellows, while some of the most accomplished and experienced physicians remained

remained in the ranks of the licentiates. Nor was this all. No regulation was thought to be necessary as to medical education; the degree of Doctor of Medicine, (which in itself means little or nothing, as there are universities at which it may be purchased for a few pounds,) with two years' residence in any university in which degrees are granted, being all that was required. The consequence was, that many were admitted as licentiates, and even as fellows of the College of Physicians, whose medical education was inferior to that which has been for some years required of the apothecary. The list of physicians went on increasing much beyond the demand which had existed for them even in former times, and this at a period when the improved education of the apothecaries, and the elevation of this part of the profession, rendered the demand very much less than it was before. The effect of this may not have been personally felt by those physicians whose talents and attainments, supported by the good opinion of their professional brethren, have raised them to high places; but we are convinced that it has been felt enough by others, and that the body at large have suffered. Of course there can be no absolute rule as to the relative qualifications of physicians and general practitioners. There must always be a certain number of the latter class who stand higher in public estimation than the average of the former; and there must be always some physicians who will be below the average of general practitioners. The difference of talent and activity in different individuals must lead to this. But the question is, not as to individuals, but as to the body at large; and it is plain that, to establish physicians as a higher grade of the profession, without it being made necessary that they should begin the world with a higher kind of professional education, is absurd; and this is what the fellows of the college seem for a long time to have overlooked.

The foregoing observations will enable our readers to understand better the existing order of things. They would have been otherwise irrelevant. Several years ago a more liberal spirit began to prevail in the College, which gradually gaining strength and influence among the fellows, at last induced them to put an end to the old exclusive system; and at the same time to require that candidates for a license should have had as complete a medical education as it is possible to obtain; the only exception to this rule being in favour of general practitioners who, having been many years in practice, and being forty years of age, are allowed to show that they have made such acquirements in that situation as to place them on a level with those who have possessed more extensive opportunities of improvement in early life.

We own that we do not see how this new system of the College
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of Physicians can be, in essential matters, much altered for the better. But we say this on the understanding that it is discreetly and judiciously administered. Although no evidence of a good preliminary education is required by the College, except that of a portion of the examination being conducted in the Latin language, still this most important object is promoted indirectly, and perhaps more efficiently than it could be by positive enactments. Candidates are not admitted for examination before they are twenty-six years of age; and we apprehend that the effect of this must be, that this part of the profession will be chiefly occupied by those who have had a liberal education; and that a large proportion of the candidates will (as was the case in former times) have pursued their general studies in one of the English universities, and their professional studies in the medical schools of London.

The London College of Surgeons makes no distinction between those of their body who enter life as surgeon-apothecaries or general practitioners and those who are engaged merely in the practice of surgery, except that the latter class are alone eligible to seats in the governing body or council. There is but one plan of education, and one kind of examination, for all. Yet no one aspires to the situation of surgeon to a London hospital, or to be a teacher of anatomy in one of the metropolitan schools, without having added two or three years of professional study to those which are required by the College; and there are few among them who are not qualified to undergo a much more general and searching examination than that to which they are subjected. To this extent, then, what may be termed the voluntary system, seems to have answered the purpose well enough; and if we look further, as far as London is concerned, there seems to be nothing to contradict that opinion. When a vacancy occurs in the office of surgeon to a London hospital, there is never any want of well-qualified candidates; and if we refer to the history of the profession, from the days of Cheselden downwards, we find no description of practitioners who have done more for the improvement of their art, and of the sciences on which it is founded, than the hospital-surgeons and anatomical teachers of London. Nevertheless it appears to us very questionable whether the council of the College of Surgeons ought to rest satisfied with leaving matters as they now are. Formerly there were few hospitals, and no medical schools, beyond the confines of the metropolis. There is an hospital now in most of the considerable provincial towns; and in many of the larger towns there are medical schools also. The medical officers of the hospitals, and the lecturers and other teachers in the schools, are the instructors and example of the
next

next generation of practitioners; and it is of the utmost importance that these offices should be filled in the best possible manner. To limit the choice of the governors of hospitals, by whose activity and benevolence these institutions are supported, is out of the question; but ought not the College of Surgeons, established as it is by a royal charter for the advancement of surgery, to offer to the public a list of those individuals who, by a very extended education, and by the examination which they have gone through afterwards, have proved themselves to be qualified, as far as education can qualify them, to fill those higher situations in which they incur so heavy a responsibility, not only to the existing race of their fellow-creatures, but also to posterity?

Something like this has, indeed, been already attempted by the College. They instituted an examination of those who were desirous of being recognised as teachers of anatomy and surgery. No one was to be admitted as a candidate who had not completed his twenty-fourth year, or who had not already passed the ordinary examination. As this regulation did not affect the established teachers, no one had a right to complain of its injustice; and it certainly appeared to many who might be considered to be competent judges, that it was calculated to be productive of much good ultimately. The council, however, thought it expedient to retrace their steps; and the regulation was rescinded in the course of a year or two after its enactment. It was said that the plan did not answer; that it was difficult to put it into execution, &c. &c. We own that we do not perceive what difficulties could have been met with which might not have been overcome, if a suitable apparatus had been provided for the purpose.

It appears from the evidence before the Committee—we refer especially to that of Sir Charles Clarke (*pp.* 274-288 of the *Report on the Physicians*)—that there is at present no examination of those who contemplate being engaged in the practice of midwifery as to their qualifications in that department of the profession. There are indeed few, if any, of this class of practitioners who restrict themselves wholly to this kind of practice, or who have not received a licence of some kind, either from the College of Physicians, or from the College of Surgeons, or from the Society of Apothecaries; so that their qualifications are tested to a certain extent. At the same time, as there is no profession which is more important than midwifery, or which deals in greater responsibilities, there seem to be no good reasons why those who practise it should not undergo a special examination as well as those who practise medicine and surgery. There may be, however, some differences of opinion as to the best mode of accomplishing this object. The eminent practitioner to whom we have just referred

ferred states in his evidence that the duty *may* be undertaken by the College of Physicians, but that it *ought* to be undertaken by the College of Surgeons. To us it appears that, of the cases which it is usual for the practitioners in midwifery to attend, few only can be considered as being in the province of surgery; and, if we are not misinformed, a high legal authority has given it as his opinion that the College of Surgeons, under their present charter, have not the power to institute an examination of this kind. There seems to be no method of getting over the difficulty without some additional power being conferred on the existing institutions, or a separate board being established for the purpose; and we can scarcely venture to say, without more reflection than we have hitherto had leisure to bestow on the subject, which of these methods may be preferable.

In a former part of this article we have offered some remarks as to the difficulty of instituting such examinations as will prove a sufficiently accurate test of the qualifications of medical students. But the subject is one of the greatest practical importance; and we feel it to be our duty to recur to it.

An efficient examination, which distinguishes the well-qualified from the ill-qualified practitioner, and sends the latter back to improve himself by further study, cannot fail to do essential service to the community; while an inefficient examination, which gives to the idle and the ignorant the same licence which it gives to the industrious and well-informed, is worse than no examination at all, and actually mischievous. This is a truism which no one will dispute. But by what means may a proper system of examination be secured?

To whatever extent the system of learning by rote (or being *crammed*) may be carried by the *οἱ πολλοί* of the universities, we may venture to say that it falls far short of what happens among the *οἱ πολλοί* of the medical students. It is notorious that the majority of those who mean to offer themselves for examination at the College of Surgeons or at Apothecaries' Hall are, for the two or three preceding months, regularly and daily drilled for the occasion; that there are individuals in London who make considerable incomes by dispensing this spurious species of instruction; and that it is no small proportion of the medical students who, having neglected all the early part of their education, are at last qualified in no better way than this for the examination which is to crown their labours.

Now we are not so Utopian as to believe that these things can be altogether prevented, where the object of the examination must necessarily be to ascertain not whether the candidate has the highest, but whether he has the lowest degree of knowledge

ledge and talent with which he may be tolerated as a practitioner. But the evil is enormous, and ought to be corrected as much as possible.

The first step towards this would be one which we have already suggested, namely, the diminution of the number of lectures which the students are expected to attend, so as to place more time at their disposal for self-education in the dissecting-room and in the wards of the hospital. The rest must be done by the examiners; whose duty it will be to bear in mind that the intention of medical education is to make, not philosophers, but skilful and useful practitioners; and that those who have higher aspirations may very safely be left to accomplish their object in their own way. In the examinations they should especially make it their business to ascertain what is the amount of practical knowledge, drawn from their own observations, which the candidates possess; and with this view they should interrogate them, not so much about what they have been taught in lectures as about what they have themselves witnessed, and which cannot be learned by rote. But for the accomplishment of these objects it is necessary that the boards of examiners should be rendered as efficient as possible; and it appears to us that they cannot be efficient unless they include a certain number of individuals who, either as medical officers of hospitals, or as teachers of some branch of the science of medicine, have been accustomed to deal with students. We suppose that it rarely or never happens that any are appointed to the office of examiners at Oxford and Cambridge who have not at one period or another officiated as tutors. The cases are parallel, and the rule which is good in the one cannot fail to be so in the other.

At the College of Surgeons, as we are informed, on the authority of Mr. Guthrie (*page 13 of the Report on the Surgeons*), it is usual to elect the examiners from the members of the Council in the order of seniority. Whether this be or be not a mere matter of custom, the principle is clearly wrong. The Council in this, as in all other matters, have no business to consider anything but the good of the profession and the public; and in the construction of the court of examiners they should follow no other rule than that of choosing the individuals who are the best fitted for the office. At the same time, whatever may have been the case formerly, there seems to be no reason to complain of the court of examiners of the College of Surgeons at present, there being no member of it who has not been either a surgeon to a London hospital or a lecturer on Anatomy or Surgery in one of the principal medical schools. But let us see how it is with respect to other institutions. At the College of Physicians the examinations

examinations are conducted by the President and Censors. The former is generally re-elected annually for a series of years. The latter in former times were chosen from the fellows in rotation, holding the office only for a single year. We can conceive no worse method of appointing a court of examiners than this, for while it led to many being placed in that situation who were not qualified for it by their previous habits, it afforded no one the opportunity of becoming familiar with the duties of his office after he had been elected to it. By the new regulations of the College, however, the election of the Censors is differently conducted. The rotation system is abandoned, the Council proposing annually those whom they believe to be the most proper persons, subject to the approbation of a general assembly of the fellows. It remains to be seen whether the College avail themselves of this alteration so as to make their board of examiners such as it ought to be.

The examiners at Apothecaries' Hall are selected solely from the members of the Apothecaries' Society. This is in accordance with the act of 1815, which leaves the Society no alternative (*Report on the Apothecaries*, page 17). But the Society is a commercial body, into which admittance is procured only by patrimony or purchase, and it is difficult to conceive why the legislature should have restricted their choice of examiners in this manner. If a licentiate be remarkably well qualified to officiate as an examiner, why should he be ineligible because he is not actually a member of the corporation? But it appears to us that the door should have been opened wider still; and we have no doubt that if the Court of Assistants, by whom the examiners are appointed, had had it in their power to do so, they would have procured the assistance of some physicians to hospitals and lecturers in schools of medicine as assessors to the Court of Examiners, and that in so doing they would have greatly added to the usefulness and respectability of the examination.

We believe that in the foregoing observations we have pointed out the principal defects of the present system, as far as it relates to the education and licensing of medical practitioners. The next point to be considered is, by what means these defects may be remedied.

It may be said that there is nothing which may not be accomplished by the corporations themselves, provided that the Crown and the Legislature afford them some assistance by making the necessary alterations in their charters and acts of parliament. We cannot, however, look with much confidence to this source of amendment. The corporations are all independent of each other. There is no bond of union between them. They have to legislate for a profession the different branches of which
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are necessarily much connected with each other, but they all act separately. They are responsible only to themselves and to the slow operation of public opinion; and we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that *the interests of the corporations are not always identical with those of the public*. We have already shown the ill consequences of the bye-laws passed by the fellows of the College of Physicians in their anxiety to maintain the aristocracy of the Oxford and Cambridge graduates. The College of Surgeons formerly (and we give them credit for the public spirit which they displayed on that occasion) undertook the charge of the splendid museum which Parliament had purchased of the executors of Mr. John Hunter. They have made extensive additions to it. They have erected buildings for its reception, and established a professorship and studentship of comparative anatomy in connexion with it. They have collected one of the best medical libraries in the world, and thrown it open to the profession. All this has necessarily involved them in a large annual expenditure, and the funds which they have to meet it are almost entirely derived from the fees paid by those who receive their diploma. The remuneration of the court of examiners is supplied from the same source. If in addition to all this we take into the account that it is in the nature of corporations, as it is in that of individuals, to like the acquirement of wealth, we cannot fail to perceive that the College have a direct interest in having as many applicants for their diploma as possible. But this is not what is wanted by the public. As we have already remarked, they derive no advantage from an influx of persons into the profession beyond what is wanted to ensure a proper degree of competition; but it is to them of the highest importance that those who are admitted should have their minds as well stored and as well disciplined as possible. The position of the Society of Apothecaries is very similar to that of the College of Surgeons, except that both their income and their expenses are on a smaller scale.

But we are far from agreeing with those who would have all the old corporations swept away, and replaced by a new one. We believe that the former—the faults of which we know—may be improved; and that to attempt this will be a much safer experiment than to establish a new institution, the faults of which may not be well understood for many years.

But indeed the latter experiment is already begun in the shape of the medical department of the metropolitan university. In this new institution the faults of its predecessors seem to have been rather exaggerated than otherwise. As far as we can perceive, it is responsible only to itself; and it will be remarkable if, eventually,
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it does not look to its own interests more than to those of the community. The degree of bachelor of medicine is said to be intended for the class of general practitioners.* Those who wish to obtain this distinction are allowed to matriculate and begin their profession while they are yet boys, at the age of sixteen years, and to present themselves for their last examination so as to be esteemed practitioners as soon as they have passed their twenty-first birthday. Fourteen different kinds of lectures are included in the curriculum, being five more than those which are required by the College of Surgeons and Society of Apothecaries: while the attendance on hospital practice, which we believe to be of more importance than all the lectures put together, is actually less. The whole system, as it appears to us, is unnecessarily complicated. Yet we must acknowledge that it affords evidence of good intentions on the part of those who framed it. They seem to have been really anxious to place the medical profession on as high ground as possible: but they have not had that experience in hospitals and schools, nor that intercourse with students, which they should have had, to enable them to understand the true principles of medical education.

We conclude that it was the failure of the metropolitan university which led Mr. Warburton, at the close of the last session of parliament, to lay on the table of the House of Commons his Bill 'for the Registration of Medical Practitioners.' Under the provisions of this Bill every medical practitioner is required to cause his name to be registered annually in an office established for the purpose; and for the privilege of being compelled to take this trouble he is to pay an annual tax. Then the whole body of licensed practitioners are to proceed at stated periods to the election of three medical parliaments, one for each of the three kingdoms. These parliaments are to assemble in each month of October, one in London, another in Edinburgh, and the third in Dublin; and it is to be their office to regulate all the affairs of the medical profession. Between them they are to elect another superior parliament for the whole empire, which is to hold its meetings in London, and by which they themselves are to be governed. It must be almost unnecessary to point out the classes of persons of whom we may expect these parliaments to consist: we must not look among them for those who love the tranquil pursuit of science—who pass their days and nights in accumulating knowledge for future use; nor for those who by their labours have already earned the good opinion of the public, and are fully occupied in the exercise of their professional duties; but rather for the vain and the idle—

* See the Report on Medical Reform in the 'Transactions of the Provincial Medical Association,' vol. viii. p. 41.

for those who hanker after a noisy notoriety, and have abundance of leisure because they have no professional employment. It is a matter of course that such elections, like all other elections in this country, must eventually merge in politics; in the competition of Whigs and Tories, Conservatives and Radicals. The best thing that can be said of this scheme is, that it is utterly impracticable; and with this impression on our minds, it appears to us needless to follow it through its various ramifications.

If the medical profession as a body possessed estates and charities, or as individuals had some special powers and privileges which required protection, it would be reasonable to consider how far a system of popular and representative government might be made applicable to it. But no such occasion exists, and we own that we are not sufficiently far-sighted to discover what good reason there can be for introducing into it such an element of agitation and discord.

We have already shown that what is wanted is simply this: that the medical profession should be rendered as useful as possible to society, and that it should be enabled to maintain for itself an honourable and respectable station in it; and we are much mistaken if we have not also shown that the machinery of the medical corporations, such as they now are, is not sufficient to produce the desired result. That these corporations should have no responsibility, except to themselves, is an anomaly which ought not to be allowed any longer to exist; and we cannot conceive to whom they can so properly be made responsible as to those from whom their authority has emanated, the Crown and the Legislature. Nor would there be any difficulty in carrying such a plan into effect, nor would any complicated apparatus be necessary for the purpose.

Let us suppose that an act of parliament were passed making some such alterations as we have already suggested in the charters of the colleges, and in the apothecaries' act of 1815, and any others which on further consideration of the subject might be found to be desirable; and that the government were authorised to appoint certain persons who should form a Board of Control, or, if they please to give them a gentler appellation, a Board of Visitors, whose office it should be to superintend the concerns of the different medical institutions; and we believe that under such an arrangement all that is required might be accomplished.

The regulations as to the education of medical students, and the licensing of practitioners, should either originate with the Board of Visitors, or should not be valid until they had received their sanction. In like manner they should superintend the appointment of the examiners. Reports should be made to them

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at stated periods of the individuals to whom licences have been granted; of the moneys received in payment of them; at the same time explaining in what manner these funds have been expended.

At present, when a vacancy has occurred in the Council of the College of Surgeons, the remaining members select the individual who is to succeed to the vacant seat; and this has always, and not without reason, been made a subject of complaint against the constitution of the College. Yet, as matters now stand, we do not see what other arrangement can be made. To throw the election open to the ten or twelve thousand members of whom the College consists would be absurd; and there is no other constituency. If, as we have proposed, another degree were established for those who would be candidates for the situation of surgeons to hospitals or teachers of anatomy, there would, in the course of time, be a body of persons to whom the election might, without inconvenience, be intrusted; and in the mean while the objections to the present system might be in a great measure obviated by making the appointments of the Council subject to the approbation of the Board of Visitors; or the visitors might select one from a list of persons submitted to them as properly qualified by the council.

What are called the Elects in the College of Physicians are, with respect to the mode of their appointment, in the same situation as the Council of the College of Surgeons; and the same rule might be applied to them, or otherwise the election of them might be conducted in the same manner as that of the Censors.

But a question will arise as to the exact mode of appointing the Visitors themselves. We would suggest that they should be nominated by the Queen in Council rather than by the Secretary of State, believing that the effect of this would be to remove the appointment, in some degree, from the influence of party politics; and we would further suggest that the Board should consist of two classes of persons, of some who do, and of others who do not, belong to the medical profession.

Being assured that some of the highest interests of society are involved in the state of the medical profession, and knowing that the reflecting members of the profession are not well satisfied with the existing order of things, we confidently hope that those who concern themselves in the management of public affairs will perceive the necessity of giving the subject their early and serious attention; and in that case it will be by no means difficult for any one, who takes the pains to do so, to fill up the faint outline of the scheme which we have offered to their consideration. We cannot doubt that, if the task of mending the medical institutions be honestly undertaken and pursued, a real and lasting service will

will be rendered to the public. We are sanguine enough to believe that what is required may be easily accomplished; that the question, if fairly discussed, with a desire to do only what is right and useful, will be found to lie in a narrow compass, and to be surrounded by no difficulties which may not be readily surmounted.

We have only one further observation to offer. In order that we might render our views as simple as possible, we have confined ourselves to the state of the medical profession and of the corporate bodies in England, to which alone the report of the Committee of the House of Commons relates. There is, however, no such essential difference in the state of the profession in different parts of the British empire as would prevent any plan which is useful in England from being also applicable, with certain modifications, to Scotland and Ireland.

ART. III.—*Letters of the Earl of Dudley to the Bishop of Llandaff.* London. 8vo. 1840.

THE announcement of this volume naturally excited great curiosity. It was reasonable to expect that those subjects which most come home to the habits and studies of English gentlemen would be admirably handled in the private communications between two such distinguished men, whose respective spheres in life, in themselves sufficiently separate, were nevertheless connected by one link, a common love and pursuit of elegant literature. The sound of the two voices, the tenor and the bass, might indeed be totally distinct, yet both, when attuned to the same key, would give increased value to each other, and produce by the very contrast a richer and more varied melody. Thus the man of the world would enlighten the recluse of *Alma Mater*; his ideas, bright with the last polish of the capital, would rub off the respectable erugo which steals over the learning of the cloister; and the reflections of the statesman engrossed in the affairs of nations would enlarge the somewhat narrowing tendencies of local attachments and interests.

The venerated editor commenced his honourable career in directing the final education of young men, at the most critical moment of their entering into life. After long exercise of this responsible charge, he was raised by acclamation to the high office of Provost of Oriel; and was thus enabled to take the lead in that university of which at the moment of need he had stood forward the champion and successful defender. The mitre, the reward of a long course

course of usefulness, secured to him, ere yet in the vale of years, a dignified leisure, and held out to modest merit, another cheering example of greatness, achieved by self-exertion and steady performance of duty.

The tale of the Bishop's early pupil was that of an eastern fable, where the good fairy showers over the cradle of the newborn infant blessings without stint, which are converted into curses, through the annexation of one fatal condition by some malevolent genius. He was born to rank, title, and unbounded affluence; his person and manner were agreeable; his intellect, of the highest order, was coupled with an industry, a thirst for knowledge, which might have shamed the poor student whose bread must be earned by the sweat of his brow. He united to the blood of the racer, the sure perseverance of the tortoise. His taste was refined to fastidiousness; his memory was wax to receive, and marble to retain; his powers of illustration have seldom been rivalled; the results of his deep reading were parcelled out in such nice order that everything was forthcoming, without effort or ostentation, at the exact moment when it was most wanted. Fulfilling Lord Bacon's grand recipe—his reading made him full; his habits of society, ready; his writing, exact. His wit was prompt, sparkling, and epigrammatic; it was playful and indulgent, not, however, from weakness: it was the giant's strength, which could afford to be generous. To all these qualities of the head, were superadded a gentle and affectionate disposition, a freedom from pride or vanity, a simplicity of habits and tastes; in a word, all the sterling features of that noblest of creations, a real English gentleman. What more could a fond mother ask for an only child? yet these, and more than these, were lavished on *poor* Lord Dudley; for poor he was in happiness, though rich in all the elements which apparently would the most conduce to its perfection. The gifts of fortune and intellect were counterbalanced by an organic malformation of the brain, which, riveted by the system of his education, increased with his years, and having embittered his whole existence, buried these brightest prospects in the darkness and solitude of insanity. His intellect might be compared to a delicate piece of mechanism, in which, by some accident, one small pivot is insecure; not, indeed, sufficient at first materially to derange the operation, yet ever and anon indicated, under increased action, by slight jarrings. To this physical cause must be attributed those oddities and imperfections which caught and amused the random glance of unreflecting silliness, but fixed and delighted the evil eye of conscious yet jealous inferiority.

Lord Dudley felt acutely these small weaknesses, which no
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misconduct of his own had occasioned, and which no effort of his own could alleviate; yet these peculiarities, which were a subject of sorrow and pity to the generous, were selected by the heartless, with a refinement of cruelty, to poison the sting of their maliciousness: they pressed on the bruised reed, and seethed the kid in its mother's milk. To them may be left the disgrace of their base triumph; therefore let his real friends scatter flowers with more profusion over his premature grave, and draw closer the veil which shrouds his mortal and at worst inoffensive infirmities.

We learn from the preface that some unforeseen and unpleasant circumstances had occurred in regard to this publication: but neither into them, nor into the law of the case, is it our intention to enter at any length. It is impossible for those who have had the good fortune to know either Lord Dudley or the Bishop of Llandaff, to imagine for one moment, either that the former would write, or that the latter would publish, anything unbecoming of the gentleman or the Christian. The character and profession of the editor would have been sufficient guarantees, had he not expressly stated it in the preface, that tenderness and discretion would be his guides in a task of considerable difficulty and doubt. He well knew that mankind are influenced less by what is said than by *who* it was that said or circulated it. The vulgar scurrility of those who live by slander is passed with contempt. Not so the opinions of the great and good. The smallest touch of the spear of Ithuriel inflicts a mortal wound. The sayings of Lord Dudley, published by the Bishop of Llandaff, pass from mouth to mouth, stamped with the impress of legitimate authority.

We fully admit the nice difficulty of determining what is the exact portion or period for publication, in regard to a series of private letters which were never meant by the writer to be published at all. If, from a tenderness of feeling towards all mentioned therein, publication be delayed till they are gone where praise or blame fall on the ear alike, the loss of all freshness and interest is risked. In these times the railroad march of events drives incident on incident with such velocity and intensity that one occurrence is almost effaced ere it be succeeded by another. We are so drugged with stimulants that nothing makes a lasting impression. Every page of these letters teaches the sad moral of the rapid transit of this world's glories; the fleeting interest of our petty frets and turmoils, our vanity of vanities. A quarter of a century has scarcely elapsed ere a new generation read with indifference names at which the world grew pale, and pass over convulsions which shook empires to the dust. The downfall of Buonaparte, the double capture of Paris, the salvation of Spain, the Queen's

trial,—all and each of which in turn harrowed up mankind in breathless expectation, now pall,—gone by as an old almanac. On the other hand, if confidential letters be published in the nick of time, with all their richness, their raciness, their behind-the-scenes peep, those living personages who have taken part in the spirit-stirring scenes must constantly be pained at the public exposition of keen and cutting remarks.

We have alluded to the doubts entertained by others on the subject of this publication, simply to protect ourselves from the appearance of singularity in our regret. We must be permitted to observe once for all, and without offence, that this volume has generally been received with disappointment, as well by those who knew Lord Dudley as by those who did not.

To those, indeed, who enjoyed his intimacy, he comes unscathed from the ordeal; to adopt the language of the Bishop's excellent preface, *they* can trace throughout even these letters the unfailing

'marks of the same intellectual and manly character—strong sense, acute yet candid observation on men and manners and political affairs, original and deep reflection combined with a lively imagination and a knowledge of books and of the world, rarely found united in the same individual.' * * * For *them* they all 'afford the same evidence of a sincere, virtuous, and honourable mind, intent upon being useful and upon performing his duty well in public and private life, exhibiting in the season of youth, as well as in more advanced age, that most engaging of all compounds, a playful fancy joined with a vigorous understanding and a serious heart.'—p. xii.

All this is true; but strangers want the key to the cipher in which the Bishop finds nothing to puzzle him.

There are various circumstances in the case, and features in the work, which we can easily suppose to have perplexed and vexed the executors. We ourselves stumbled over the very threshold ere we reached the title-page; the *τηλαυγές πρόσωπον*, the lithograph, meant, we presume, to be a portrait, was calculated to give customers no better prospect of good entertainment within, than the sign-post daub of a road-side country inn: as a print, it is beneath criticism; as a likeness, it is a libel—the exaggeration of an angle, the forehead pared of its intelligence in order to swell the caricature of nose and nostril! Lord Dudley entertained a singular objection to having his portrait taken at all. It was only after repeated solicitations that he was induced to sit to Mr. Slater, by whom most of his fellow-members of Grillon's had been done for Sir Thomas Acland, and when the finished drawing was shown him, he crunched it up, put it into his pocket, went away, and, as it was supposed, destroyed it. The whole affair, with the manner in which

which it was finally recovered after his death, forms one of the most curious anecdotes of the 'Grillon' gallery; yet it was admirably executed, and has since his death been admirably facsimiled. Hanging now before us, it recalls his not-forgotten features, his serious, gentle, King Charles-like expression, the peculiar, sloping lid of his mild thoughtful eye, the prospect of his soul, and prescient of calamity; and we wonder why it was not republished *here*. Stewart Newton's avowed scratch of a caricature would have been much more welcome than this grave, imbecile absurdity.

In the second place, the letters now presented to the public range over nine years only, of 'more than thirty years of constant correspondence.' They are selected, we venture to think, from that portion of his career which was least calculated to exhibit him to full advantage, either in a political or literary point of view. These nine years were a period of transition, when a lull had come over his greatest exertions, and before the death of his father had opened a new field for him in private life, and high official situation under Mr. Canning. A large portion of them, too, are written from the continent, and treat of *foreign* concerns—which seldom arouse in English bosoms that degree of intense interest which home questions never fail to create.

Moreover, the executors, in resisting the publication, felt that they were acting in accordance with all Lord Dudley's opinions expressed in his writings* when alive, and by his last testamentary directions. The law of the case appears simply to be, that the receiver of letters has only a qualified property in them; he cannot publish them without the consent of the sender, who, in case of decease, can only be legally represented by his executors. Lord Dudley had directed that all his writings, letters, and papers of every kind, found in his own repositories, should be burnt unread, and immediately after his death. The solemn injunction was, as we collect from the preface, most rigidly obeyed; and the executors might well be pardoned for hesitating to sanction any procedure at variance with that which they had felt it their own painful duty to adopt.

The Bishop informs us, in his preface, that another volume of letters had been prepared for publication, when, 'should it be permitted to appear, there would be an opportunity of giving a general view of the incidents and the course of Lord Dudley's life.' From the uneasy tone, which we grieve to see, of the conclusion, we fear that this opportunity will be lost. 'Recent communications and fresh restraints have occurred, which he will not seek by solicitation to remove.' The 'question is not to be

* See his remarks on this subject in the Quarterly Review, No. ix., p. 313.

determined by his own judgment; and he confesses, whatever construction may be put on the avowal, that he cannot submit either to solicit permission as a favour, or to recognise the duty of the executors in such a case to forbid the publication.' It is not for us to decide, in a question of taste, between persons so worthy and eminent, who could have had but one and the same feeling towards the memory of Lord Dudley; but in the absence of the editor's far abler pen, we shall attempt, not indeed to write a full biography, but to set down a few of such incidents in his noble friend's education and life as may suggest the just view of some of those peculiarities and infirmities which must excite the wonder and curiosity of readers that did not know the man.

The Earl was the only child of William, third Viscount Dudley and Ward — one of those ordinary mortals on whom capricious fortune takes a pleasure in lavishing worldly advantages. The obscure existence of the old Lord was passed in the society of those who, like himself, preferred portwine and fiddling to the pursuits either of politics or literature. His companions, generally selected from grades beneath his own, were chiefly remarkable for that convenient obsequiousness which noblemen and gentlemen of large landed estates delight to honour. The Viscountess, a beauty in her youth, took refuge in later life in cards and strong waters. Comparative anatomists, we understand, account for so distinguished a man's being the produce of such an untoward combination, on the grammar principle of two negatives making an affirmative. Be this as it may, the father and mother seem to have anticipated the discreditable contrast which their son's eminence would subsequently cast on their own comparative nothingness; their conduct from the cradle was marked by want of parental affection. They sent him from his home to strangers, not indeed to a public school, that preparatory world in miniature, but to a private tutor, and under circumstances which enhanced the objections of that objectionable system, one that Lord Dudley never failed to deplore and condemn.* A house was taken for him at Paddington, and a separate establishment maintained with liberality: such a sacrifice was nothing to their affluence—it was their time and affection that was grudged. The solitary boy, without brothers, sisters, or playfellows of his own age, became a man in habits while yet a child. Associating with his elders and with those in authority over him, he grew up in a constitutional distrust of his own powers, in an habitual reliance for guidance and support on other men's minds, though not possessed of one tith of his own good qualities or talents. He never completely

* 'The defects of those that have had the misfortune to receive a private education, or, what is sometimes the same thing, no education at all.' (Letter 36.)

shook off the idolatrous prejudice, or *prestige*, of his young inexperience; the habit remained when the moral conviction was gone. It was in this uncongenial atmosphere that he contracted a tinge of formality which, natural and decorous in pedagogues, is held among men of the world to savour of priggism. The indifference manifested by the heads of the family was imitated by the minor branches—no 'avunculus Hector' interposed. His maternal uncle, he writes, 'never took the smallest interest in him, or showed him the smallest kindness.' (Letter 1.) To the unfortunate heir the bitterness of this neglect was aggravated by his own warm disposition and capability to estimate and return affection—yet nothing ever escaped him in word or action, by which his parents could be depreciated; his whole conduct was a pattern of filial obedience and respect. He is ever praising his father's liberality in money matters, and expressing satisfaction at his approval of his own conduct under circumstances of doubt. (See Letters 82, 92, 93). To his mother when a widow he became more than a son. He came forward to supply his father's loss; his unceasing and delicate attentions, the small but not the least proofs of affection, manifested that he felt with Gray, that we can have but one mother.

The disadvantages of this plan of education were increased by his eccentric father's want of fixed purpose and constant change of preceptors. He had not time to find a friend even among them. Deprived of the out-of-door pastimes congenial to youth, he was driven to his books alone for solace and companionship. The lurking hereditary malady was strengthened by his over studious and sedentary habits. The irritable susceptibility of the brain was stimulated at the expense of bodily power and health, without which pleasure itself ceases to be pleasure. Dear indeed is knowledge purchased at the expense of happiness. His foolish tutors took a pride in his precocious progress, which they ought to have kept back. They watered the forced plant with the blood of life; they encouraged the violation of nature's laws, which are not to be broken in vain; they infringed the condition of conjoint moral and physical existence; they imprisoned him in a vicious circle, where the overworked brain injured the stomach, which reacted to the injury of the brain. They watched the slightest deviation from the rules of logic, and neglected those of dietetics, to which the former are a farce. They thought of no exercises but in Latin—they gave him a *Gradus* instead of a cricket-bat, until his mind became too keen for its mortal coil; and the foundation was laid for ill health, derangement of stomach, moral pusillanimity, irresolution, lowness of spirits, and all the Protean miseries of nervous disorders, by which his after life was haunted
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and which are sadly depicted in almost every letter now before us.

One, indeed, of the boy's many instructors observed the silent operation of these morbid causes, and having learnt Latin to some purpose, pursued the golden rule of education—*Mens sana in corpore sano*. This was a wise man after the manner of Anaxagoras, that respectable ancient, who requested on his death-bed that all the school-boys of Lampsacus might have a month's holidays. He accordingly locked the study-door, threw logic to the dogs, turned his pupil out to grass, and set him to work at the unscholastic pursuit of foxes. He opined that it was bodily exertion and mental inaction which generates the rude health—the 'dura ilia' of country squires and hay-makers; who never fatigue their sensoriums, nor fritter away their nervous energy, nor rob their gastric juices, from a mistaken regard to their pia maters. The new instructor therefore took the Aristotelian method in this decided case of perversion—he bent the twig in the contrary direction, in the hope of ultimately bringing it to the perpendicular. But unfortunately the news of this prodigious idling ere long reached the ear of the father, who, never interfering except injudiciously, dismissed the tutor who might have saved his pupil; and people of the old stamp continued in function until the *toga quasi-virilis* (of undergraduateship) was assumed.

The very first lines of Lord Dudley's in the Bishop's volume reveal the sad consequences of this system, already fixed and chronic at the early age of nineteen. Affixed to the portrait is this *postscript*,—'The verses go on miserably; yet I neither drink, hunt, shoot, or fish.' On a smaller peg than this Tissot or Combe would hang a quarto treatise; and truly might Lord Dudley point the moral of their tale, the sure effects of the neglect of the organic laws of physiology. The postscript involves the cream of the correspondence, and is indeed the epitome of his life—

'The exploits of dexterity, strength, speed,

To him no vanity, no joy, could bring.'

We find him invariably lamenting, 'as mistakes of his early life' (p. 342), his 'unacquaintance even with the rudiments of agriculture' (p. 202), his 'ignorance of botany or geology';* that he 'cannot skate': in a word, the absence of those out-of-door pursuits which, by bringing us into immediate contact with nature, have a healthy and expanding tendency—and conduce to that exercise which, having an object distinct from a mere constitutional tack, ('studio fallente labore,') is of all others the most refreshing and invigorating. No pillow is so soft as that earned

* In these autobiographical letters we find no thanking God that he knew nothing of the *ologies*—the silly congratulation of self-contented commonplace.

by bodily fatigue. Lord Dudley 'writes because he is unable to sleep'—(Lett. 4). Well would it have been had the killing 'yet' of the 'postscript' been corrected into *because*! Mr. Sydney Smith's lyrical advice, 'Fish not, hunt not, shoot not,' may probably be a safe code of guidance for some curates; possibly it may be equally safe for the production of nonsense verses. We prefer the good old classical method of Ennius, Horace, and Anacreon, who practised what they preached, and neither lived nor wrote verses miserably. The Muses, although dwelling near Castalian streams, and we dare say bathing therein, have never conceded to teetotalism immortality of song; nor would it be difficult to demonstrate that those poets who have been the most mixed in the stirring realities of life, up, about, and abroad, have been the best portrayers of man and nature.

Lord Dudley, to his credit, never forgot nor undervalued the one attempt to amend his mistaken education. No sooner was the Viscount dead than he made search for that discarded tutor, and rewarded him with a magnificent donation; thus delicately marking his satisfaction at the first moment when the so doing could not by any chance give umbrage to his father. Spence, by-the-bye, has preserved an anecdote of Pope, which our reader will pardon us for recalling here to his memory. The poet, when about the same age as Lord Dudley, was reduced by his perpetual application to such deplorable ill health, that, giving way to it, he prepared to die. He fell into that state of exhaustion which Smollett too once experienced for half a year, a *coma vigil*—an affection of the brain, when the principle of life is so reduced that all external objects appear to be passing in a dream—a sort of torpid, indistinct existence. One of his oldest friends, Father Southcot, went immediately to the clear-seeing and plain speaking Dr. Ratcliffe, who ordered the patient to apply less, and to *ride* every day; by following which advice Pope recovered his health. He never forgot this providential interposition, and twenty years afterwards, hearing of a vacant abbey in a delightful part of France, he sent a letter the next morning to Sir Robert Walpole, with whom he had some degree of friendship, and begged him to write to Cardinal Fleury, to get the appointment for Southcot. Southcot was made abbot—perhaps the only time that a prime-minister of England wrote to a prime-minister of France to promote a poor Romish priest: nothing short of the ardent and affectionate feelings of Pope could have suggested the project; nor could anything but the regard due to his genius have influenced Sir Robert to move in such a business.*

From Paddington Mr. Ward was sent to Oxford, and entered

* Quarterly Review, No. xxiii. p. 427.

at Oriel; and here, under the auspices of Dr. Copleston, his classical education may truly be said to have commenced. After profiting for a due time by the lessons of such a teacher, he was transplanted from the fair banks of the Isis to the Athens of the North, with the view of combining with the knowledge of antiquity an insight into sciences which in our day are looked upon as not less useful and interesting, especially that of political economy; thus engrafting on the laurel of the Muses the branch of gold by which more men are transported to a certain place than Charon would choose to reveal to Virgil or Miss Martineau. Lord Dudley was pleased with and much improved by Edinburgh; but he always retained a lively interest in the welfare and honour of Oriel; perhaps a somewhat of his collegiate enthusiasm and prejudices might have been suppressed in these letters. The pupil was writing to the provost. The public at large, who are not of that ilk, take little interest in local details—new buildings projected in Magpie-lane—extravagant eulogies of some forgotten fellows and tutors, equally exaggerated dispraise of other similar dignitaries—*et hoc genus*. The indifferent eye skims over the page, and is only arrested by allusions to names of some higher pretension, sarcasms which strike by their point and adhere from their barb.

Lord Dudley never forgot the instruction and society which he enjoyed under the roof of Dugald Stewart. He was singularly fortunate in his co-pupils, all distinguished men in their high order—Lords Lansdowne, Palmerston, Kinnaird, and the late Lord Ashburton. He maintained a good fellowship with them all in after life, while with the two former it was his lot to sit at the same council-board, as minister of state.—But neither to Professor Stewart, nor to the younger associates of his own sex, did he owe the chief pleasures or the chief advantages of his residence in the North. Mrs. Stewart, equal to her husband in intellect, was his superior in blood. She was the sister of the Countess Purgstall and of Lord Corehouse, the friend of Walter Scott, who has embalmed the name of *Cranstoun* in his immortal 'Lay.' Though the least beautiful of a family in which beauty is hereditary, she had the best essence of beauty, expression, a bright eye beaming with intelligence, a manner the most distinguished, yet soft, feminine, and singularly winning. On her ill-favoured professor she doted with a love-match devotion;* to his studies and midnight lucubrations she sacrificed her health and rest; she was his amanu-

* Her marriage was after this wise. When Miss Cranstoun, she had written a poem, which was accidentally shown by her cousin Lord Lothian to Mr. Stewart, then his private tutor and unknown to fame. The philosopher was so enraptured with the perusal, and so warm in his commendations, that authoress and critic fell in love by Scotch second-sight before their first, and in due time were made one.

ensis and corrector. But she was free from the slightest tinge of pedantry; the world, for anything she displayed, knew nothing of her deep acquisitions, so gracefully did her long-draped robes conceal even the suspicion that aught lurked beneath of azure hue. No one felt this more than Lord Dudley, who thus expresses himself in one of these letters (p. 41):—‘She has as much knowledge, understanding, and wit, as would set up three foreign ladies as first-rate talkers, in their respective drawing-rooms, but she is almost as desirous to conceal as they are to display their talents.’ No wonder, therefore, that her saloons were the resort of all that was the best of Edinburgh, the house to which strangers most eagerly sought introduction. In her Lord Dudley found indeed a friend. She was to him in the place of a mother. His respect for her was unbounded, and continued to the close; often have we seen him, when she was stricken in years, seated near her for whole evenings, clasping her hand in both of his. Into her faithful ear he poured his hopes and fears, and unbosomed his inner soul; with her he maintained a constant correspondence to the last. That series of his letters was, we doubt not, the most valuable as well as the most extensive; but it is said to be no more. She burnt the whole, we are told, when dying herself. She would not trust the holocaust to accident, neither would she deprive herself of a sad pleasure in reading over the expressions of a whole existence devoted to her, until she felt distinctly that the last days of her own drew near.

It is impossible not to see in the correspondence now before us that the writer was mistrustful of himself; ‘thin-skinned,’ to use his own word (p. 291); apologising in the very first letter for ‘incorrect expressions,’ complaining in one of the last (p. 366) of his ‘slowness and unreadiness of composition’—the *composition* of familiar letters!—There is somewhat of a cramped, almost of a particular tone, a recurrence to local subjects, to themes agreeable to his friend. The letters are not written ‘*currente calamo*,’ the pen dips not into his flowing thoughts; nervously sensitive, he trembled before the high educational position, critical acuteness, and logical perception of Dr. Copleston. He felt that he was writing to his literary superior, the very eminence of whom weighed down the pupil—*artes infra se positas*—he was never quite at his ease. This is not merely a conjecture of our own; we have seen many notes and letters written by him to male friends of less lofty station and character. These were, comparatively speaking, *rien—pas même académicien*—but their nothingness set this shy, sensitive correspondent at his ease. Notwithstanding, we feel that his letters to Mrs. Dugald Stewart must have been far superior still. The false pride which
conceals

conceals weaknesses is disarmed by the certainty of a woman's sympathy. The instinctive dread of incurring the ridicule of affectation or sentimentality often drives men into contrary extremes, and hides, under the garb of rudeness, irony, or persiflage, those gentler emotions, that real earnestness, that seriousness which are unbosomed to a woman, who hails with approving smiles their existence and expression. Again, a woman's love for detail, her patience in listening, encourages the fullest unburdening of the pent-up soul. She is riveted with breathless curiosity in the exposure of the secret springs, the, to her, mysterious processes, by which the stronger sex is influenced. All these exhibitions are anticipated and discounted by men ere detailed, and if continued, are listened to with coldness and *ennui*. But women submit readily to be bored by clever men, and, since the days of Omphale, are well pleased to see the lords of the creation prostrate or spinning (even *long yarns*) at their feet; and men fly in moments of sorrow to their soothing ministry; they rely on the tenderness of touch, the delicacy with which the balm will be poured into the festering wound. They trust to woman's tact, to her felicity in saying the little word at the right time. The man is off his guard, and betrays the secret of his strength or weakness: no glance of the eye, no curl of the lip, no remark shot unawares from the secret quiver of his heart escapes a woman, which in the generalising, careless commerce of man with man would be overlooked; hence, we suspect, the superior insight into character* which such a woman as Mrs. Dugald Stewart must necessarily have obtained—and hence the secret of her paramount influence over those who approached her, and particularly over a man constituted as her young friend was.

On leaving Scotland, Mr. Ward entered into parliament. All his early opinions tended to the right way in politics. His maxim was, 'Fear God and honour the king.' His ample fortune secured him from the '*urgens necessitas et evidens utilitas*,' which has passed from the Institutes of Coke into the portfolios of mercenary ministers. He was independent in every sense; bound, in his own words, by 'no ties of hope or personal interest.' Under the pressure of motives which, however misinterpreted by contemporary spleen, posterity will never question, he twice in the course of his life appeared, to a certain extent, as the ally of

* Lord Dudley, in his review on Miss Edgeworth's *PATRONAGE*, neatly and justly alludes to 'her intuitive judgment of character; one of those delicate and rapid operations of the mind, which is seldom analysed even by those who perform it with the most ease and rapidity, the result of practised acuteness, by which we are enabled to catch as they arise all the fine evanescent indications of habit or passion, and to deduce from them instant and certain conclusions.'—*Quart. Rev.* x. p. 310.

the Whigs; but he ended, as he began, and as we believe he always was at heart, and as to all points of real consequence in domestic politics—but one—a Conservative.

He remained for some years a silent listener to the giants of those days, whose power made him distrust himself, and tremble at the unequal contest. He delighted in private to respeak the speeches of Pitt, which he imitated with singular accuracy of manner as well as language. He was first urged to speak for himself by a friend of his, whom we are also proud to call ours, by whom the success of Lord Lansdowne (then Lord Henry Petty) was held up as an encouragement; his sad reply revealed the secret of his past and subsequent reluctance: 'Do you not reflect that Lord Henry has had the very best, and that I have had the very worst of educations?' The advice, however, fortunately prevailed; after nearly five years' apprenticeship, he began to take part in debate, speaking seldom, but never except to the purpose and with great effect, while his manner, remarkably free from all browbeating, overbearing tone, conciliated by the respect and deference with which he addressed them, an audience the most difficult and most fastidious that has ever been got together.

Mr. Ward soon formed an ardent friendship for the brilliant and generous Canning; in literature, and to a considerable extent in politics, he seems to have made him his master and model. Mr. Canning, born, as it were, witty and eloquent, while yet a schoolboy had combined poetry with criticism—had astonished Eton and Oxford with verses, serious and comic, English and Latin—and had also commenced reviewing, that 'most prosaic of tasks,' according to Mr. Thomas Moore,* himself a poet and first-rate reviewer of poetasters. Canning, patronised in his dawn by Sheridan and the Whigs, was, however, first placed in Parliament by Pitt, who saw the power of his talents without being blind to the defects of his character. He kept him in subordinate situations. 'Alas!' said he, 'if that man would but go straight to his purpose, he might become truly great.' 'Men,' observed Lord Dudley, in 1822, quoting Voltaire, 'succeed less by their talents than their character: Castlereagh and Canning are remarkable instances of this maxim.' (Letter 64.) Canning, generous as he was in the main, displeased all parties by a certain intriguing turn; hence the 'bitter ill-disguised hostility of the Whigs, the gloomy silence, the ill-concealed mortification of some of the second-rate Tory people in office.' (Letter 29.) The followers of Pitt suspected and feared,

* Art. on Lord Thurlow's Poems, *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxiii. p. 411.

while those of Fox proudly scorned him. The more moderate and more hungry of each faction rallied under this banner of the *juste milieu*. Brookes's followed Brougham when Lord Grey stood aloof. This half-and-half coalition could not stand in troubled times, when antagonist principles were arrayed in fierce collision. 'He that is not with me is against me.' Of course the most reckless, violent, and aggressive party prevailed. Canning was forced to become a *liberal*, to use the word in its present degraded signification. He hoped to be able to let loose the Æolus of revolution in the new world, and to chain the demon in the old; to ride the tempest, and regulate the hurricane. He fondly dreamed of conciliating those who are not to be conciliated, forgetting friends, and forgiving enemies. He began the dangerous game of emancipations and concessions, which were received as weaknesses, which they always are; the enemy was let into the citadel; the system of surrender began; and down to the bottom of the pit must it roll, like the stone of Sisyphus, ever increasing in velocity and destructiveness. But Mr. Canning was sound at heart; passion may have for the moment led him to tamper with dangerous men and doctrines and measures; but had he lived, he would soon have seen through them and his own error; and we sincerely believe that the loss of him at the time when he was taken from us was the greatest personal loss, save one, that could have befallen England and the world.

Lord Dudley, like his master, was a reformer abroad, a conservative at home. He was frightened at his own noise, when the hollow echo rebounded across the narrow channel. He feared the 'going too far,' the dangerous experiment of '*rumfordising* an old monarchy.' He saw truly that our once revered constitution, in church and state, although possibly defective in theory, worked well. He appealed to that result as the surest test, to a century of increased wealth, happiness, and population at home; of power, respect, and victory, abroad; from La Hogue to Trafalgar, from Blenheim to Waterloo. At home he was not to be misled by fine speeches: he knew the ease with which philanthropical democrats combine the theory of liberty with practical despotism and contempt of the laws of humanity. He sickened at the cant which prates about mercy and justice while knee-deep in blood and confiscation. He saw the vicious circle into which French (no) principles would plunge the world,—revolution, anarchy, terror, and its euthanasia, despotism.

He was inconsistent in his condemnation of systems of government in other countries, to which, with a generous but mistaken love of freedom, he was anxious to see our better but peculiar institutions extended: he was inconsistent even in his condemna-
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tion of what he calls Austrian* and Italian despotism. 'You know what sort of a government they have here [in Austria]: a lazy, stupid, and stupifying despotism' (Letter 35)—'by the fruits shall ye know them.'—Turn to the next letter! '*Crime seems scarce among them!*' and I must do Germany the justice to say that it appears to me of ALL the countries I have been in, that in which there is the most tranquil and *inoffensive enjoyment of life.*' (Letter 36.) The fact is, he evidently entertained a personal dislike towards Metternich, who had on some occasion been inattentive to him (doubtless from not knowing who a Mr. Ward was). This gave a taint, a jaundiced character, to all his notions concerning 'Austrian barbarians.' His language must be discounted when carried to these lengths. 'Poor Napoleon! if it were not for our particular sake, I should begin to wish him back again. At any rate he was a great man; but it is quite intolerable to see the greatest part of Europe bullied by a drawing-room coxcomb like Metternich.' (Letter 29). And on what occasion is this extravagant anti-Trollopism called forth? The interference with the lazzaroni revolution; that caricature of a constitution; that tadpole-puddle in a storm!

We may observe that he was influenced in the same manner by his private feelings, in his strong condemnation of certain colleges, individuals, and systems of education, at Oxford. He was singularly sore on the defects of his own education, and included in one sweeping diatribe every part and parcel with which he had been mixed up himself. So many and such great beneficial changes have since taken place at Oxford—reforms, not forced by ignorant pressure from without, but calmly considered, deliberated, and carried out by grave and competent persons within—that we could have wished those charges omitted which are now unfounded, those comparisons which are odious, those reflections which must give pain. But to return.—

Lord Dudley, in his parliamentary speaking, confined himself principally to four topics,—the Roman Catholic question, the Greek cause, slave emancipation, and parliamentary reform. These four experiments, these four *concessions*, have now been made, and, even in the admission of their most honest or dishonest advocates, have all alike proved signal, lamentable, undeniable failures. None of the benefits anticipated by mistaken good intentions have been realised; while every evil wished for by knaves and foreseen by the wise, has been painfully verified. The wild rashness of fanaticism has made the emancipation of the slaves equivalent to the loss of half our West Indian islands, and yet

* He spoke strongly against the Austrian loan, June 22, 1821.—*Hans.* vol. xlv. p. 1282.

put back the chance of Negro civilization. The reform bill, as Sir R. Peel predicted, already exists only by the protection of its former opponents, against the parricidal attacks of its guilty and unnatural authors.

In *this* mischief, at least, Lord Dudley had no hand. Every proposition of that sort found him 'anxious to place his opposition on record.' He resisted the 'little wedge' of revolution in every insidious disguise, by which 'the breach was to be made in the constitution for the banditti to rush in.' He had learnt what Whiggism he ever had about him under 'Fox, than whom there has seldom existed a more hearty anti-reformer' (Letter 58)—'Fox, whose reform,' says Lord Brougham, 'would have gone into a mighty narrow compass.' He had studied under those Whigs who coldly supported Mr. Pitt's reform, which was carried out (until Pitt would not have known it), and *carried* at last by recreants, by Lords Melbourne, Palmerston, and Glenelg, who had spent all their life in opposing it;—'*Reformers*, as they have been *lucky* enough to get themselves called, thereby begging the whole matter in dispute' (Letter 48);—'Qui, ut imperium evertant, libertatem proferunt; si perverterint, libertatem ipsam adgredientur.'

The eloquence and arguments of Lord Dudley, were, as he felt, 'too fine;' they were Greek to the *οἱ πολλοί*. They addressed the sense, while unscrupulous demagogues took the nonsense of the people—by appealing to their bellies; 'the whole bill' must make bread cheap. The consumers carried it: their whole strain flattered human self-sufficiency; they called into action and concentrated all the restless vanity, all the desperate arrogance, all the rankling discontent, of the scum or dregs of the social system. Their banner collected an innumerable rabble of conceited regenerators. They called from their holes those unclean spirits which vainly will they attempt to lay:—those men, 'to whom,' says Burke, 'a state of order would become a sentence of obscurity,' were nourished into a dangerous magnitude by the heat of intestine disturbances. Lord Dudley contended that the real secret of discontent was excessive taxation, which these nostrums would never cure; but, alas! this disease has a morbid tendency to fly from the regular practitioner to the miracle-professing quack.

Our limits will only permit us to refer to Hansard for Lord Dudley's speeches—they bear marks of his own correction—for instance that (Hans. xxiii. 13) on Mr. Brand's motion, May 8, 1812 (xxxvi. 758); and that on Sir F. Burdett's motion for Parliamentary Reform, May 27, 1817. This speech, in his own words, contains 'all I have to say upon the matter, or nearly so.' (Lett. 48.) In this very speech he was admirably seconded by
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the Honourable William Lamb, whose chief argument was that the people's opinion ought to go for nothing, and his happiest quotation—

‘How nations sink by daring schemes oppress,
When vengeance listens to a fool's request!’—

but indeed Mr. Lamb's whole speech is first rate—our readers should get it by heart (xxxvi. 790). Lord Dudley never spoke with greater animation than in the Lords, October 5, 1831; one of his opening sentences has been too sadly true—‘This is perhaps the last time I shall ever address this house.’ (lxxiii. 1334.) We would cite among his other happiest efforts his speeches on Talavera, on Walcheren (xv. 44), on Barrosa (xix. 671), and on the Papist Question (xxiv. 915). On this he had, we need hardly say, adopted what we consider as the wrong side; but that side was never maintained with more brilliant ability. He did not understand the *politicks* of Popery—how few of our statesmen then did! But his local knowledge of Spain gave him a true insight into the unchangeable character of Spanish warfare, their incapability of self-defence, and the disgraceful peculiarity of their revolution, which has never produced one statesman or one general. His speech is the heading of a chapter which is developed by the *Duke's* despatches, by the victories of Espartero, and the finance of Mendizabal.

Lord Byron, whose letters throw contemporary light on these, has sketched our orator: ‘I like Ward—studied, but keen, and sometimes eloquent, piquant.’ His speeches were most carefully prepared: he openly avowed and defended the practice by the example of Mr. Canning, and of far greater men even than him in every branch of intellectual excellence.* His opponents admitted their ability, and the excellent delivery. They twitted him with compliments to his ‘memory,’ and to his ‘elaborate essays.’ He was made the butt of the skirmishers of Brookes's, who raked him with their light artillery. ‘Ward,’ says Byron, ‘is in sad enmity with the Whigs about the review of Fox,—all the epigrammatists and satirists are at him. I hope he may beat them, for I hate odds.’ Byron was most anxious not to be thought to have a hand in these squibs, being all for ‘open war, and no bush-fighting;’ yet he too had his joke: for being asked what it would take to re-*whig* Dudley, the poet replied, ‘he must first be

* One of Lord Dudley's greatest favourites was Ariosto. His reflections at Ferrara are very characteristic. ‘The inspection of this MS. will greatly confirm the opinion of those who think that consummate excellence united to the *appearance* of ease is almost always the result of great labour. The corrections are innumerable; several passages, where, as they now stand, the words and thoughts seem to flow along with the most graceful felicity, and the rhyme to come unsought for, have been altered over and over, and scarce a line of the first draught has been allowed to remain’ (Lett. 20).

rewarded.’

rewarded.' Nor was the object of all this wit in others annoyed overmuch; for he would sometimes quote the well-known distich—

'Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it,
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.'

He admitted the point, and returned, as usual, a Roland for an Oliver. His review on Mr. Rogers's '*Columbus*'* is, 'though we say it who should not say it,' a master-piece of damning by faint praise.

Yearning for literary occupation, Lord Dudley distrusted his ability and knowledge to undertake any considerable work (Letter 88);—and, fortunately for us, he took Mr. Canning's advice—and refuge in the *Quarterly*. An article was precisely the class of composition in which, from his habits and turn of mind, he was most calculated to excel. His constitutional indecision, his indolent procrastination, his too often 'combined bodily and mental languor,' his want of a spirit-stirring sustaining motive, deterred him from sitting down to the continuous exertion of what he called '*des ouvrages de longue haleine*,† 'hammered out *invitâ Minervâ*.' His taste, formed from 'a constant study and contemplation of great models' (Letter 40), *exemplaria Græca*, had refined itself into over fastidiousness. The slightest jar grated on his ear. His critical acumen, never so severe as against himself, detected every imperfection. He was always reviewing his own writings. He had acquired such a fund of knowledge that he knew too well how much more was to be known. In his ignorance of the world's ignorance he gave his readers credit for possessing the same information as himself. He was weighed down by his own reputation, by the fear of not coming up to what was expected from him: hence he was never satisfied with himself. This diffidence is indeed an element of excellence, but when carried too far prevents the realization of the noblest intentions. He hesitated on the banks of the troubled pool, while bolder men, unembarrassed with learning which reveals difficulties, with meditative powers which suggest doubt, rushed in. Now the terrors of an article appertain more to the reviewed than to the reviewer. His name is not blazoned on the title-page for daws to peck at. The individual is merged in the corporate 'We;' idiosyncratic timidity takes courage like shy women when their face is covered at a masquerade. The censor is a great unknown; nevertheless, if the paper is successful, there is a sufficient notoriety, among the 'fit audience, though few,' whose praise,' as Byron said of Lord Dudley's, 'is indeed worth having.' If, again, the article be a failure, which has happened in the best

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. ix. p. 207.

† *Ib.* vol. x. p. 322.

regulated Reviews, if some passages be too highly spiced, or others too acid, the anonymous culprit creeps into his shell; nay, the unnatural parent may, if he pleases, not only disown the bantling, but be the loudest in abusing it. Such things occur in this world.

There must be variety of material and variety of cookery, with a little confectionary too, in a well-arranged Review. That which best suited Lord Dudley was the piquant side-dish. In his opinion an article, like an epigram, should be all point, terseness, and brilliancy; no 'dry chapter,' 'no sticking-places,'—no verbose periods like those of Roscoe's Lorenzo, 'which put one in mind of a Liverpool coach overladen with outside passengers and luggage.' Such articles are like the works of Sappho, Gray, and Rogers, short and few; no profusion of second-rate cornelians; a vast capital invested in one Pitt diamond, a mighty genius condensed into a small vase of gold. And it must be allowed that Lord Dudley not seldom came up to his own ideal. We would notice particularly his papers on Horne Tooke,* Mr. Fox,† Rogers's 'Columbus,'‡ Roscoe's silly letters about Reform, and Miss Edgeworth's 'Patronage.'§ This last appears to us to be the least successful; yet it should have been one of his best, inasmuch as he had the advantage of the corrections and suggestions of Dr. Copleston—which in the case of Horne Tooke seem to have been of special service to him. Lord Dudley was one of the frequenters of the table d'hôte of Mr. Horne Tooke, and a listener to his *ἔπεα πτερόεντα*. His finished miniatures of the philologist and Mr. Fox will bear comparison with the flattering portraits recently drawn of both by Lord Brougham; even with that magnificent shadowing out of Mr. O'Connell, under the character of Wilkes.||

The separate articles, written by friend and foe to reform, illustrate and explain each other; they exhibit both sides of the medal. Lord Dudley's last article and last speech were against reform—'the wickedness of demagogues working on the misery of the people. He could not conceive *any* reform that would not bring us within the draught of the whirlpool of democracy.' (Letter 43.) Among the last glimmerings of his waning intellect was an idea that Lord Brougham had cut up his speech in reply; but never mind, I can bear it from him.'

Signal and more enduring than bronze is the monument which his great antagonist has reared over his tomb. It is suicidal in

* Quarterly Review, vol. vii. p. 313. See particularly Horne Tooke, vol. vii. pp. 14, 15, 16, 27; Fox, vol. ix. p. 322.

† Ibid. vol. ix. p. 313.

‡ Ibid. vol. ix. p. 207.

§ Ibid. vol. x. p. 301.

|| Edinburgh Review, No. cxli. p. 105.

ourselves to do more than refer to his matchless character of Lord Dudley in the Edinburgh Review. It lies not like an epitaph, for never was truth told in more grateful feeling or more effective language.

We cannot resist presenting to our readers one specimen of Lord Dudley's critical style, an extract from the article on Fox and Wakefield, which entailed such partisan odium upon the noble scribe.

'It could not escape a person of Mr. Fox's sagacity that Mr. Wakefield was a pure unadulterated Jacobin, a deadly fanatical enemy to the whole established order of this country, civil and ecclesiastical. Yet we find him talking of the opinions *we* profess, as if he had been a politician of exactly the same school—but these were unhappy years of Mr. Fox's life, when long disappointment had ended in despair, and when, unmindful of all that was due to himself and to his country, he was content to purchase a short-lived hollow popularity among miscreants whom he must have abhorred, and fanatics whom he must have despised, by sacrificing for ever the confidence of the sound, the judicious, and the governing part of the community; hence that strange *anti-patriotic* feeling by which, in the discussion of all questions betwixt England and any other power, he seemed to be actuated. He had come at last to feel a prejudice against the nation which had preferred his rival, and he had learned to look with indifference at least to the subversion of that order of things in which he found no place proportioned to his talents. Yet if ever there was a man far removed by nature from that sect, with which he now formed a preposterous union, it was Mr. Fox. He was unfitted for playing the part of a Jacobin, by the absolute want of all the necessary qualifications. He had neither the coarseness, the ferocity, nor the ignorant insolent contempt of all that is ancient and established. He was in everything a gentleman of the highest class;—his education—the connexions he had formed in life—his habits and feelings—all purely liberal and aristocratic. He was the creature of polished society, such as it existed under the ancient monarchies of Europe. He belonged originally to the *good old school of Walpolian Whigs*—prudent *practical persons, a little too fond of jobbing*—quite contented with the constitution as they found it, and disposed to hold high the honour of the country in their intercourse with foreign nations. He had not a single point of contact with the *philosophising assassins* who, about twenty years ago, first appeared as candidates for the government of the world. He was neither bold nor hasty in his application of general principles, and no man was ever less inclined, of his own nature, to sweep away present liberty, present comfort, and present security, in order to lay a foundation for ideal perfection at a distant period.

'His eloquence too was of that chaste argumentative sort which can only be addressed with success to an educated and intelligent audience; from the loftiness and simplicity of his mind, the delicacy of his taste, a certain natural shyness which at first might be mistaken for coldness and reserve, he was utterly incapable of condescending to those paltry
artifices,

artifices, and performing those mountebank tricks which are necessary to captivate the multitude. In the art of cajoling a mob he was infinitely surpassed by persons whom, in point of talents, it would be quite ludicrous to compare with him. He was an awkward unpractised demagogue and a lukewarm *unwilling* reformer. From justice and humanity he was anxious for the happiness of the lower orders, that is of the bulk of mankind, *but no minister would ever have been less disposed to admit them to a large share* in swaying public measures; when his friends absurdly called him the *man of the people*, they seemed to have forgot that the great act of his life was a struggle against the people. He made his stand against them upon the forms of our government—upon that constitutional fiction by which the House of Commons is supposed *always* to speak the sense of the nation. An appeal to the country was that which he affected to execrate as a crime, and the *man of the people* spent ten years in an ineffectual endeavour to persuade them that one half of the aristocracy, with himself at their head, ought to rule, in spite of them and of the other half.

‘Such was Mr. Fox, who by the power of circumstances which it required something more of firmness and high political virtue than he possessed to resist, was led, in the most important crisis of his political life, to play a part directly opposite to the natural bent of his own inclinations and character. Formed to hold with a high hand the reins of government in a tempered monarchy, he became an apologist of an insane and flagitious revolution, an advocate for the public enemies of the state in all its contests with foreign powers, *the rallying point of disaffection, the terror of good, the hope and support of bad citizens.*’—*Quarterly Review*, vol. ix. p. 321.

From reviews the transition is easy to the dinner-table. Lord Dudley's hospitality was unbounded; temperate himself, in his own words, as ‘a general of Franciscans,’ his delight was in the assembling round his board ‘des gens d'esprit, ou, ce que vaut encore mieux, des vrais amis.’ This social feeling, always strongly developed, became, in later life, the pivot of his existence. ‘I shall try,’ writes he in the last letter of this volume, ‘what literature and *society* will do for me during the remainder of my days.’ It was so from the beginning. He enlarges on the importance of a ‘good set’ at college; he thinks one of the advantages of being in Parliament is that ‘it keeps one in *good company*,’ but this, we need not say, was written before the Reform Bill came into operation. The early desolation of his youth taught him the value of good friends; every page evinces how capable he was of ‘returning affection:’ he did unto others as he wished them to do to him; the true ethics of those synonyms, a gentleman and a Christian. He carried this social feeling to such an extent, that those who did not dine with him asserted that his days were spent in writing dinner invitations: at all events,

this weakness of hospitality was scarcely akin to that 'gentleman-like old vice' avarice, of which he has been accused. The Bishop of Llandaff alludes slightly to this prevalent but most mistaken notion:—

'His main infirmity, which increased with years, and with the accession of large property, consisted in a sensitive apprehension of being duped or over-reached in ordinary transactions: and this vigilant and over-nice jealousy was often construed into a closeness and parsimony unbefitting his great fortune. His expenditure was indeed carefully, but not sparingly regulated; and the duty of almsgiving, and of contributing to charitable and religious objects, was never forgotten. As an example, I may refer to one donation of 200*l.*, bestowed unhesitatingly, at my recommendation, to a single family in distress.'—*Preface*, p. xiv.

Lord Dudley succeeded to his immense wealth in mature life, after his habits had been formed on the limited though liberal allowance of his father. His delicate health debarred him from the expensive pursuits of Melton, yachting, &c.; his moral principles protected him from greater and more ruinous extravagances; his good sense taught him the wickedness of waste; his high-bred feelings revolted at the vulgarity of a servants' hall ale reputation for liberality. His personal wants were few, his wishes simple. He used to say that he thought 'the happiest life would be 1500*l.* a-year, and the first floor over a bookseller's shop.' The only great purchase he ever made, except of land, was that of an extensive Venetian library. 'No demon whispered, *Dudley*, have a taste.' He cared not for pictures, statues, nor the tribe of knickknacks, that *preciosa supellex* of affluence. He was moderate even in brick and mortar, the raw materials of ruination: he rebuilt his town and country houses rather substantially than architecturally. His remark on showing Mr. Gandy's Grecian elevation for the former was, 'Very fine, just the thing for a pagan god, but a private gentleman can't do quite so well without a scultery.' Custom became a second nature with him; he carried his little bed and old writing-table into his new house, and when an objection was raised to their comparative plainness, he said of the one, 'There may sleep eighty as well as three thousand a-year;' and, of the other, 'I composed all my best things on that, and I will not write myself down an ass on a gold table to please Baldock.' This habit peeps out in his lamentation at the death of an old member of parliament:—

'I had grown accustomed to him in the House of Commons, just as one grows accustomed to an old, clumsy, ill-contrived piece of furniture in an apartment, which one is loth to part with, though it only holds the place of something neater and more convenient.'—*Letter 37*.

Many

Many a time has he deplored his 'unfortunate fortune,'—'what a figure so and so would cut with it... I think I might perhaps spend fifteen, or even twenty thousand a-year, with comfort; all beyond that is a plague and a bore.' He would have cast away his gold, like the ancient in the desert, that his motions might have been more unfettered. It was not gold, filthy lucre, that he loved for its base self; it was the worries concomitant with the management and expenditure—the tares in the corn—that he hated.

We need not tell our readers that—

'The climax of all earthly ills,
The inflammation of our weekly bills,'

is an evil sufficient in itself for days and years: with Lord Dudley it was the shape and form taken by greater evils—the pandemonium of an establishment—cooks, male and female, grooms of stable and chamber, butlers, upper and under, chaplains, agents, attorneys, and their correspondence: these exquisite luxuries formed no accession of delight to a quiet studious bachelor, contented with the companionship of a few old books and old friends, and never so happy as when he could escape from public care into private tranquillity. 'A great estate' (said Bacon, who had no abstract horror of ambrosial cash, although he did call it *virtutis impedimentum*) 'is a lure to birds of prey.' To be cheated, *alias* to be robbed, to be duped, to be made a fool of, and laughed at, is barely agreeable to the most silly spendthrift; while to those whose heads are longer than their purses it becomes an insult. Lord Dudley, like Lord Byron, might pass his jest, and theorise about the 'noble feeling of cupidity,' yet were they no flinty-hearted, mean-spirited misers. 'I have lived long enough,' said Byron, 'to have an exceeding respect for the smallest coin of any realm, or the least sum, which, *although I may not want it myself, may do something for others who may need it more than I.*' This self-denying parsimony, the fountain of generous actions, may indeed be devoid of the tinsel of world-honoured profusion, the unbounded extravagance of pure selfish indulgence and ostentation; but 'riches,' said Solomon, 'are in the distribution, all the rest is conceit.' We conceive that such liberality as that quoted by the Bishop of Llandaff, or such as we have mentioned in regard to the Vulpicide tutor, is close akin to that charity by which a multitude of sins will be covered. Such acts done in secret, and sedulously concealed from the world, formed part and parcel of Lord Dudley's life.

We are desirous of putting on record some other instances which have reached even our limited knowledge. The inhabitant

bitants of Sedgely were collecting subscriptions for the building of a church and two chapels; they applied to Lord Dudley; he inquired what the church would cost; about 8000*l.*: 'Then, gentlemen, perhaps I had better take that entirely on myself, and allow you to apply your subscriptions towards the chapels only.' His gifts were always doubled by their promptness, and sweetened by a delicacy, which gave to the acceptor the air of conferring a favour on the donor. Among the companions in whom his father took delight was Mr. Fitzgerald, whose laudatory tavern verses have been preserved in the amber of the 'Rejected Addresses.' The bard, like many of his tuneful tribe, was more favoured by (what he took for) Apollo than by Plutus.* Lord Dudley, on his father's dying without a will, wrote immediately to the unlegacied minstrel, stating that it was his imperative duty to carry out *his father's intentions*, which an accidental intestacy had prevented; and that, 'with a view of marking his grateful sense of Mr. Fitzgerald's kind friendship, he lost no time in discharging this sacred obligation.' A draft for 5000*l.* accompanied this letter to as mouldy a cheese-paring of affectation as ever it was our chance to contemplate. Of course real genius and merit were sure of princely treatment at such hands. When the imminent distress of Sir Thomas Lawrence was mentioned to Lord Dudley, he extricated him by the immediate advance of some thousands; and in order to make it appear a loan (not a gift, which it really was) he accepted two small pictures as a security.

There was always, as regarded his financial department, a degree of fun which disarmed it of any real *parsimony*. When his house in Park Lane was finished, some large detachments of his stabling were unoccupied; a rich city man begged a friend to ask Lord Dudley if he would let them. 'By all means,' said he, when he knew who the applicant was; 'but as I don't live by letting stables, we must have an *exorbitant* rent from the banker.' He hated what he called the 'worst oligarchy, that of wealth.' He was opposed to all candle-end saving, false economy in national expenditure, and encouraged such purchases as that of the Elgin Marbles, although he professed himself unable to appreciate them. He never was vain of his affluence: he was utterly free from upstart purse-pride; but he knew the value of wealth—'Where there are no overgrown proprietors,' he says, 'official people take the first rank in society, and then there is an end of liberty. In the great civilised states of modern Europe, freedom must be content to lean upon aristocracy as its only firm support' (xxii.).

* 'Poor Fitzgerald, who took himself, as he said of himself in the Morning Post, for Vates, in both senses or nonsenses of the word.'—BYRON.

'The aristocracy of rank soon ceases to be respected (*vilius algá*) when it is separated from the aristocracy of wealth' (viii.).

His father had not been dead twelve hours before he made a strict settlement of his property on the title which he had inherited. In the same spirit he purchased an estate in Roxburghshire, in order, as he said, to 'place a something at least under the security of a Scotch entail.' His anxiety was for the future rather than for himself. He anticipated the revolutionary storm. His own personal increase or diminution of income neither gladdened nor depressed him. A friend remembers his once remarking that his mining income had fallen off one year 30,000*l.*; 'but,' he added, 'I am a moderate man, and don't feel it. Lambton, they tell me, has not bread.'

His adhesion to Canning at the lamentable *split* of April, 1827, was followed by his elevation to the earldom of Dudley. He was thus enabled to drop the Ward, which had been a constant theme of his merriment, mingled however with dislike. 'That may be all very well for Lord E——,' he would say; 'he is a grandee of the first class, but my ancestor was Humble Ward the goldsmith.'

His notions on names are best explained by himself; he had done a friend the honour to be godfather to a child—and there was a difference of opinion whether it should be christened John or William, or John-William, or Dudley:—

'About the name, do as they like best; I am *John* and *William*, the common property of all the world. *Dudley*, which more peculiarly belongs to me, is equally at their service. I cannot, however, help telling *you* of a prejudice I have, without by any means wishing it adopted. About names I am a Romanist, and think that Christian men ought to be called Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Peter, Paul, Philip, &c., after the blessed saints in the Calendar, and not after the family names of profane persons. However, if they fancy an unsanctified appellation, Dudley is not the worst, being, as I flatter myself, rather a pretty name, and having besides (what I consider to be an advantage) been familiar to English ears, as a *Christian* name, for nearly three centuries; during the power of the *then* house of Northumberland it was adopted by several families.'

It was of this female descent that he was proud, nor could any one offend him more than by directing to the Earl of Dudley and Ward. Without one particle of vulgar vanity, he was fully sensible of his position. He stole a courtesy from heaven, and, by rendering to all their due, secured for himself that respect which he tendered readily; but in a manner which showed that he was accustomed to and expected a similar return. He was entirely free from that patronising condescension, more humiliating than coldness. He abhorred pride without dignity, vain pomp, parade, ostentation,

ostentation, and pretension of all kind, and those consequential airs which result from ignorance of good society. He never spared 'overweening, exclusive, vulgar insolence,' whether in the high or low.* He laughs at the stars of a German watering-place:—

'We had but few English, amongst others the ——. Between ourselves, they made themselves prodigiously hated by the others for what is commonly called, "sporting fine." To be sure, the other two English families there were nothing distinguished, and my excellent friend Sir ——— is as ludicrous a personage as vanity and self-importance can make a man. But then they were all perfectly harmless, perfectly respectable in all the essential points of character, and as good-natured and obliging as possible; and if Lady ——— were a Montmorency, a Guzman, a D'Aremberg, or a Howard, which she is a long way from being, she might have come into contact with them without damaging a single quarter in her escutcheon. However, she thought it right to cut them dead, and seemed surprised that I did not do the same thing; they, of course, detest her, and *the Court laughed*.'

Yes, indeed! how *Courts* must laugh! With what pleasing scorn must the porcelain principalities of earth look down upon this bustle and fidget of jealousy between slightly differing shades of crockery!

Again, he delighted in literary and scientific society—but he thoroughly understood and most carefully shunned and baffled the most contemptible of all beings, your literary and scientific tuft-hunters and trencher-pets, album-sonneteers, and steam-engine gossips, and Radical toadies.

However simple and unpretending was his own manner and exterior, yet a deep though not babbling current of aristocratical notions ran silently underneath. In fact, his extreme modesty, as to himself as an individual, made him peculiarly alive, in his own case, to the advantages of birth and station—which he therefore was pained to see put into any uncalled-for danger of deterioration. He grieved like Shakspeare's Henry IV. when he beheld 'poor, base, mean attempts' accompanying greatness of blood. He regretted that George IV., when visiting Hanover and Ireland, should be so forgetful of what was due to his position, making himself stale and cheap to vulgar company:—

'It will not, on the whole, redound much to his honour or advantage. His manners, no doubt, are, when he pleases, very graceful and captivating. No man knows better how to add to an obligation by the way of conferring it. But on the whole he wants dignity, not only in the

* Cervantes, the Shakspeare of Spain, puts this sentiment into the mouth of Don Quixote, who, albeit deprived of the sovereignty of reason on one subject, was in others the model of a high-bred man of the world, and, in fact, the mouthpiece of the opinions of Cervantes, himself a soldier and a gentleman:—"Do not imagine that I consider as *vulgar* those only of the poor and humble classes; but all who are *ignorant*, even be they lords or princes, they must be classed under this denomination—*vulgar*.'

seclusion and familiarity of his more private life, but on public occasions. The secret of popularity in very high stations seems to consist in a somewhat reserved and lofty, but courteous and *uniform* behaviour. Drinking toasts, shaking people by the hand, and calling them Jack and Tom, gets more applause at the moment, but fails entirely in the long run. He seems to have behaved not like a sovereign coming in pomp and state to visit a part of his dominions, but like a popular candidate come down upon an electioneering trip. If the day before he left Ireland he had stood for Dublin, he would, I dare say, have turned out Shaw or Grattan. Henry IV. is a dangerous example for sovereigns that are not, like him, splendid chevaliers, and consummate captains. Louis XIV., who was never seen but in a full-bottomed wig, even by his valet-de-chambre, is a much safer model.'—*Letter 63.*

This is most true with regard to the ceremonious Germans. It is the misfortune of the kind-hearted Irish that they bend, creatures of impulse, to the passing breeze, now carried away by most enthusiastic loyalty, at another time the unsuspecting dupes of the most worthless agitators. George IV., though somewhat lavish of his presence, justly estimated the warmth of their character. And in spite of all the poison of reform and republicanism, there is yet a majesty doth fence in the King. Let but the sovereign appear in a distant province, the unextinguishable loyalty of Old England blazes forth. George IV., although at the height of his unpopularity after the Queen's trial, fascinated the whole of Ireland; even O'Connell yielded to the generous contagion, and talked of subscribing for a national palace.

Lord Dudley's horror at the prospect of a peace with 'the robber' Buonaparte is summed up by the elevation of a '*new family*' on the ruin 'of the oldest, greatest, and best royal family in Europe.' (Letter 4, 5.) When the restored Louis XVIII. appoints a prime minister, he remarks, 'Talleyrand, to be sure, is a great rogue; but he is a rogue of long experience, and of singular ability in the conduct of public affairs, and he is bound to the present order of things by the only sure tie, his own interest.' But above all—'the nobility may derive some comfort from recollecting that he is not an upstart. If the revolution had never happened, a prime minister of France could not have been chosen with more propriety than from the house of *Perigord*.' (Letter 7.) The prejudice which Lord Dudley avows was not, we believe, uncommon in England before all evils were reformed; we find him praising Huskisson, and thinking that he had deserved a seat in the Cabinet, but not wondering 'that the *lowness* of his origin may have stood in his way.' (Letter 67.) Yet the Whigs were even worse, according to Mr. Thomas Moore, who, writing in those dark Tory times 'of prudish delicacy of finance in regard to recompensing literary exertion,' discovered that 'Mr. Canning preferred

preferred joining the Tories, from seeing the difficulties which even genius like his would experience in rising to the full growth of its ambition under the *shadowy influence of the Whig aristocracy*, and the superseding influence of birth and connexions, which had contributed to keep such men as Burke and Sheridan out of the cabinet.'

However that might be, to pass from the *roturier* to the patrician, Lord Dudley in his own case apprehended, among other reasons against acceptance of the *under-secretaryship* from Canning, in 1822, that it 'might be held a degradation.' (Letter 83.) Yet this feeling of what was due to himself was tempered by a sincere wish 'not to seem to do anything uncivil to Canning, or disparaging to the office, or to create a notion that he considered himself as fit for higher employment.'—'I am sensible that it is only by the absence of all pretension that I can escape the severest and most merited criticism.' (Letter 93.) We think that he took a mistaken view in his refusal. Canning, when he made the offer, remembered that he had himself begun his official life as an under-secretary to Pitt. However, Lord Dudley's refusal of subordinate office protected him from a repetition of such proposals; the highest was subsequently offered to him, and accepted.

When he took the seals of the Foreign Office, the Greek Question seems to have immediately excited all his feelings. 'Greece to him was holy ground;' his mind was deeply imbued with her classical literature,—and he took the most 'lively interest' in the affairs of the degenerate moderns. 'For my part, I am almost as enthusiastic as a German student.' (Letter 62.) He was dazzled by their glorious past, which he could not separate from the fallen present. He clung to every prospect of their regeneration. 'We may confidently hope,' he says, 'that all subsequent changes in the *language* will be for the better; and even though it should never rise again to the level of Demosthenes and Sophocles, it may without any great difficulty be brought to surpass in grace, in force, in harmony, and in flexibility, any other instrument by which thought is now communicated among men.' (Letter 6.) He dreamed of Solon and patriotic poverty while listening to Joseph Hume's bubbles and Greek loans. He hoped to reconstruct the literature of the past. Alas! the form may be re-modelled, but the soul, the breath of life, is wanting. A chorus of Æschylus, which once electrified myriads, would now have less charms for Bavarian ears than the rattle of the Piræus omnibus.

We were struck, knowing his knowledge and delight in this *language*, to find so few traces in these letters of his favourite study. A vein, however, of classical allusions gilds his periods.

The

The touch is light and graceful, never pedantic; the scholar writing to the scholar, no cheap display of schoolboy erudition. We have before ventured to hint that respect and awe may have rendered his letters to such a person as the Bishop of Llandaff less easy and playful than they might otherwise have been—and we suspect the same feeling may have deprived the series of much purely literary interest. We venture to give one specimen of his delicate perception of the exquisite nicety of the Greek idiom, and the skill in the ‘*ὀνομάτων σύνθεσις*.’ The conversation had turned at dinner on the simple costumes of the Madonnas of Raphael compared with the glitter and brocade of Paul Veronese. A friend of his had chanced to illustrate the distinction by the application made by Algarotti of the anecdote of Apelles: ‘*Gli ornamenti nei vestimenti delle figure vogliono esser messi con sobrietà, e fa bisogno ricordarsi di colui, che alte volte diceva a quello artefice, Tristo a te! non sapesti far Ellena bella, la facesti ricca.*’* Next morning, Lord Dudley, not having a copy of the ‘*Saggio sopra la pittura*,’ begged the loan of it, which he returned, having enriched the page with the following note:—

‘*Park Lane, Thursday even.*

‘Dear —,—Thanks for the passage, which is well worth recollecting. Algarotti is very neat and concise; but there is no matching the grace and beauty of that confounded Greek language, the loss of which is such a severe, irreparable blow to the art of writing.

‘Mind the *πεποίκας* for what was *done* ill, mechanically; the *γράφαι*, for what ought to have been done well; and the “*καλήν*” and the “*πλουσίαν*,” brought in contact. This escapes in Italian; but it is the difference between silver and gold. Yours very sincerely,

D.’

His system of reading smacks of the old school; little, but good,—‘*non multa, sed multum.*’

‘By-the-bye, I observe a point in which your taste and mine differ from each other materially. It is about new publications. I read them unwillingly. You abstain from them with difficulty, and as a matter of duty and self-denial. Their novelty has very little attraction for me; and in literature I am fond of confining myself to the best company, which consists chiefly of my old acquaintance, with whom I am desirous of becoming more intimate; and I suspect that nine times out of ten it is more profitable, if not more agreeable, to read an old book over again, than to read a new one for the first time. If I hear of a new poem, for instance, I ask myself first whether it is superior to Homer, Shakspeare, Ariosto, Virgil, or Racine; and in the next place, whether I already have all these authors completely at my fingers’ ends. And when both questions have been answered in the negative, I infer that it

* The Greek is:—‘*Ἀπίλλης ὁ ζωγράφος διασέμνός τινα τῶν μαθητῶν Ἑλίην ὀνόματι πολύχρυσον γράψαντα, ὃ μισράκιον, εἶπεν, μὴ δυνάμινος γράφαι καλήν, πλουσίαν πεποίκας.*

is better (and to me it is certainly pleasanter) to give such time as I have to bestow on the reading of poetry to Homer, Ariosto, and Co., and so of other things. Is it not better to try at least to elevate and adorn one's mind by the constant study and contemplation of the great models, than merely to know of one's own knowledge, that such a book an't worth reading? Some new books, to be sure, it is necessary to read—part for the information they contain—and others in order to acquaint oneself with the state of literature in the age in which one lives; but I would rather read too few than too many.'—*Letter 24.*

Our readers will have collected that Lord Dudley went frequently to the continent, which in those days was not the resort of shopkeepers and half-pay economists! He was an excellent fellow-traveller. This is the most severe trial of temper. It is a test which even Paul and Barnabas could not stand. It is an ordeal of good-nature and self-sacrifice. Lord Dudley invariably speaks in favour of his companions: he is most sensible of their bearing and forbearing with his ill-health. 'Few men,' says Charles Lamb, 'like sick persons. I candidly confess that I hate them.' He records 'the good-nature, gaiety, and gentlemanlike disposition, the most essential qualities in a fellow-traveller, of General Matthew;' (Letter 7.)—the 'quickness, accomplishments, and industry, which I like in others, of Mr. Irvine;' (Letter 35.)—the 'good sense of Mr. Pigou, whose society and kindness have been a great comfort to me, while the state of my spirits must have made me a vile companion;' (Letter 66.)—'the excellent temper and disposition of Francis Hare; his learning extensive and various; his cheerful, social turn of mind.' (Letter 88.) He could give as well as take;—when about to travel with Lord Ebrington, he waives his own plans: 'For my part, I *had much rather* go to Paris; but it don't do to begin a journey by telling one's companion that you are determined to do all that you choose, and nothing that he chooses.' (Letter 11.) Lord Dudley himself was a most agreeable and instructive travelling companion. He entered into everything with a fresh curiosity; his illustrations were apt and classical. He was worthy to have gone to Brundisium with Horace, Virgil, and Mæcenas, by each of whom might he have been addressed at parting from those fair scenes—

'quæ vidimus ambo,
Te mihi jucundas efficiente vias.'

Perhaps the best letter in this volume is that descriptive of Pompeii—'an ancient town potted for posterity,' as he happily calls it. One of his great objects in travel was the acquisition of knowledge. 'There is no such rapid and delightful way of acquiring new and valuable ideas: they flow in upon you whether you will or not. You should confine yourself as much as possible to the capital cities.'

cities.' (Letter 48.) In this last rule we catch the clue of this student of the 'Odyssey':—

πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἶδεν ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω.

This was the natural result of his education; it had been classical, continental, more like that of an ancient or modern Roman, than of our hardy, independent, public schoolboy, who grows only on the English soil. His habits were quiet, in-door, gregarious, not daring, adventurous, or solitary. On him was lost the lonely magnificence of nature, who, careless of mortal admiration, lavishes with proud indifference her fairest charms where most unseen, her grandest forms where most inaccessible. He shrunk from the sublimity of solitude. His heart was cheered, and his countenance made glad, by gazing on plains overrunning with milk and honey, laughing with oil and wine. He preferred those 'sweet meadows which gave pleasure and profit' to old Izaak Walton, to the barren magnificence of Alps and water-torrents. He carried this feeling into his studies: he revelled in the happy genius of Walter Scott; his 'cheerful, social disposition, his undiminished relish for the pursuits and amusements of ordinary life.' He 'preferred these to the splendid misanthropy of Rousseau or Byron:'—with him it was the valley *versus* the crag.

'Everything that I have ever beheld, hardly excepting Granada, Naples, Amalfi, and Cintra—yields to Saltzburg. It has been much praised, but hardly so much as it deserves. I could not mention any natural beauty either of the softer or of the severer kind which it does not possess in an eminent degree. In short, it is one of those enchanting spots which it is difficult to see without a transient wish to make it one's abode; and without a more enduring regret that it should not be the seat of a more polished and extended society—of more persons qualified by leisure and education to enjoy it. We spent four days there, and thought them short, which is saying a great deal for me, who, I fairly own, should like to spend a part of every day that I am well in a club or a drawing-room—and to whom the busy hum of men is hardly ever importunate. However, you do not quite do me justice in what regards the picturesque—I am as much delighted with a fine country as any body. All I plead guilty to is, not liking wild scenery, rocks, and glaciers, so much as you do. Without undertaking to decide the question whether or not *all* the pleasure that is derived from the contemplation of nature arises from association, we may fairly presume that a very considerable part of it is derived from that source. Ideas that are suggested to my mind by very high rocks, snow-covered peaks, &c., are eminently disagreeable. I turn with horror from these emblems and causes of extreme cold, of desolation, and of the suspension of the benign and productive powers of nature. I do not like to see the face of the earth turned into a frozen desert, and the human race degraded below the beast. Perhaps I ought to think of something very
fine

fine and very delightful when I see an Alp, but what I do think of is barrenness, and *cretinism*.'—*Letter 38.*

This was very much the feeling towards nature of the ancient world. They loved and admired '*lætas segetes*,' and spoke with no symptoms of satisfaction of the *horrida Sylvarum dumeta*. Virgil was commissioned to do the *Æneid*; his own heart led him to his lowing herds, his busy bees, orchards, and vineyards:

Ille ego qui quondam—at nunc horrentia Martis.

There was no romantic, no morbid school in those days; the '*classicist*' Spaniards, Italians, and French, still speak of '*Les belles horreurs*;' they can but faintly comprehend the joy in the wild and terrible which forms the chosen banquet of Anglo-Saxon romancists, the lovers of Shakspeare and Byron. This mode of treating the æsthetics of nature is indeed modified by national peculiarities. The English take the lead; their bodies are enured from youth to manly sports; they are animated to out-of-door adventures by their personal activity, by their practical intellectual virility, which abhors sentimentality, affectation, or effeminacy. The Germans, more visionary, more transcendental, give vent to their wildness in their air, the element which belongs to them, as the land does to France and the sea to England. All foreigners, and most literary men, have a tendency to prefer the gastronomy and saloons of crowded capitals to short commons and long chamois tracks. London or Paris are fitter scenes for display or acquisition. 'If I recollect aright, poor Madame de Staël says, that Germany looks gloomy after France, a natural opinion enough for an exiled lady of fashion, torn much against her will from the drawing-rooms of Paris.' (*Letter 34.*) 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'there is no prospect like Fleet-street:' we ourselves plead guilty to a partiality for the shady side of Pall-mall. The French woman, banished to the sweet-aired mountains and clear torrents of Switzerland, sighed for the noisome sewer streets of muddy Lutetia—'Ah!' exclaimed she to Lord Byron, '*pour moi il n'y a pas de ruisseau qui vaille celui de la rue du Bac.*'

One of the secrets of our individual worth (and individuals compose nations) is that we have nothing in common with *any* foreigners. They all to a certain degree are homogeneous, homœopathic; there is a point of unison between Russian and Gaul, Spaniard and Italian. We are heterogeneous and allopathic, and long may we so continue.

'I think,' says Lord D., 'you hardly do me justice when you intimate that I ever expressed a preference of foreign to English society and manners. Some foreign habits are I think more reasonable and convenient than our own—and to them I have given their due praise. Our unpunctuality,

tuality, for instance, which fritters away so large a part of the English day in wearisome waiting and uncertainty—and our national inanity (I cannot call it by any other term) as to late hours, are luckily peculiar to ourselves. Great evils they are, and, added to the east wind, sometimes give one reasonable ground of discontent; but as to the materials of which society is composed, I do not think I ever dreamt of preferring the most favoured part of the Continent to this country. I am so fixed in my opinion, not only of English virtue and merit, but of English agreeableness, that I never mean again to give myself the smallest trouble to see any foreigners whatever. If they come in my way I shall not avoid them, but I shall never seek them; and even in foreign countries I shall always look to my countrymen for comfort and entertainment. If I go to Nice, all I pray for is two or three English families with whom one may pass the evening, and two or three English gentlemen with whom one may join in a morning ride. If there are any foreigners at all in the society, I should wish them to be Polish or German ladies; they are for the most part pleasing and accomplished. As to French impertinence and Italian ignorance, they are not to be endured in either sex.—*Letter 53.*

‘I beg to say, at the same time, that there is no truer Englishman than myself. I infinitely prefer our manners, society, constitution, character, and even cookery, to those of the rest of Europe. Everything is excellent except the climate.’—*Letter 25.*

These dismals about climate are constantly recurring. His deranged nervous system rendered him susceptible to atmospheric change and influence as is the quicksilver in the barometer. At that time, moreover, there was a fashion in the complaint. ‘*Your climate kills me,*’ said Childe Harold. No doubt the palpable damp blanket which sometimes is substituted in Albion for the star-bespangled curtain of the east, is not more exhilarating, poetical, or picturesque, than the cover which appertains to the murky cauldron of a London November; yet, on the whole, we agree not with the nonsense of Montesquieu, but with the sense of our merry Charles, who never *said* a foolish thing, that there are more days in our calumniated climate in which a man can be out and about than in any other quarter under the firmament. The proof of climate is in the fruit. England will show complexion and muscle, fair faces, and strong heads against the world.

‘Here is, at last, some delicious weather. If this could last, it would be quite paradise—English comforts—English society—English interests—and an Italian sun. But we shall probably have a thunder-storm in a day or two, and then begin again upon a course of eleven months and three weeks fearfully bad weather.’—*Letter 51.*

The truth is, that his and our notions of spring and summer are fallacies of the fifth form. We are catechised in Theocritus, not by the Rev. Doctor (late Arctic captain) Scoresby. Whilst thick-skinned,

skinned, warm-blooded youngsters, we read of Pæstum double roses and Tempe's perennial suns: as we grow older and colder, instead of calculating longitudes, we fall foul of the blessed sun, and fancy that his immortal radiance is going out, like the rushlight of our brief day.

Lord Dudley, like many hypochondriacs, felt better abroad, and attributed too much to *climate* those good effects which often are produced by mere change of scene: for some walls get infected with grief. The motion, novelty of travel, the occupation, the escape from study, from business, lawyers, and post-offices, formed the joy of his soul, quite as much as fine weather; for when the excitement wore off, he languished under the sun of Naples. He found, like all who run beyond the seas, that climes, not minds, are changed—that those who travel by land cannot prevent black care from perching behind the easiest best-built britzcha. No man, though many are left behind by others, can leave himself behind.

Lord Dudley, with all his love and nice perception of ancient literature, lacked the æsthetic organ, as regards art, whether ancient or modern. He could not fully feel beauty of form in sculpture, nor of colour in painting:

'One half of Rome is to me invisible. With respect to the fine arts, I am in a state of total irrecoverable blindness. I have caused myself to be carried round to all the fine pictures and statues, and placed in the full blaze of their beauty, but scarce a ray has pierced the film that covers my eyes. Statues give me no pleasure, pictures very little; and when I am pleased it is uniformly in the wrong place, which is enough to discourage one from being pleased at all. In fact, I believe that if people in general were as honest as I am, it would be found that the works of the great masters are in reality much less admired than they are now supposed to be. Not that I am at all sceptical about their merit, but I believe that merit to be of a sort which it requires study, habit, and perhaps even some practical knowledge of the principles of the fine arts, to perceive and relish. You remember that Sir Joshua tells us that he was at first incapable of tasting all the excellence of Raphael and Michael Angelo. And if he, already no mean artist, was still uninitiated in some of the higher mysteries of his art, and obliged at first to take upon trust much of that which was afterwards made clear to him by further study and labour, what shall we say about the sincerity of those who, knowing so much less, pretend to feel so much more? For my part, I think very much as I should think of anybody who, being just able to pick out the meaning of a Latin sentence, should affect to admire the language and versification of the Georgics. So much by way of apology.—"Pro me ipso et pro omni Mummiorum domo."—*Lett* 13.

Lord Dudley constantly compared himself to this unæsthetic consul, with more humour perhaps than justice. Because he did
not

not enter into art with the same intensity as into literature, he had conceived that he would not feel it all. If, however, he could not relish all the beauties—and the more the eye is taught the greater the enjoyment—he at least could perceive bad taste, and carefully condemn the exhibition. He criticises ‘sham abbeys, such as Fonthill; sham ruins, which, like rouge, convict themselves of forgery, which lose all their salt in the absence of reality and the *religio loci*.’ He shuddered at the Pavilion at Brighton. ‘An Italian nobleman lives upon a plate of macaroni and a glass of sugar and water, that he may rear a marble palace that will last as long as the world, in a grave, dignified, if not perfectly pure architecture; and this *gimcrack* is the only monument of the greatest sovereign in Europe.’ (Lett. 47.)

One word concerning his habit of talking to himself, which contributed not a little to extend his reputation for eccentricity: like many men of studious reflecting turn, he banqueted on his own ideas, and thought aloud. Words clearly were not given him to conceal what was ‘going on within doors.’* He told too often the *whole* truth, which, in polite society, has a tendency to be libellous. He was, in truth, more susceptible of bore than of fog: and fastidious refinement is too often the cause of more misery than enjoyment in this world, where perfection is the exception. ‘Nothing,’ observes Petrarch, ‘is so tiresome as conversing with people who have not the same information as oneself.’ ‘Lord Dudley,’ says Byron, ‘was good when he liked.’ He was never absent, never flagged, when pitted against opponents worthy of his steel, the fit audience of his wit and illustration. The anecdotes of his soliloquies are innumerable, —‘*ab uno disce omnes*.’ He had a particular dislike to be asked to give any one a lift in his carriage, in which he thought over the occurrences of the day, more, perhaps, than half the members of the Royal College of Physicians. An ingenious tormentor of Brookes’s begged him to give a cast to a homeward-bound, unconscious victim. It could not be refused. The unhappy pair set out in their chariot, and arrived silently near Mount-street, when Lord Dudley muttered audibly, ‘What a bore! It would be civil to say something. Perhaps I had

* Talleyrand has the credit of being the first who defined speech as ‘a faculty given to man for concealing his thoughts;’ but this sly recreant only twisted into an apophthegm what Young had thrown out [nearly a hundred years before] in very scorn, when speaking of courts—

‘Where Nature’s end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal their mind.’

We owe this note to the author of a very elegant, learned, and instructive little volume lately published under the title of ‘An Apology for Cathedral Service,’ (London, Bohn, 1839.) See p. 121.

better ask him to dinner. I'll think about it.' His companion, a person of infinite fancy, and to whom Lord Dudley afterwards took a great liking, re-muttered, after a due pause, 'What a bore! Suppose he should ask me to dinner! what should I do? I'll think about it.'

Lord Dudley was not the only pupil of Dugald Stewart who contracted this ventriloquism. The late Lord Ashburton, who, under an odd exterior and eccentric manner, contained a fund of humour and a chaos of ill-digested information, was still more absent. At a large dinner in Modern Athens, being placed high in honour, next to some first-rate lioness, during one of those conversational lulls which will creep over the grandest dinners, thus broke the awful silence—'What, in the name of goodness, shall I say to this horrid blue? I'll talk to her about the Edinburgh!'

We much doubt if Lord Dudley ever fell into any slip of this sort with a woman. His conduct to the fair sex was ever marked with uniform respect. It was the homage due to the sex, to woman for herself, not to beauty or talent, which attract or amuse the selfishness of man. How delicate is the sentiment expressed in his 23rd Letter:—

'I can't imagine how people got into their heads that I was going to marry Lady M. B——. Not but what she is a beautiful and accomplished girl, and would do me a *great deal of honour* by becoming my wife; only the fact *ain't** so. I heard of it, however, from twenty people when I was last in England; and perhaps the story gained ground from my being at very little pains to contradict it. When a marriage is in question, any anxiety to have it contradicted looks like an incivility to the lady.'

A Frenchman (they have no word for our *gentleman*) would have boasted and blazoned: 'Il importait à mon amour propre qu'elle mourût de chagrin de ma perte!'

How elevated were Lord Dudley's views of the duties of husband to wife are detailed in his reflections on the painful trial of Queen Caroline. (Letter 43.) He was never married. The first decided symptom of his total aberration was his fancying he was married, or, which is a more common symptom, that he was about to be married. Though he never could make up his mind on that the most difficult of all subjects, he was always in a sort of love; and when he did set his Platonic affections on other men's wives, he never did so by halves. It was difficult

* Nothing surprised us so much in this book as the use of this and some other vile would-be colloquialisms in writing by such a purist as Lord Dudley. Absurd in any man's letters, they are peculiarly strange and offensive when mixed up with a rather stiff and formal style like his.

to determine whether he admired them or their husbands the most.

We shall never forget the expression of his face, when, meeting him one day in unusual spirits, and inquiring the cause, he replied, 'Only think what a chance has been thrown away on me. It would have made my fortune as a young man. I have been asked to dinner to-day by Lady Jersey and Lady Cowper.' The man who felt so deeply this honour (and great we admit it to have been) had recently been minister of state; was witty, eloquent, and well-favoured; an earl, with a clear eighty thousand a-year; a man, who, with one smile, would have gladdened all the hearts of all the mothers of all the unmarried daughters of all the four quarters of the globe. The union of beauty and rank was more than his tender aristocratical heart could stand. He was a cavalier of the old *modern* school, and felt himself honoured by the smallest token of fair lady's regard. He acknowledged the inferiority of the ancient Grecian system, to which, in his own words, 'that steady, settled influence of woman upon society was utterly unknown; which has given grace, variety, and interest to private life.'

Although no man was ever more susceptible of female charms and influence, his conversation, like his correspondence, was a model of purity. No word, no idea, no allusion ever escaped him which could cause a blush to mantle on the most sensitive cheek. He was singularly modest; his nice tact taught him that want of decency was want of sense; that vice loses half its shame by being stripped of all its grossness. He kept sedulously out of sight all that is thrust forward into disgusting daylight in the manners and literature of 'la jeune France.'

True, indeed, was the remark of the Bishop of Llandaff that 'Lord Dudley exhibited at all periods of his life that most engaging of all compounds, a playful fancy joined with a vigorous understanding and a *serious heart*.' This seriousness, like a minor key, gave a pathos to his humour, a dignity to his cheerfulness. It was based on the surest foundations. 'It would be almost an injustice to his memory not to state that a deep and awful sense of religion formed one ingredient of his character, together with a hatred of profaneness in those who profess outwardly a belief in Christianity.' The volume now before us fully bears out these assertions of the editor, who in his own sacred vocation was best qualified to perceive, appreciate, and encourage the development of such sentiments. We would particularly point out to our readers Lord Dudley's estimate of the *religion* of the Italians:—the injurious effect of Romanism, in dulling the feeling of conscience—the much greater chances of 'their superstition' being

being succeeded by infidelity than by 'true religion.' (Letter 18.) He satisfied his own mind by a careful examination as to the 'genuineness of the gospels, knowing that if their authenticity were impaired the whole fabric would fall to the ground.' (Letter 30.) We have no space for his able reflections on the 'splendid theological *speeches*' of Chalmers. (Letter 32.)

He opposed everything which could make 'virtue ridiculous, or give dignity to vice.' (Q. R., vol. x. p. 302.) He shrunk in thought, word, and deed, from anything bordering on irreverence, on the mixing up sacred things in common parlance. Even in his moments of sufferance, when his reason was out of tune like sweet bells jangled, his awe of approaching holy ground never left him—nor his trust in the only source of consolation:—

'This has been one of my very worst days. If I might, *without profaneness*, borrow the most expressive language, I should say that the iron had entered into my soul deeper than before. A violent paroxysm, however, has been succeeded by comparative tranquillity, and *I trust, under Providence*, to time and patience for relief.'—*Letter 76.*

We must now conclude this slight sketch of a character which had in it very much to be admired—of a history which had much to be pitied. On the more painful shades of his bodily sufferings we have been silent. Some passages, we learn from the preface, have already been suppressed by the discretion of the editor. Perhaps all allusion to a large portion of what his Lordship retains might have been confined to what appears in the table of contents:—'Letters 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, describe his sufferings under hypochondriacal disease.'

We could also have desired some suppression, or some condensation, at least, of several letters which immediately follow that black series. They relate to the vacillation which he exhibited when offered the under-secretaryship. In ultimately declining it he acted in diametrical opposition to the advice of one who of all men was the best fitted to be his counsellor on such an occasion—a familiar friend of the same age and rank, a common friend of Canning's, a common opposer of Reform. It is so seldom our good fortune to agree with Lord Melbourne, that we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of quoting his inimitable letter:—

'Panshanger, Sept. 29, 1822.

'I received your letter this morning alone, destroyed it as soon as I had read it, and have considered its contents as I rode over here from Brockett, and, upon the whole, putting myself in your place, I have little doubt that you should accept the offer: it is one of the pleasantest places under government—necessarily gives an insight into all that is going on, and would be rendered to you particularly agreeable by your cordial agreement and intimacy with your principal; add to this, that

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it would have the effect of supporting and assisting Canning at this moment—that it might lead to more—that it would give you what you want in occupation and employment—and that, without flattering your abilities and knowledge of the world at home and abroad, it might enable you to be of essential service to the ministry and the country. These are considerations sufficient in my mind to induce you to accept: at the same time do not take it unless you can make up your mind, in the first place, to bear every species of abuse and misrepresentation, and the imputation of the most sordid and interested motives; in the second place, to go through with it if you undertake it, and not to be dispirited by any difficulties or annoyances which you may find in the office; and which you may depend upon it no office is free from. I write in a great hurry, and with a bad pen, but if you can read it you will understand me as well as if I had written three times as much.

‘Yours very sincerely,

‘Hon. J. W. Ward.

‘WM. LAMB.’

This letter is a *cabinet* picture of a rare class; it paints the man. Here we trace the germ of those eminent qualities which have since rendered Lord Melbourne the charm of Windsor; the sole stay, buttress, and key-stone of Downing-street. The future premier, having well considered the matter *alone*, makes up his mind at once. His reasons and cautions are stamped with idiosyncrasy. The last sentence is a gem—the off-hand, ready composition, the bad (we fancy we see it) pen, the good-natured, gentlemanlike kindness, and thorough knowledge of his man; the suggestive tone, which puts the applicant on the right scent, omitting nothing that is essential, yet leaving to a sensitive mind the credit of working it out.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Reports of the Committee of the House of Lords on the State of Ireland.* 1839.
2. *Reports of the Committees of the Houses of Lords and Commons.* 1832, 1824, 1825.
3. *Reports of the Committee of the House of Lords on Tithes in Ireland.* 1832.
4. *L'Irlande; Sociale, Politique, et Religieuse.* Par Gustave de Beaumont. Paris, 1839.
5. *Ireland in 1834.* By Henry D. Inglis. London, 1835.
6. *Ribbonism in Ireland; or Report of the Trial of Richard Jones.* Dublin, 1840.
7. *A Digest of Evidence before Committees of both Houses of Parliament.* By the Rev. W. Phelan and the Rev. M. O'Sullivan. London, 1826.
8. *Romanism as it Rules in Ireland.* By the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan and the Rev. Robert J. M'Ghee. London, 1840.
9. *Historical*

9. *Historical Sketch of the late Catholic Association of Ireland.* By Thomas Wyse, Esq., jun. London, 1829.
10. *Tales and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.* By William Carleton. London, 1836.
11. *Journal of a Tour in Ireland in 1835.* London, 1836.
12. *Selection from the Evidence before the Irish Poor Inquiry Commission.* Dublin, 1835.
13. *History of the Policy of the Church of Rome.* By the Rev. W. Phelan. 8vo. Dublin.

IRELAND!—and at this word how many readers will be disposed to close the book! There are men, whose trade is sedition, and whose daily bread depends on exasperating and infuriating the unhappy Irish peasant, by representing the feelings of England towards Ireland to be those of hatred and contempt. Those who know England, know that the charge is as false, as most other statements which come from the same mouth. But if these men were to say that England was by degrees becoming indifferent and apathetic to the state of Ireland,—that we are profoundly ignorant of its real condition,—and that even good and sober-minded men are beginning to contemplate the prospect of being relieved from the burthen of Irish affairs as an alternative not utterly to be rejected, they would probably speak the truth. Perhaps at no great distance of time, if the course of events now in progress is permitted to work itself out, few features in these days will excite in the readers of history more perplexity, and more melancholy, than this growing weariness and despair at the very mention of Ireland. At present there is little difficulty in accounting for it. Describe to a man a state of things in a separate country which he has never seen,—let these things bear the same names and outward forms with those which he sees around him, while the real internal operations are essentially different,—let the evils, which he is called on to remedy, be the result, not of one bad system of government or of one age, but of systems and of ages working into and complicating with each other;—let him listen to a number of empirics, each with his quack panacea, trying experiments day after day, and all of them failing;—when he would inquire for himself, place, one on each side of him, two parties of zealous, fluent, irritable talkers, both naturally inclined to recriminate on each other, both, at the least, incautious as to the accuracy of their statements, both accusing each other of habitual falsifications, and both evidently at times in the wrong;—let him then see so much of the truth as to be incapable of denying a collection of paradoxes, such as, perhaps, were never brought together in the history of any other nation;—the moment that he would move a step to remedy the evils before him, let him find himself

himself pulled down, and fastened by one party or the other, and at the same time feel a hand upon his throat, threatening his very life, unless he consents to abandon all interference;—and thus placed, a man, we think, would be strongly tempted to give up his interest in the affairs of these combatants, and, at whatever risk to himself, would sit down, if not contented, at least desperate and vanquished. Such we believe to be, very generally, the state of the English mind with respect to Ireland.

And we all know that there is amongst us a principle (what Mr. Carlyle calls the '*laissez-faire* system'),—a sort of fatalism and self-abandonment, the result of our loss of truth, and, with truth, of all moral energy and courage, with which principle this indifference and despair naturally fall in. Men no longer think of governing, or resisting, or contending: they fold their arms, give themselves up to be carried down the stream, congratulate themselves on the luxury of their own repose, and when voices call out to warn them that they are hurrying down to a cataract, they compose themselves to sleep.

Perhaps the future historian of this empire, who shall read its fate by the light of a higher wisdom than mere human calculation, will see in many of its recent deeds symptoms of something more than mere indolence and ignorance. There is no reason why on nations, as well as on individuals, there may not be sent, at times, that worst and last curse of our fallen nature—a judicial blindness. When men are unwilling to retain religious truth in their thoughts,—when they set it aside from their daily and most important duties,—when they 'despise governments,' and 'speak evil of dignities,'—when they place human power before divine, and make their life one course of covetousness and self-indulgence,—we have not only reason and experience, but a higher authority than either, to expect that such an age will be allowed to fall into 'strong delusions.' Such a delusion is, we believe at this moment hanging over England; and, looking to her conduct and character for some years past, a careful observer will scarcely think it accidental.

We propose, then, at present to make a few observations on the state of Ireland;—not to attempt a full view (for this would be impracticable), but to suggest some points of inquiry to those who are disposed candidly and seriously to examine into the circumstances of that unhappy country.

There are two facts on which all parties seem tolerably agreed, and they form the first paradox in the condition of Ireland. There rarely, if ever, was a country so blessed by nature; rarely, if ever, one so cursed by man. It seems to contain within itself everything which a politician could desire to form a happy and mighty

mighty nation,—a vast population, fertility of soil, variety of produce, a mild climate, mineral treasures, abundant fisheries, extraordinary facilities for commerce, and a position which, if properly occupied, would form the link between the New World and the Old. If the happiness and greatness of nations were to be measured by such things as these, Ireland ought to be the happiest upon earth. Instead of this, she is peopled with paupers, crawled over by beggars, annually struck down with famine and fever; her land strewn with ruins from the cabin to the castle; her population haggard, tattered, and broken by want; her fields overgrown with weeds; her fisheries neglected, her harbours deserted; her towns streets of hovels; her hovels sheds which an English farmer would scarcely think a shelter for his pig.

There is another point in which observant travellers in Ireland will find the same agreement. Rarely, if ever, was there a national character containing more elements of good than that of Ireland. It is not true, as men proclaim, who propagate rebellion by slander, that the persons in Ireland most opposed to such a rebellion delight to magnify the crimes of their country. They speak of genuine Irishmen—as Irishmen should speak, and as Englishmen love to hear—as naturally a noble race. They are hasty, impetuous, and want perseverance and prudence; but they are also warm-hearted, affectionate, docile, full of intelligence and courage, and of devotion to the object which engrosses them. They are made for loyalty and religion, though their loyalty, under evil influence, becomes abject subjection to a demagogue, and their religion is soured into superstition. They are, in many points, of a morality singularly pure; grateful, attached to their family and their country, to national institutions—to a false system of religion, *because* they believe it to be old, and to a priesthood, without a claim on their affection, *because* they are told it is commissioned from God. Their chief faults are the excesses of virtues; their quick sensibility to justice makes them often litigious and revengeful; their liberality degenerates into extravagance, extravagance produces embarrassment, and embarrassment must end in meanness. So also they are charitable, to the injury both of themselves and of the poor; sociable, often to the neglect of domestic duties; faithful to their engagements, till they become conspirators; compassionate even to malefactors, till they join in screening them from law; imaginative, but without sufficient check of reason; reverent, so as to become abject: and ambitious, till it generates ostentation. But he must be a poor observer of human nature who does not see in such a character the germs of a high excellence. With a warm heart
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and an intelligent head, on one side, and, on the other, to temper these elements, a national spirit, thoughtful and regulated like the English, and a church full of the spirit of sobriety and order,—how is it, we ask again, that Ireland has never yet been a great nation—that it is far more a blot upon Europe, with almost every page in its annals, and every spot on its shores, branded with the memory of crime?

There is one answer to this, against which we must protest. There is, in the elements just mentioned, *no* insurmountable impediment to the creation of a noble character. An Irish gentleman, well born, well educated, and with his natural tendencies modified by English association, is, perhaps, one of the most perfect specimens of civilised human nature. An Irish peasant, taken from the degradation and starvation of his cabin, and trained under proper discipline, becomes the best of soldiers. There is in him the same capacity of moral as of physical development, which a traveller in Ireland must observe, when he compares the famished, desponding, haggard look of the occupier of the soil with the fine body of men employed in the police, or in any other situation which secures them adequate support, and at the same time places them under rule. We have no respect for that materialist fatalism which would place any constitution of human nature under an irrevocable curse. Even with the ordinary influence of a sound education, no man has a right to despair of his fellow-creatures; but least of all when he holds in his hands the powers with which God has invested him through Christianity and his Church. Let us look hopefully and cheerfully even on unhappy Ireland. So far from despair, perhaps the deepest observer of human nature, and of the state of the world at this day, may withdraw his eye in fear from almost every other portion of the globe, and fix it on Ireland as the spot where, covered over with rubbish and ashes, and almost smothered by an oppressive influence, there is still a light burning, such as scarcely exists in any other civilised nation, and without which no nation can be great or good. In Ireland, as yet at least, the spirit of faith is not extinct: and where that still exists, who shall permit himself to despair?

What, then, is the cause of the evils of Ireland? Let us hear the Poor Inquiry Commissioners when they commenced their labours with the same question:—

‘On every side we were assailed by the theories of those who were born or had long resided in the country, and consequently might be supposed to have possessed good opportunity for ascertaining the soundness of their opinions. One party attributed all the poverty and wretchedness of the country to an asserted extreme use of ardent spirits, and proposed a scheme for repressing illicit distillation, for preventing
smuggling,

smuggling, and substituting beer and coffee. Another party found the cause in the combination amongst workmen, and proposed rigorous laws against trade-unions. Others, again, were equally confident that the reclamation of the bogs and waste lands was the only practicable remedy. A fourth party declared the nature of the existing connexion between landlord and tenant to be the root of all the evil; pawn-broking, redundant population, absence of capital, peculiar religious tenets, and religious differences, political excitement, want of education, the mal-administration of justice, the state of prison discipline, want of manufactures and of inland navigation, with a variety of other circumstances—[We might add, subletting, the embarrassment of landlords, absenteeism, the use of the potatoe, early marriages, the dependence of the priests' income upon the people, the constant change of governors, Irish imprudence, tithes, rent, or, according to the very profound suggestion of Monsieur Gustave de Beaumont, the very existence of landlords]—were each supported by their various advocates with earnestness and ability, as being, either alone, or jointly with some other, the primary cause of all the evils of society; and loan-funds, emigration, the repression of political excitement, the introduction of manufactures, and the extension of inland navigation, were accordingly proposed, each as the principal means by which the improvement of Ireland could be promoted.*

Instead of smiling contemptuously at this rather superficial and empirical view of things, it ought to be received gratefully, as a collection of valuable hints—each correct as a partial suggestion, none satisfactory as a whole.

If we were disposed to complain of the Poor Law Commissioners, it would be for the same defect which prevails in almost every other inquiry into the condition of Ireland. They confess that they commenced their labours without any fixed general principles of political wisdom. They proposed to examine into the circumstances brought before them; but there is no trace of any philosophical plan by which to try both the evils and the remedies. When a patient comes to a physician with a pain in the head, or an inflammation in the eye, it is very easy to apply a local remedy, and remove the disorder for the time. But the wise physician is one who knows not only the temporary cure, but how the whole system should be dealt with, so as to restore it to its soundness. He will scarcely condescend to remove an external evil, which, after all, may only be a symptom. Before we venture on a cure for any social mischief, we ought to look deep into the principles of society itself. Where are the statesmen who have approached Ireland with such principles? And without them, how can we hope for any permanent or radical relief?

Now there is one evil on the very surface of Irish affairs;

* Selection of Evidence. By Authority. 1835. p. 6.

which

which meets us at every step, and on which all parties are agreed—though few seem to understand how deeply its roots are spread under the whole system of things. *It is religious dissension.* You would introduce capital—but the capital is in the hands of the Protestants, and Protestants dare not risk it in the hands of Romish labourers. You deplore the separation between landlord and tenant—you cannot unite their interests, because one is a Protestant, the other a Romanist. You wish to improve the condition of the poor—they refuse to be guided by you, because they are taught to regard you as the adversary of their religion. You try to educate—but the scheme fails, because a Protestant and a Romish education cannot be carried on together. You would bind Ireland and England together (how can they flourish apart?), and ‘*Sassenach* and *Heretic*’ are made convertible terms; and immediately between the two countries there opens an impassable gulph. Prison discipline, poor laws, loan funds, charitable institutions, lunatic asylums, hospitals, social intercourse,—in all alike the same lamentable schism meets and embarrasses the efforts to do good. You would check political excitement—but political excitement is in Ireland religious excitement, and religion, or rather superstition, is the very atmosphere of the Irish population. Emigration is hindered, for you cannot encourage it wisely, and as a Christian, without ensuring the blessings of religion to those who are removed from their own country. Colonization on waste lands is unsafe, because it only multiplies a population estranged from the Church and the State. The laws cannot be executed, because information is discouraged, where the witnesses are of one religion, and the sufferer or the accuser of another. The whole circle of life is filled with jealousy, and bitterness, and fear, rumours of rebellion, and secret conspiracies, which no art can fathom, because religious associations exist, drawn up in array against each other, each laid under a ‘spiritual obligation.’

Thus far the statement is secure against contradiction from any party. Will it bear us out in suggesting that, among all the causes of evil huddled together by the Poor Law Commissioners, there is one more widely spread than all the rest—one which is not superficial—one which bears upon its front signs of being the parent stem—the real source and head of all the rest—without touching which no other cure can take effect—the problem, with the solution of which all other problems will easily be solved—a mischief which once cured, the other mischiefs will almost die away of themselves?

How this state of things was produced is a separate question: its existence is all that we are concerned with at present.

But

But let us examine the fact a little more deeply. Would to God the time would come, when men would learn that the government of States, far more than the arts of old, is indeed *a mystery*; and that without deep and searching thoughts, piercing down to the very foundations of society, he who attempts to save will only destroy them. First, What would be said of a man, who on meeting a naked, starving, infuriated maniac, should proceed to relieve him by putting shoes on his feet, a coat on his back, food into his mouth, and maxims of love into his head, overlooking his one great calamity, disordered reason—forgetting that the mind, and not the body is the man, and that where the mind wants truth, in whatever degree, whether in madness, or error, or ignorance, there to dress up the body, is only, as Bishop Taylor expresses it, ‘to wash the face of the dead.’ We ask if religious truth be not the first and most essential of all truths—and whether a nation, of which one large portion at least, without at present deciding which, must be destitute of this truth, is not like the maniac, labouring under a radical disease, which must be cured, before any other remedies can be applied to its ills?

Under this head fall the evils of poverty, ignorance, superstition, ill management, intemperance, excitability, falsehood, and the like, with which Ireland is now afflicted.

Secondly, What would be said of a man, who, seeing an officer of justice struggling with a man for whom he had a warrant, should fall into melancholy lamentations over the anger and animosity excited by the struggle, should endeavour to soothe the feelings of both parties, by texts from Scripture, and exhortations to mutual charity, and amicable association, forgetting that it was the appointed duty of the officer to take the culprit into custody, and the vital interest of the culprit to make his escape; and that while human nature continues, no struggle can be carried on without at times risking violence and heat; but that where the struggle is a matter of duty, violence and heat are far less evils than quiescence and friendship?

Let this be applied to the second class of the evils of Ireland,—those which arise from the conflict between the old Catholic Reformed Church, and the schismatic intruders of Popery, and consider whether it be possible, or even allowable, to remove them, till in one way or other the conflict is not suspended but decided, and one party or other is victorious.

Then take the third class of evils—the evils of foreign interference—evils at the present moment only faintly shadowed out in the hints of a connexion with America, and exultation at the prospect of a French war, with which the Irish demagogues and Romish priests have been threatening the government; but which

in

in the past history of Ireland, from the first interference of the Pope, have formed the great embarrassment of England. Ask if the Romanists of Ireland—we mean their priests—have been in the slightest degree propitiated to the English connexion by all the concessions which have been made to them? Is the Sassenach at this moment held up to one iota the less abhorrence as an invader and a tyrant, than he was before the grand surrender of 1829? Have the franchise, the tithes, the bishoprics, the Church-rates, the corporations, yielded one after another, cemented the affection of Popery to the empire which yielded them? Or is it impossible that they, or any concession of privilege or power, should do this, so long as there is a secret oath of allegiance binding, by an obligation both *virtually and formally feudal*, the Romish bishops, and through them their priests, and through them the people, to the footstool of the Pope, or rather to the College of Jesuits, who rule for the Pope at Rome? Let the peace and harmony of a family be disturbed by an adulterous connexion on the part of one of the parents—how is it to be restored but by destroying the connexion? The peace and harmony of the empire are not disturbed, but destroyed, by the foreign allegiance of the Irish priests; and until this chain be broken, all appeals to their gratitude and fidelity are empty air.*

There

* That perhaps good and sincere Roman Catholics, not acquainted with the real nature of this foreign allegiance, may be inclined to examine into it, the oath taken by Irish Prelates on their consecration is subjoined. Mr. Morrissey, himself a Roman Catholic priest, has given it in one of his publications; having been present at a consecration where it was taken. (Development, p. 21.) It is in Ireland, he adds, taken *privately* before the public ceremony. Why not in public? 'I. N., elect of such a church, from henceforth will be faithful and obedient to St. Peter the Apostle, and to the Holy Roman Church, and to our Lord Pope N., and to his successors. I shall never to their prejudice or detriment reveal to any man the counsel they shall entrust me with, either by themselves, their nuncios, or letters. The Roman Papacy, and the *Regalities* of St. Peter, I will help them to keep and maintain against all men. I shall take care to conserve, defend, increase, and promote the rights, honours, privileges, and authorities of the Holy Roman Church for our Lord the Pope and his successors. I will observe with all my power, and shall make others do the same, the rules of the Holy Fathers, the Apostolic (Papal) decrees, ordinations, dispositions, reservations, provisions, and mandates. I will persecute and fight against all Heretics, Schismatics, and Rebels to our Lord the Pope and his successors.' (This last clause, it seems, has subsequently been omitted, apparently for the same reason which induced Dr. Troy to deny the Rheinish notes.) 'I shall visit personally the shrine of the Apostles every third year, and render an account of all my pastoral office to the Pope and his successors, and of all the affairs of my church, and discipline of my clergy and people; and will receive the Apostolical or Papal mandates, and shall put them most diligently into execution; and if justly prevented, I shall make the necessary communication through some proper clergyman,' &c. &c.

What these *Regalities* are may be seen by turning to vol. i. p. 56, of 'Romanism as it rules in Ireland,' or to 'Barrow on the Pope's Supremacy.' They include a power 'of rendering void promises, vows, oaths, obligations to law,'—a 'right to dethrone heretical princes, absolve their subjects from their allegiance, and empower Roman Catholics to exterminate them and seize their lands'—to 'possess the spiritual and temporal sword, and to be superior to all sovereigns upon earth'—and to have 'a plenitude

There is not one of the calamities of Ireland which may not be classed under one or another of these three heads. And each of the three is resolvable into a question of religion.

Thus far, perhaps, nothing here advanced will be disputed by either party; and it is something, in the midst of the conflict of opinions prevailing on the subject of Ireland, to have laid a foundation in which all are agreed. Ask a Dr. Doyle, if any amelioration in the condition of the poor in Ireland can take place until his Church has recovered its supremacy, and he answers as he answered before the Committee, 'I think, before God, it is utterly impossible.*' Ask a good and sincere member of our own Church, what is the great curse of Ireland, he will answer—Popery. Ask the government, who by their position seem to stand neutral between both parties, what they would most covet, and what they propose to effect by the impartial distribution of their patronage, common education and associations, and scriptural texts recommending charity and love:—they will say the cessation of religious dissension. And with them will agree all those, a very numerous body, who, caring neither for Popery nor Protestantism, think Indifferentism the paradise of man, and cry only for peace, peace, whether blasphemy, or idolatry, or fanaticism, or unbelief are to be the price we pay for it. And turn then to the humble and faithful Christian, who thinks little of political parties, or national wealth, or social comfort, compared with the first commands laid on him by his Maker to proclaim God's truth in the world:—and his first demand for Ireland will be the diffusion of that Truth.

Here then we arrive at three distinct measures to be adopted, one or the other, as the first step to the cure of the ills of Ireland—either convert Popery to the Church—or give up the Church to Popery—or let both continue as they are at present, and prohibit any rivalry, any conversion, any attempt at mutual instruction, any jealousy, any bitterness of feeling, or condemnation of error. Chain up the combatants, and place them both in one cell, till they have unlearned their lesson of hostility.

Of the three plans before us, the last is evidently the one contemplated by what are called the liberal politicians of the day.

Perhaps a better synopsis of its maxims cannot be given than

tude of power by which he can infringe any law, and act according to his sovereign will.' Now as every oath, according to Dr. Dens, implies necessarily the reservation '*salvo jure superioris*,' is it worth while to take the trouble to transcribe the oath of allegiance to the British Sovereign, which is taken side by side with this oath to the Pope? If the Romish Bishops in Ireland do admit *the regalities*, their oath to the Crown is so much waste paper. If they do not, their oath to the Pope is perjury—they must take their choice.

* Lords' Report, April 1825, p. 512.

in a series of resolutions passed at a meeting at Ballinasloe in 1825, and which, in an extract from the letters of a M. Duvergier, to which Mr. Wyse attaches great weight, are described as the general principles of Romanists in Ireland, 'from Dublin to Galway, and from Derry to Bantry Bay.'

'1. The State should have no established religion. It should preserve its neutrality between them all.

'2. Salvation is possible in all religions, provided you believe honestly and sincerely the religion you profess to be the best.

'3. To attempt seizing on public education, with a view of converting it into a monopoly for any particular class or sect, is to disturb in a direct manner the order of society.

'4. The spirit of proselytism is deserving of censure. Each creed or sect ought to remain quiet within its respective limits.

'5. To keep the clergy virtuous, it is requisite to keep them poor; make them rich, and you corrupt them.'*

Now we do not intend to ask what would be the effect upon society of putting these maxims into execution. M. Duvergier, who is evidently not illiberal, ventures to call them 'abominable,' 'most injurious and atheistical,' and 'more pernicious than any philosophism.' For us there is a previous question—their possibility! Who are the parties, we ask, from whom this spirit of proselytism is to be thus extirpated?

In the first place, there is the Church of Rome. We should scarcely be allowed by the age to appeal to history to show that the very essence of Romanism is this spirit of proselytism—that it commenced with a desire to rule men's souls to good, instead of simply setting good before men's souls—that its first step was to claim a dominion over other co-equal churches—that its power arose from an organised system of missionary operations—that its first abuses were suggested by the fear of losing subjects—that its first great battles were battles for the acquirement of temporal power—that the sin which caused its temporary fall in the sixteenth century was the lust of empire and of rule—that proselytism was the motive which re-organised it under the form of those spiritual janissaries, the mendicant orders, and especially the *Jesuits*—that these also were driven from Europe on account of their intrigues for domination—and that the hopes now raised of the revival of Popery are founded on the resuscitated energies of these same conspiracies of Jesuits. Before a spirit which has pervaded all its movements from the beginning of its course can be expelled from it now, some mighty change must be wrought either in the body of Romanism, or in the power which pretends to exorcise it. But history is an old almanac. Romanism,

* Appendix to Wyse's *History of the Catholic Association*, vol. ii. p. 51.

we are told again and again, is changed by the civilization of the age. It is no longer covetous, or ambitious, anxious for spiritual rule, or troubled at the loss of it. This is the constant consolation of the liberals of the day—a consolation which fails only in one point, *that Romanism itself steadily denies the fact*. It asserts, as energetically as ever, that the ‘dogma’ on which Christianity is founded* is the supremacy of the Pope—that he is the vicar of Christ upon earth, ‘qui vicariâ potestate apostolici chori princeps existeret’—that the whole flock is to be fed by him, ‘totius gregis pascendi,’—that the power of binding and loosing *over the whole world* belongs to him and his successors for ever, ‘toto orbe ligandi ac solvendi summam curam auctoritatemque in successores omni ævo prorogandam;’—that this dogma has been retained and confirmed again and again in opposition to these new teachers or reformers, ‘sanctissime retinet, sæpiusque adversus Novatorum errores comprobavit,’—and that it is the one great bond of the unity of the Church, by which *that Church is to be propagated throughout the whole world*, ‘unitatis vinculum quo ecclesia per universum mundum propaganda . . . in unam corporis compagem coalesceret.’ This, remember, is no ancient obsolete absurdity. It is in the Condemnation by Pope Pius VI. of a German book, professing to answer the question ‘What is the Pope?’ and was published at Vienna in 1782, and recommended as part of an appendix to ‘The Standard Theological Book of the Romish Priests of Ireland,’ with the sanction and approbation of the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, in 1832. With this fundamental doctrine of the necessity of unity of faith, and unity under one head, the bishop of Rome—how the bishop of Rome will be prevailed on to recede from his claim to universal dominion, it is hard to say. The heathen cannot be abandoned by him, for the first command of our Saviour to his Church is, to go out and teach all nations. And the Protestants he cannot yield up, for though they are, in one sense, out of the Church, as having been excommunicated, it is solemnly adjudged by the ‘Standard Theological Work,’ recommended by the bishops of Ireland in 1832, that they are within the Church still, so far at least as being subject to its punishments and judgments. ‘*Ecclesia judicat et punit hæreticos*’—among whom, it is needless to say, the Church of England and Ireland is necessarily included; ‘*quamvis enim hæretici sunt extra ecclesiam, manent tamen, ratione baptismi, ecclesiæ subjecti; unde merito illos sumit tanquam transfugas ex ecclesiæ castris, adeoque redeundi obligationem habent.*’ †

Now we have no intention of discussing at present the sound-

* See Dens's Theolog. vol. viii. p. 226.

† Dens's Theolog., vol. ii. p. 114.

ness or propriety of such doctrines ; but we must venture to suggest them to the persons who talk with so much facility of extinguishing religious dissension by suppressing the tendency to proselytise, first of all, in the Church of Rome. That these ideas and feelings of proselytism are not wholly buried and hid from light in the dark recesses of Dr. Dens's disquisitions, but are very practically acted on, might be inferred from the number of new Romish chapels erecting at this time in England, *where there are no congregations to fill them* ; from the *revival of the order of the Jesuits* ; from the zeal with which Romanism is planting her missionaries in our colonies, and extending her conversions among our own countrymen abroad, *especially at Tours and Rome* ; from the fact, as Dr. Doyle confessed before the House of Lords, that the Romish Church in Ireland is considered partly as a *mission*, and is therefore chiefly under the *control of the Propaganda* ; from the number of converts which, till *our* Church began to exert herself, used to be brought over annually by the operation of mixed marriages ; by the anxiety shown by the Romish priests to claim dying Protestants as their own ; by their forcing on them the rite of extreme unction ; by the call of their bishops to be zealous in extirpating heresy ; and by the very reasons which Romanists assign for adopting the very opposite profession, and assuming the cant of liberality, that it will make *their system popular*, and pave the way for magnifying their Church.

With these facts before him, a man of ordinary habit of thought would probably little hope to superinduce upon Romanism in Ireland any of that narcotic influence which is so much desired ; and a man of piety would go farther, and admit that a body believing, as the Romanists profess to do, that all without the pale of their Church are incapable of salvation, and yet neglecting the means of saving them, by bringing them back to her bosom, must be unworthy of the name not only of Christians but of men.

But if there is such reason to despair of quieting Romanism, there is still more to despair of the quiescence of the Church. For a time, indeed, the Church was quiet : from the Reformation to the Revolution it could do little, on account of the convulsions of the times : from the Revolution to 1824 it did as little, through the worldly, secular, political spirit which had been infused into it by the mismanagement and false principles of governments, principally Whig ; but in 1824,* the energy of the Church revived—as it was revived in England by Wesley and Whitfield—irregularly, violently at times—injudiciously, perhaps—certainly without adequate learning, but with a spirit of pure, sin-

* See Dr. Doyle's Evidence, and Report of Committee on Tithes, p. 336.

cere, self-devoted, and holy zeal, which those, who know the Irish clergy of these recent times the best, will estimate the highest. Much that they did deserved censure, much required excuse; but as no unfair specimen of their spirit, we shall extract the answer given by one of their body, when a certain noble lord, in the course of an examination, rather sneeringly suggested a doubt as to the duty of proselytising Romanists. We by no means concur in all this gentleman's views; but we think his answer to this question very worthy of being placed upon record.

Q. 'Did you warn them against the doctrines that were preached by their own priests?

'A. *Rev. E. Nangle.* Most decidedly I did. Your lordship will recollect that I am a minister of the Church of England; and when I received ordination from the hands of the bishop, I solemnly vowed, in the presence of God, to "give diligence to drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word." I, as a minister of the Church of England, can have no doubt as to the doctrines of the Church of Rome being "erroneous and strange doctrines," and "contrary to God's word;" and when I see the mass, the leading doctrine of Popery, described in the thirty-nine articles which I have subscribed, as a "blasphemous fable, and dangerous deceit," and in the rubric as "idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians," I would ask whether I could, as a minister of the Established Church, having received ordination from the hands of a bishop, and having subscribed to these articles, and vowed to drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines, be silent on the subject of Popery? I appeal to your lordship's conscience, whether I could be silent, and maintain that consistency of principle and conduct which an honest man must ever desire to maintain?"*

Perhaps no better answer could be given to the suggestion that the Church should lay down her arms. Alter the vow of ordination; destroy our articles; shut up the Bible; and let the Church think of nothing but how to eat, drink, and be merry, and it will be very possible. But the Church of Ireland has been starved and persecuted into the spirit of a martyr; and, thank God, we see no chance of her losing that spirit again.

Even, indeed, were this possible from any dereliction of spiritual feeling, there is a very pressing consideration, to which late experience will give no little weight. It is M. de Beaumont, who, amidst many false and many calumnious statements, makes this very just observation:—"What has the Church to do in Ireland, if it does not proselytise?" If its ministrations are to be confined to its own existing members, why absorb revenues which may be devoted to the religious education of a whole people, in maintaining the clergy of a part? The law, indeed, has given it to them, but who, in the nineteenth century, thinks himself bound by law?

* *Achill Mission*, reprinted from the authorised Report, 1839, p. 43.

But if, on the other hand, every clergyman in every parish is to look on all the inhabitants as his parishioners; to consider all the Romanists as persons, who have been deluded to wander from their own Church, and must be brought back to it; if the Church resolves, as it seems to be resolving, on the duty of setting, by every judicious means, the truth which God has placed in her hands before *all* the people, that *all* may hear, whether they will follow it or not, and those who refuse may be left without excuse; then, indeed, a minister ought to be planted, not only in every parish, but in every village.

If, again, peace is to be maintained with Rome, what need of an extensive organisation, vigilant superintendence, multiplied heads? Why so many bishops? But if a battle is to be fought, instead of diminishing the commanders, there must be a cry, a loud, repeated, earnest, universal cry from England as well as Ireland, and repeated until it be answered, for more. It is simply this question of proselytism on which turned all the deliberations, and suggestions, which ended, sadly ended, in suppressing the bishoprics of the church, mutilating her incorporations, plundering her tithes, seizing her property, and proposing to withdraw the clergy from all congregations short of fifty, as if less than fifty souls were not worth 150*l.* a-year. More than this—abandon the duty of proselytism, and you give up the ecclesiastical basis, which is the safest and most indisputable ground to take against the intrusion of the emissaries of the Pope. They are carrying away from the Church children that rightly belong to her. If she abandon them wholly, and no longer consider them reclaimable, what is to prevent Rome from rightfully gathering them under her wings, or rather, to use a better illustration, under her talons?

When, therefore, the Church of Ireland is prepared to surrender her claims to be the rightful occupier of her ground, and to give up of the little remnants of her revenues all but what is absolutely necessary to supply the spiritual wants of a population to be picked off by assassination, drained by emigration, stolen by the intrigues of Romanism, and suffered to melt away by the apathy of uninterested ministers,—then it will adopt the principle of non-proselytism. The Church of Rome, through Dr. Doyle, and Dr. Murray, and Mr. Blake,* is most kindly suggesting the adoption of some such liberal and Christian views: whether it will be wise to follow such advisers must be left to the Church to determine.

There is only one conclusion at which, however painful and perplexing, a sane man can arrive. It is that the project

* See their Evidence before the Lords' Committee.

of Indifferentism is an absurdity and impossibility. You have tried it in your national education. It has utterly failed. It is only assumed as a mask by Romanism. It is absolutely fatal to Christianity and to the Church, and therefore impossible to be adopted by it. It is as contrary to the nature of men as to the commands of Christianity; and exists only as a silly dream in minds which have no religion themselves, and therefore cannot comprehend the working of religion in others.

This brings us to the second plan proposed for the pacification of this unhappy country. *Give up the Church—establish Romanism as the religion of the majority of the people, and all will be peace.*

To what extent this suggestion has extended itself among influential members of the legislature, it would be presumptuous to conjecture. But to a mind indifferent to religious truth, viewing religion solely as a political instrument for maintaining the peace of society, weary of the difficulties of doubt, offended at the unrefined zeal of controversy, and, in fact, 'caring for none of these things,' it seems an obvious and admirable plan. Its adoption also is easy, and its accomplishment certain, as soon as the government promulgate it. The way has been smoothed already. A certain number of bishoprics have been reduced to save the people from a just payment—why not suppress the rest? The cathedral incorporations, commonly the last strongholds of a Church, have been destroyed already. The parochial clergy have been so impoverished, that they cannot, as before, supply curates, or maintain libraries, or assist the poor, or support the numerous religious institutions for schools, the maintenance of orphans, the propagation of the Gospel, the diffusion of the Scriptures and of useful publications, the support of their own widows,—burdens, nearly the whole of which fall exclusively upon them; and thus their means of influence must be rapidly diminishing. The landlords are in possession of one portion of the tithes, and can withhold the rest; and unless some wonderful change comes over the spirit of embarrassed men, in Ireland, it may not be long before the government might look with confidence for their energetic assistance in shaking off the burden altogether. The concentration of ecclesiastical finance in the hands of a Commission* will necessarily weaken the energies of the rest of the body. The Romish schismatics have been allowed, without rebuke, to place

* By the bye, would some member of the House of Commons ask one or two simple questions,—How much the Commission is in debt? Why are the expenses of the agencies not included in their returns to Parliament? How many agencies are there? What is the expense of them? And how many of the agents are relatives to members of the Board?

themselves in the position of an establishment, and assume its titles—bishops, deans, rectors, prebendaries, chancellors.* It would be no new thing to their ears to be told that the Protestant government of England was willing to make arrangements that Ireland should be governed through its priests; and the people, whom they have at their disposal, are perfectly aware from experience, that what they dislike, they have only to threaten—and what they threaten, they will be allowed to destroy. History of past generations would scarcely be required to instruct them in a speedy and effectual mode of relieving themselves from an heretical Church. The whole way, therefore, is clear before us. The Clergy would die out in a few years. The Romish priests would be quietly installed in their place. Controversy would cease, animosity expire, and the government be relieved from its perplexities.

We shall hope to be able to speak gravely of this; it is, indeed, difficult at times to do so when contemplating these modern theories of legislation. But that such a theory should ever be entertained in the heart of England so seriously as to require consideration, is a fact sufficiently melancholy to extinguish every sense of the ludicrous.

To proceed then—let us lay aside the one great paramount law of duty, before which, to a Christian mind, all others will vanish. Nations, as well as individuals, have their task laid on them by God. Rulers, as well as subjects, are bound to maintain his glory, and to do his will. And rulers, as well as subjects, democracies no less than monarchies, will one day be called to account for every foot of ground, which they have willingly and neglectfully, either from indolence, or self-will, or avarice, or any other vice, yielded up to enemies of truth, and for every soul among their subjects which they have abandoned to error. But this we will set aside.—Let us ask rather, first, when Ireland is abandoned to Romanism, are we likely to have peace, religious peace, in England? Will a besieged town be one step nearer to its relief by permitting the besiegers to establish themselves within the walls? Do men know the meaning of the word *Catholic*? It means *Universal*. 'What mean you,' says the Popular Romish Catechism, published 'permissione superiorum'

* If an inquirer will take the trouble to look in the so-called Catholic Directory, we think he will be rather surprised at the array of bishops, deans, and chapters, &c. 'Rector of the parish' has been affixed by the Popish priests to their own names over the doors of national schools. It was stated the other day, that the health of Dr. Crotty (we think) had been drunk at a public dinner as Primate of Ireland, where the Archbishop of Armagh was omitted, and in the presence of several noblemen; and the last new move, and one of no little significance, has been the emergence of a Roman Catholic 'Bishop of London' in the Times newspaper!

(p. 21), by 'universality of place? *Answer.* I mean that the Church *shall be spread over all nations.*' Do the parties who propose to establish Romanism in Ireland propose to make the erasure of this article of faith an article in their concordatum? Or will they raise up a wall between Ireland and England, and prevent all religious proselytism? Or are they prepared to destroy the Romish chapels, seminaries, and missions, which even now are rising up in England? Or do they contemplate that England, as well as Ireland—in fact, the whole British empire—is to be quietly given up to the Pope, whenever he chooses to demand it, *in order to maintain peace?*

But England, they say, is safe. It is too enlightened to embrace a system of superstition and bigotry—the spread of reason on every side will be protection enough. Strange that we should congratulate ourselves on a safeguard against those very evils, which we are willing to see without resistance brought down and fixed upon a country, which, if not a part of ourselves, must do us deadly mischief; and if a part of ourselves, cannot suffer without spreading its sufferings to us! Still stranger that we should think the fancied illumination of the nineteenth century the slightest protection against Popery!

If any proof were wanted, how easily the nineteenth century would fall a prey before it, it is our ignorance of the nature of the adversary. Men think that Popery has but one face, one weapon, one attack. Instead of this, it has as many, as there are passions, appetites, and principles in human nature. Its name is Legion. It can adapt itself to every form of society, to every diseased craving of the human mind—courting democracy one day, and despotism the next—now arming kings with a rod of iron, and now blowing the trumpet of rebellion—now deifying its rulers, and surrounding them with all the pomps and vanities of life, and now sending the hermit and the monk to macerate themselves in deserts. With one hand it extinguishes reason; with the other it frets and indulges the wildest excesses of a profane curiosity. It surrounds the humble, docile, imaginative mind with an atmosphere of mysteries; it brings the same mysteries down to the grasp of the most vulgar understanding by sensualising and explaining everything. It demands unlimited external obedience, but frames elastic formularies to admit of unlimited internal licence. It opens a refuge in the confessional for all those secret, preying thoughts which kill without a vent; and it saves the public shame by sealing them up again as in the bosom of God. It destroys the social principles of man by eradicating domestic ties, and opens the widest field for them in the social organisation of the Church. And if it can sit
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on its throne as the one judge and dispenser of one revealed faith, and the guardian of religion throughout the world—it can also rationalise, and scoff, and act the sceptic, and liberal, and utilitarian—even blaspheme, when necessary to gain its end, and that end universal dominion.* We say to the nineteenth century—*beware of Popery*. It has its arms against you, as well as against the ages of so-called darkness. You have minds sickened at the low, vulgar, materialism of the day—and Popery has a spiritual mask, and can clothe itself as a saint or a martyr. You are distracted by doubt and dissensions—and Popery offers you a rock on which to rest above the battles of opinion. Society is rent and torn from top to bottom—and Popery will undertake to make it whole. The whole body of thought is lying sick or dead by the departure of the soul of religion—Popery will promise to restore its life. Governments are broken up by rebellion—Popery will support them with its interdicts. Blasphemy and impiety are let loose by letting loose individual judgments—and Popery has a chain with which to bind them again. We hear of universal fraternisation, of liberty, equality, and peace throughout the world—Popery calls itself Christian, and Christians are a people of brothers, without distinction of place, or climate, or birth. We say again to the nineteenth century—*beware of Popery*. It was smitten down at the Reformation; in the next century it revived again. In the French Revolution it seemed at its death-gasp; it is now full of vigour. Never was a system constructed, so undy-

* In the year 1646, by order from Rome, above one hundred of the Romish clergy were sent into England, consisting of English, Scotch, and Irish, who had been educated in foreign convents for this very purpose. In these convents they had been 'set to learn the tenets, one of Presbytery, the other of Independency, others of Anabaptism,' to counterfeit, in fact, any sect opposed to that common enemy, which Rome most dreads, the Episcopal Church of England. They were entered in their convents as Franciscans, Dominicans, or Jesuits, and under various names, that when detected in one place they might escape to another. On their arrival in England they had licences from the Pope to assume and promulgate the doctrines 'of Presbytery, Independency, Anabaptism, or Atheism.' They taught people, as Faithful Communion, one of the most active among them, confessed, to 'hate the Liturgy,' 'to pray spiritually and extempore,' 'to despise ceremonies,' 'to profess tender consciences,' and 'to call a set form of words the Mass translated. They went over to Scotland, and preached up the Scotch covenants and Knox's rules and ordinations of the Kirk.' 'The main things,' says Archbishop Bramhall, then bishop of Derry, 'that they hit in our teeth are,—our bishops to be called lords; the service of the Church; the cross in baptism; confirmation; bowing at the name of Jesus; the communion-table placed altarways; our manner of consecration.' This admirable scheme was executed by order of the Pope, 'with the advice of his cardinals,' and the plot was in several instances detected. Pray, may we ask, has there been any rebellious movement of Popery in Ireland, since the planting of the Ulster colonies, in which something of the kind was not visible among the Presbyterians of the North? It was the case in 1798. Is there no symptom of the kind at present?—No recent movement there against the Church?

The documents proving these facts (which are sufficiently known to clerical historians) may be found in Strype's 'Life of Parker,' and Archbishop Bramhall's letters in Parr's 'Life of Usher.' They have been reprinted in a volume of very valuable sermons, by the Rev. Francis Talford, rector of Trowbridge.

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ing, so various, so universal, so capable of living in every form, under every change of circumstances, of perpetuating itself through every obstacle, of ruling over every heart—and so attesting its own internal falsity by the very extent of its reception in a corrupted world; and never, we firmly believe, was there a time more favourable to its growth, or more likely to witness its triumph, than a disorganised, latitudinarian, infidel, dissenting, luxurious, and self-willed age, calling itself enlightened. The very spirit of such an age, *especially in matters of religion*, is Papistical already. It despises ecclesiastical antiquity—so does Popery; her fathers are modern not ancient. It sets at nought received forms—so did Popery, by arbitrarily modifying them herself. It tampers with the mysteries of sacraments—so did Popery, by reducing them to matters of sense. It sets aside the privileges of baptism by instituting a second conversion—so does Popery, by its monastic vows. It frames new associations for itself, instead of adhering to the organisation of the Church—so does Popery, which *rules* not by its clergy, but by its monks. It denies the authority of bishops—so did Popery, by absorbing them in the Pope. It magnifies the Scriptures, till every one is left to read them without a guide, and without a guide the Scriptures are hard to understand—Popery does much the same, and venerates them so highly, that no one is allowed to look into them. The religious spirit of the day is clamorous against honouring our ancestors, and then chooses saints of its own, worships their memory, calls them Fathers, rules all things by their decision, encumbers the press with their biographies, makes pilgrimages to their graves, treasures up their relics, assumes their names, associates under their rules, changing only the titles from St. Bridget, St. Agatha, St. Theresa, or St. Dominic to the more modern appellation of Reverend or Miss. If Popery has its confessional, so has the religious spirit of the day; though it confesses to the public instead of to a priest, and confesses all kinds of criminality, omitting only to specify the offences, and submit to penance or humiliation. It has its raptures, its ecstasies, and miracles, and extraordinary providences, trials, and temptations; appeals to feeling instead of the understanding, irregular movements, missionary zeal, without instruction—the same as Popery. It gives absolution of sins as hastily and as dangerously, but through the conscience of the sinner instead of the voice of the priest. It undermines the authority of positive law, as much by its contempt for ordinances, as Popery does by the morality of Jesuitism; and it ends, when carried to its full extent, as naturally in Socinianism or Deism, as Popery in the sixteenth century became secretly infidel and blaspheming.

These things are not seen, or understood by the good, and earnest,

earnest, and religious men who have been driven—in England by the coldness of a former age, and in Ireland by the immediate repulsion of Popery—into what are called Low Church views; but it is indeed needful that they should be awakened to the perilous position which they have assumed. When Rome wishes to stretch her doctrines of tyranny over a people, she excites them first to doctrines of rebellion against their king. She even encourages infidelity as a step to show the need of an infallible guide. She can rouse a spirit of disobedience to ecclesiastical discipline, that when a chaos is produced, her hand may be required to reduce it into order. She knows, and has confessed it before, and confesses at this day, that an united, disciplined, obedient Church, like that of England, fixed on the firm basis of primitive antiquity, and witnessing by historical testimony to a definite creed, is the only power which can withstand her aggression; and she rejoices at every word, which sows dissension in such a body, as her advocates do in enumerating the sects of Protestants, and as the Jesuits did, when they first introduced into England the practice of prayer-meetings.

No assurance, therefore, against the revival of Popery in England can be derived from the existence of a spirit apparently most opposed to it. There is but one firm bulwark against it, in the English Church, and in the principles of that Church fully and forcibly brought out: and whether she would have the power, under the present state of things, to do more than save a small portion from the encroachment of Popery, when once Ireland was abandoned to its rule, may well be doubted. Whether, also, England would like to be herself once more under the dominion of the Pope and the Jesuits, may be left to the advocates of civil and religious liberty, and to the readers of Fox's Book of Martyrs, and of the new edition, authorised by the titular bishops in Ireland, of Dens's Theology.

But there is a sight which would produce an answer to this question sooner than any reading. We have been permitting ourselves to suppose the possibility that England should withdraw the Church, or rather permit it to be extirpated from Ireland, and should yield up the whole country to Popery. We use the word *Popery*,—not any of the smooth-sounding, apologetic titles by which the parties of whom we are speaking are so desirous to be addressed. We ask our readers—do they know *what Popery is in Ireland?* Do they know the character and conduct of the men, to whose tender mercies it is proposed to deliver up, first Ireland, then the English interests in Ireland, and then England herself?

Those who shall attempt to lay this bare will undertake a task,
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of which they ought fully to understand the difficulty and the danger. But the time is come when it must be undertaken, if the integrity of the empire—not to say the stability of the Church, and Christian truth in this country—is yet to be preserved. As for ourselves, we are about, not to expose—this must be done by others—but *to call on the English people to demand the exposure of a state of things*, which, in the nineteenth century it is impossible to credit, except from experience, and which those who do experience it, seem at length to have abandoned all hope of forcing on the attention or the belief of others. Reformation societies, meetings at Exeter Hall, deputations from Ireland, public disputations, petitions to Parliament, trials in courts of justice, statements in Parliament, examinations before committees, publications by Romish priests themselves, and by converts from Popery, the reports of religious associations, portraitures in popular tales, the declarations of Irish residents, and the testimony of occasional travellers, who have had opportunities of investigating the truth, seem all to have failed in awakening Englishmen in general to any sense of its nature. With the parties who, for the most part, have brought forward these statements, we might have many grounds of difference. Public meetings are not favourable to a sober examination of truth: religious societies are not exactly the most impartial witnesses to the state of Popery. The Irish clergy who have come over to England, influenced, as we are sure they are, by the highest sense of duty, and full of intelligence and zeal, yet speak in a language and tone not grateful to the sober taste of our colder constitutions. There is, it is supposed, an habitual inaccuracy of detail in Irish stories, which throws doubt on all that is asserted; and there is, what is far more honourable to Englishmen, a profound unwillingness to believe ill of a body of men placed in the position of the Irish priests. They are ministers of religion, sworn to promote the glory of God and the peace of man; bound to enlighten the ignorant, to rebuke the offender, to support the laws, to soothe the angry, to abstain from violence themselves, and to condemn it in others; to bless when they are cursed, to give alms of all that they possess, to be constantly teaching and admonishing, to set an example of a holy, sober, and retired life, apart from the evil troubles of the world; not to be extortioners, or drunkards, or strikers, or revilers of dignities; to be, in fact, what Lord Plunket describes the Protestant clergy of Ireland to be, ‘a most exemplary and deserving body of men,—mild, temperate, charitable, just,—on whom no praise can be bestowed which their conduct does not fully justify;’* or, as Sir T. Fowell

* *Romanism as it rules in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 750.

Buxton speaks of the same body, 'as men exposed to the fire of persecution, out of which has arisen as pure and apostolical a ministry as the world ever beheld. He believed that a more pure or devoted ministry the world had not had than the Protestant ministry of Ireland.'*

What, from the testimony of these most impartial witnesses, we may believe, thank God, of our own Protestant Church in Ireland, we would willingly and gladly believe of any body of men calling themselves Christian ministers, however they may differ from our doctrines. An opposite view is painful and repugnant to all our habits of thought. But there is another reason for rejecting it. Englishmen have before their eyes a body of Roman Catholics, from which they draw their opinion of the Irish priests. Unhappily—we do not say unreasonably, but unhappily—when Popery is denounced, it is usually denounced in the mass, and sufficient allowance is not made for one remarkable feature in its character. It was intended to exercise an universal dominion, founded on a basis of religion: religion, therefore, and Christianity, and Catholic Christianity, form a very large part of its composition. It holds many of the truths which the primitive Church held, asserts them boldly, and maintains them firmly, where dissent has shattered them in fragments, and caused them to be lost. But, in order to secure the exercise of its universal dominion, not content, like the primitive Church, with witnessing to these truths, and placing them before men's eyes, leaving it to a higher power to engraft them in the heart—Popery adopted a system, which, preserving outwardly one set of forms and doctrines, admitted a double internal interpretation of them according to the character of the receiver. By this means it was enabled to hold within its grasp two distinct classes of minds, one of a very high and noble order, the other far different. And this is the real secret of the papal power. There is not a doctrine nor a practice of Popery, which, when traced up to its source, and exhibited in its formal statement, is not thus divisible into an exoteric and an esoteric interpretation, one for the vulgar, and one for the instructed; and the interpretation is left free to the individual. The worship of saints and angels, the unity and infallibility of the Church, the claim of belief in her decisions, the doctrines of the sacraments, the duty of penance, the right of excommunication, the practice of absolution, the respect due to antiquity,—in all of these (and many others might be mentioned), if an ignorant and worthless Romanist, and one who is educated and good, are asked for their view of the truth, they will give the most opposite explanations—one bordering—to use the mildest phrase—on heathenism

* Annual Register, 1835, p. 209.

and idolatry, the other so closely resembling the Catholic faith, that it requires the most delicate discernment to draw the line; and yet the authority to which they each refer is the same; and this authority is so managed, either by multiplying and concealing the original decrees, or by constructing ambiguous expressions, or by complicating a number of conflicting authorities, or by framing outward actions, which leave the internal sentiment free, or by admitting a latitude of thought, so long as general obedience is preserved, that no party can convict the other of error, or of a breach of allegiance to the church, or the church of asserting what he would himself pronounce absurd. Many good men, when they censure Popery, know very little of its nature; they think it is a coarse, debased, palpable congeries of absurdities, which any hand may hold up to scorn: on the contrary, it is the most subtle, wonderful, profound machine that ever was created for subduing man to man under pretence of subjecting him to God.

This is the principal cause of the incredulity of Englishmen respecting Ireland. They know and see among Roman Catholics around them men of piety, honour, intelligence, purity, self-denial, religious zeal,—worthy of being classed with the Fenelons, and Pascals, and Borromeos, and the many sainted characters who lived under the papal system, but as Catholics more than Papists. They look at the noble works, which such men achieved in days of old,—works of learning, of charity, of art, of social wisdom, of private holiness, under the shade of which we are now living, and for which we owe to their memories the deepest gratitude. They see the misery and distraction, which Dissent has introduced into the world, and the cold, heartless, self-willed, self-indulgent spirit, which has sheltered itself under the mask of Protestantism, as if to be a Christian it were sufficient not to be a Romanist; and though the act be mixed with error, they think it a noble error, which prefers unity to discord, obedience to rebellion, piety to infidelity, self-denial to voluptuousness.

Moreover, the English are a calm and thoughtful people. As they dislike violent expressions of feelings, and statements which appear exaggerated, so they are very slow to generalise from a few insulated facts. They do not like to proscribe whole classes of men, to condemn a whole system for the faults of some of its supporters. They distrust everything which comes from a party, or what seems to be a party: they apply to political conclusions the same maxims of evidence, which their Constitution has enforced as just and reasonable in judicial cases, and hold every man innocent until he is *proved* to be guilty; and they will not hold him guilty except on the oath of an eye-witness. Wherever, therefore, a system is to be laid bare, which works in secret, over a large

large extent of country, in the midst of avowed opponents, and under peculiar difficulties in obtaining information, the English people must be very prone to incredulity. This is peculiarly the case with Popery in Ireland.

There is still another reason. One great cause of the mistakes, which are sometimes made at present in Ireland, even by the best intentioned Government, and also by writers and hearers, is an ignorance of the change, which has taken place there within the last twenty or thirty years, in the character of *landlords*, of *priests*, and of *the clergy*. In Ireland, as well as in England, the clergy felt, for years after the Revolution of 1688, the fatal influence of Whig principles, and of government purely political. It is not wise nor good to cavil at the errors of those from whom we sprung—and whatever coldness, or neglect, or indolence, or incapacity (an incapacity, remember, arising in no small degree from the want of means) prevailed in the Church, they are now in the course of redemption—and let the virtues of the present generation prove that all could not have been wrong in the past. The same may be said of the landlords: they are no longer (we speak of them generally as a body) the embarrassed spend-thrifts, thoughtless absentees, jobbers, political partisans, partial magistrates, and plunderers of the Church, which they are charged with being in a past age of Castle Rackrents.* They are,

* Having before us the description given by M. Gustave de Beaumont, of the careless, hard-hearted, extortionate Irish landlords, and speeches to the same effect at the Corn Exchange in Dublin, and opinions derived from these sources in England, we had the curiosity to examine, if there were any solitary traces of an opposite description of character among this obnoxious class of persons. With this view we turned over the pages of Mr. Inglis' 'Tour,' not a very partial observer of Irish landlords, and Mr. Fraser's 'Guide through Ireland;' and where we found either of these *expressly alluding to gentlemen as showing an interest in their tenants, and studying their comfort and improvement*, we took down the names, with the addition of five or six from our own knowledge. We give a specimen:—

The Duke of Devonshire, Lord Stanley, Lord Palmerston, Lord Roden, Lord Kenmare, Lord Duncannon, Lord Mandeville, Lord Dunsany, Lord Lorton, the Marquis of Waterford, Sir Robert Gore Booth, Col. Bruen, Lord Devon, Lord Dunraven, Mr. John Wynne, of Sligo, Mr. Cooper, M.P. for Sligo, Lord Courtown, Mr. Fortescue, M.P. for Louth, Mr. Shirley, Lord Powerscourt, Major O'Hara, Mr. Godley, Lord Headley, Sir James Bruce, Mr. Waller, of Castletown, Lord Bandon, Mr. D'Arcy, the Marquis of Downshire, Lord Arden, Lord Glengall, Lord Ormond, Mr. Tighe, Mr. Power, of Thomastown, Mr. Lane Fox, Lord Hawarden, Sir Aubrey de Vere, Lord Bantry, Mr. Smith Barry, the Marquis of Lansdown, Lord Shannon, Mr. Villiers Stuart, Lord Gosford, Colonel Close, Lord Caledon, Lord Charlemont, Col. Packenham, Col. Conolly, Lord Southwell, Lord Enniskillen, Lord Lucan, the Marquis of Sligo, Lord Clancarty, Lord Dufferin, Lady Annesley, Lord Ventry, Mr. Monsell, of Limerick, Sir Francis M'Naghten, Lord Mount Cashel, Lord Garvagh, the London Companies in the North of Ireland, the landlords generally in Tipperary (see Report on Crime), Sir Patrick and Mr. Bellew, Sir William Somerville, Lord Cremorne, Mr. Foxall, the Marquis of Abercorn, Mr. Farrell, Lord Darnley, the Duke of Buckingham, Mr. A'Court Holmes, Lord Longford, Mr. Edgeworth, Lord Farnham, Mr. Naper, Mr. Creighton, the Marquis of Headfort, Lord Mountsandford, Lord Crofton, Lord Clements,

are, we really believe, in a very fair proportion, whether absentees or not, sincerely interested in the welfare of Ireland, willing to make sacrifices, and to adopt sound measures, and convinced at last that their duty and their interest are both entwined with the Church. Of course there are exceptions; but we do sincerely believe that this is no partial picture of a much maligned body of men, who are placed in a position of pain, difficulty, and peril, with no one to support them, looked on by England with censure, and by their own government with distrust, and requiring as much as the Clergy, the sympathy of their English brethren.

While a change has thus been taking place in the landlords and clergy, a change of a totally different character has been working in the *priests*. The fact is so notorious that we really do not think it necessary to bring any attestation to it. Whatever is the character of the present body, their predecessors, for whom they have been very artfully and carefully substituted, were a very different class. The old priests had generally been educated abroad, with the advantages of foreign society, of communication with the Gallican clergy (the most favourable specimen of a Romanist priesthood), and of fair classical and literary attainments. As gentlemen themselves, they were admitted to gentlemen's society when they returned to Ireland. They were located permanently in their parishes, and thus possessed a proper independence. Their incomes seem to have been not only much smaller than at present, but to have been derived from a less distressed population—for the war prices were higher and the land, perhaps as a whole, less subdivided. There was far less political excitement—and, above all, they were left free from that dark, mysterious, agitating influence, which is now goading on the priests themselves, and employing them as goads upon the

Clements, Mr. St. George, Lord Gort, Lord Charleville, the late Lord Norbury, Mr. Fetherstonehaugh, Colonel Wyndham, Lord Donoughmore, Sir Edward Denny, the Knight of Kerry, Baron Pennefather, Judge Moore, Mr. Herbert, of Muckruss, Mr. Barrington, Lord Bloomfield, Mr. Wandesford, Lord Lismore, the late Lord Kingston, Viscount di Vesci, Sir Edward Walsh, Lord Middleton, Sir Arthur Brooke, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Earl of Besborough, Mr. Curry, Lord Fortescue, Lord Beresford, Mr. Kavanagh, Mr. Bagnell Newton, Mr. Borrowes, Lord Mayo, Lord Aldborough, the late Lady Rosse, Mr. Maxwell, Lord Lifford, Lord Fitzwilliam. We have not space for more, though many might be added.

Will the inquirers examine into not merely what these and many other Irish landlords are doing, but what *they cannot do*, either from the existence of old leases, or from want of capital, or from the inveterate habits of the peasantry, or the interference of priests and agitators? If a common tourist went through England, would he be likely to find many more landlords, in proportion, who, in defiance of obloquy, and at the risk of life in many cases, and without adequate return of gratitude in all, would so devote themselves to their tenantry as thus to excite observation in the mere traveller? Is it not to exertions like these that the improvements now acknowledged in Ireland are to be attributed? How would these improvements advance if the country were only tranquillised!

people,

people, but which is felt rather than discerned, and does indeed require all the power and ingenuity of Government to trace it to its source. They lived on friendly and courteous terms with the clergy as well as with the gentry,*—for if neither party were very zealous in their spiritual functions, both were gentlemen, and both Christians. If the advantage was on either side it was, perhaps, on the side of the priest. His education had probably been more clerical—his small means offered fewer temptations to indulgence—his celibacy kept him freer from secular engagements—and the discipline of his Church, maintained with more vigour, was an additional security for the respectability of his conduct. And we should be inclined to think that the priests of the last century were not merely, though this may sound invidious, a higher order of men than the Protestant clergy of that period, but that they were positively, as men of pure dispositions usually are even under the influence of Romanism, *good men—more Catholics than Papists*—charitable, benevolent, loyal, quiet, gentlemanly, and pious. Such, at least, is the testimony borne to them very generally by the Protestant gentry and clergy, with whom they were in the habit of associating. (*It is well known that immediately after the passing of that healing measure, the Relief Bill, the Romish Clergy were ordered to withdraw from the society of Protestants.*) What they are now, as we said before, we do not propose to describe, but to insist on the duty of ascertaining by other more suitable means. But if a great and mischievous change has been effected in this body, and that recently, and the opinions and feelings are transferred to the new priests, which were formed respecting the old, the error must be great and ruinous.†

Lastly, the English people, firm in the security of England against

* Dr. Doyle states this in his evidence on the Tithe Committee, and it will be confirmed by every inquiry in Ireland. One pleasing trait is to be found in the delicacy with which, as numerous witnesses there stated, the clergy never allowed the priests to pay them tithes, till the Maynooth priests appeared in the new character of farmers.

† This mistake respecting priests, clergy, and landlords, is precisely that into which, by some strange hallucination arising from a presumed theory, or from ignorance and want of observation, or from misinformation by others, M. Gustave de Beaumont has fallen, and fallen so completely, that his account of Ireland, clever as it is in some parts, when read on the spot is absolutely ludicrous. What is to be thought of a tourist who, having been in Ireland within these few years, and having, if nothing else, the evidence of Parliamentary Committees before him, publishes to Europe in a grave philosophical dissertation, that the 'Protestants of Ireland are enemies to education; that they abandon the poor man to ignorance; that the worst clad pauper in England is better off than the most flourishing farmer in Ireland; that the system of middlemen is now encouraged by the landlords; that the rich and the clergy have no feeling for the poor; that it is the custom now to let land to the highest bidder; that the Protestant magistrate is full of hatred for the Irish population, and dwells on the proofs of their guilt when they appear before him; that he favours the Protestant culprit; that the

Protestant

against any machinations from Popery, rejoicing in their own liberty of conscience, looking back on all religious persecution as a frightful dream, which will never again be revived; condemning, as impartial spectators, everything which bordered on it—not merely the Inquisition of Rome, but the penal laws of Protestants, and the religious associations of Orangeism—have, by a natural revulsion, transferred all their sympathies from their own brethren to the parties whom they suppose their brethren had been in the habit of oppressing. Compassion for the Roman Catholics of Ireland we believe to be a very prevalent feeling in this country; and above all, dislike to the name of Orangemen. We must plead guilty to a similar feeling. But it ought not to be forgotten that the penal laws, fearful as they once were, were enforced from political necessity as upon subjects who refused allegiance to their sovereign, not for theological differences—that had they been accompanied by as energetic efforts to extend and invigorate the true spirit of the Church as to repress Popery, Ireland in all probability would now be Protestant and happy—that *they were the work mostly of a Whig government*—that when the State in Ireland was incompetent to protect its Protestant subjects they were obliged to combine in their own defence, and to combine under a religious bond, because it was a religious bond which held their adversaries together—that Orange societies have now dissolved themselves in obedience to the laws, and that *in no part of Ireland will there be found a disposition to revive them*; nor, *we will add most confidently, a disposition to triumph or tyrannise over their fellow countrymen of a different religion*—though it is possible that self defence and the incapacity of the government may once more compel Protestants to rally round some other point of union. But Englishmen do not understand these things, and cannot understand them, except on the spot, and they naturally listen with suspicion to a Protestant as an Orangeman, and to an Orangeman as a persecutor. If they would understand the truth, this opinion must, we assure them, be abandoned.

Such then are some of the circumstances which must predispose English readers to receive with great suspicion and dislike, and

Protestant challenges the Romish jurors; that when the Romanist culprit sees that the judge of assize is a Protestant, he can expect no impartiality from him; that when the solemn trial is held, on a *le sentiment intérieur que ce n'est point un jugement qui se délibère, mais une vengeance qui se propose*—and other statements of the kind?—It is very obvious where M. de Beaumont might have picked up such information as this—and we can understand that he might venture to circulate it in France without any further inquiry. But it is rather hazardous for a writer's credit to have such things translated into English, and placed where they must fall into the hands of persons really familiar with the present state of Ireland. We fear it is only a specimen of the mode in which French travellers write books in general.

to consider as unjust and calumnious, any broadly unfavourable statements respecting the Romish priests in Ireland.

But with all this risk in view, will they allow us to suggest to them that the character and conduct of those priests call for a most serious and careful investigation? We believe that the safety of the empire depends on our eyes being opened in time: and time there is as yet. Another year or two and it may be too late. Let it be remembered that we are not speaking of Popery in general—of merely doctrinal differences—though doctrinal differences which tamper with religious truth are not, as the folly of the day asserts, matters of indifference even to statesmen—nor of the Roman Catholic laity, either in England or Ireland, either rich or poor. Between them and the priests in Ireland there has always been a marked distinction: and there is the widest difference to be observed between those who follow and those who lead. Nor are we about to make charges—but simply to demand inquiry. Is there sufficient appearance on the face of things of mischief working in this body to justify, not their condemnation, but *investigation on the part of the Legislature*? If they are innocent, their characters will come out purer from inquiry; if they are guilty, England will be awakened to the danger of encouraging the fascinating idea of delivering Ireland into their hands.

The best sources of information on this painful subject are of course to be found in inquiries on the spot: and Englishmen, especially young men now entering into public life, could not better prepare themselves for their future duties, or confer a greater benefit on the empire, than by studying the state of Ireland in the country itself. Such a man will not, if he has any pretensions to prudence, attempt to see everything with his own eyes or hear with his own ears, as some tourists have preferred; not knowing that the acute and cautious Irish peasant delights in few things so much as in misleading an English traveller, who comes to him unsupported by parties whom he respects. But he will select resident persons of intelligence and honour, whose accounts he may compare and confirm by the ordinary criteria of testimony. He will not generalise from one district or province, or from the reports of one class of persons, but will go round and through Ireland, and live in it, that is in constant association with the nobility, clergy, and gentry, as far as possible, both Roman Catholic and Protestant. He must make allowance for occasional mis-statements, for strong feelings, for the remains of old resentments. He may then obtain access to a humbler class, who are intimately acquainted with the habits of the Irish peasantry—the converts from Popery among the farmers,

peasants, schoolmasters, and labourers. Let their testimony be received with all caution, but let it be heard. They are, generally (of course there are exceptions), a very superior class of men, wonderfully acute for their stations, simple and unobtrusive in their manners, perfectly conversant with the workings of Popery among the lower orders—and their testimony will weigh as that of men whose sincerity has been tried and sealed by the sufferings, to which they have submitted in returning from the errors of Popery into the bosom of the Catholic Church. We once saw upwards of a hundred of these persons, either converts or under the process of conversion; and a gentleman of undoubted veracity assured us that every one of them bore on him the mark of some personal outrage to which he had been exposed in consequence. A third source of information are the works which have been published by Romanist priests and educated converts, such as Mr. Morrissey, Dr. Meyler, Dr. O'Connor, Dr. Phelan, Mr. Croly, and many others. Some religious societies in Dublin possess also a mass of remarkable documents, which were never intended for publication, and which could not be published as they stand, without endangering the lives of many, because names and localities are described; but they are well worth studying.

After this an inquirer might examine the local periodical publications. A newspaper is usually the last place, in which cautious persons look for accurate information, where party feeling may exist; but the outlines of their statements, and the reports of speeches, may be admitted, if conformable to other experience; and on the details judgment may be suspended. Then follow the popular tales of the day, Mr. Britton's and Mr. Carleton's especially. They are tales of fiction undoubtedly; they are no evidence in a court of justice; but if Parson Adams, and the Vicar of Wakefield, and other characters of the novels of former times, are supposed to bear some resemblance to the *classes* whom they profess to describe; if, indeed, the very nature of popular fiction implies that the public at large should be able at once to recognise the correctness of the imitation—the representations given by these very clever writers must be allowed to have some weight.

There have been also *some remarkable trials*, which might be collected. After this the Reports before Parliamentary Committees, especially those on tithes, on the state of crime, on national education, on the state of Ireland, previous to the measure of 1829, should be carefully read; not so much to find much directly criminatory matter (for, unless such information were absolutely forced from a witness, it is quite evident that it would not be protruded), but to see whether there is anything
contradictory

contradictory to the general impression derived from other sources; and not, rather, much, which, to an eye prepared by deeper information, will speak most intelligibly in confirmation of it. We should then beg particular attention to two works—one a Digest of Evidence on the State of Ireland, 1824, 1825, a book containing more curious and valuable information on the subject of Popery in Ireland than any other in the language; the other a book published by two Irish clergymen, Mr. Magee and Mr. O'Sullivan, containing the report of various meetings lately held in England and Scotland on the subject of Ireland. We express no opinion on the judiciousness of such meetings, nor on the resolutions carried at them, nor on the general principles advocated by the very eloquent and energetic clergymen who took the lead. They are aware that a large class of Englishmen look with distrust on such demonstrations. But we do earnestly recommend the perusal of *the facts* brought forward in those volumes;* particularly as relates to the conduct of Dr. Murray and Dr. Troy. It is of the utmost importance that we should understand the habits *both of thought and language* which prevail with the heads, the spiritual heads, of the Romish clergy. To this might be added a careful perusal of Dr. Doyle's evidence before the parliamentary committee previous to the passing of the Roman Catholic Bill, and a comparison of it with his subsequent evidence on the tithe committee. *This also must be compared with the evidence of Mr. Hale and Mr. Vigors*, before the same committee. It will exhibit a very striking specimen of that singular discrepancy between facts and words which will embarrass every inquirer in his first efforts at examining the truth. Then remarking that the habits of the Irish people have continued, to a great degree, unchanged; that their traditions, superstitious notions, popular prejudices, and habits of feeling, may be traced back in very remote antiquity; we should recommend an examination into the history of the Irish Church, the old records of Ireland, the accounts of its principal convulsions, particularly the light thrown by the Duke of Ormond's history,† and by O'Connor in his 'Columbanus,' on the conduct of the priests in the Great Rebellion. If, then, he is at all perplexed to account for any strangeness of conduct, irreconcilable with our Protestant notions of the duty of men professing to be ministers of God, we should beg him to examine carefully the work 'unanimously agreed by the Catholic prelates of Ireland' to be published as the 'best book,' and most 'secure guidance for their ecclesiastics,'—

* Romanism as it Rules in Ireland. London, 1840.

† Carte's Life of Ormond; Ormond's Letters by Carte.

selected by 'Dr. Murray, Dr. Doyle, Dr. Keating, and Dr. Kinsalla, as the conference-book for the clergy of the province of Leinster—and generally received among the clergy as containing their theological opinions.' We need not mention the name of Peter Dens. Lastly, we should *wish him to go, and with his own yes to see Maynooth.*

When this mass of evidence has been properly studied, he will begin to see a ray of light penetrating into the chaos of Irish affairs. He will probably think with us that there are sufficient grounds for desiring some more formal and authoritative inquiry into the state, character, and conduct of the Romish priests in Ireland, including the establishments of the Jesuits, whether avowed, as at Clongowes, or more secret, as in the other numerous institutions for Popish education. Probably he will be disposed to think that the same parties who granted the so-called emancipation are pledged by that act, and by their own solemn declaration, to assist the Protestants both of England and Ireland in obtaining the requisite information; and in calling for a committee of the House of Lords, where the whole matter may be sifted; where intelligent and honourable men from Ireland may be enabled to give the results of their own experience freely and fairly, *without being browbeaten by those who may entertain opposite views*; with every allowance made for partial feelings, the difficulty of obtaining evidence, and the obliteration of occasional details by the comparative indifference with which men have recorded facts too common to excite surprise, and which they despair of bringing home to the conviction of others. The inquiry is not judicial; it is political. A judge may be obliged to acquit, even against his knowledge; a statesman must act on evidence of a very different kind; and if he refuses to receive it he cannot act at all.

And our inquirer will not need to be informed that evidence, —such evidence as is required in a court of justice,—it is not possible to procure. The reader will ask why? We ask *why* in the evidence before committees are *names so studiously suppressed*? Mr. Singleton, a government stipendiary magistrate, shall give one answer. He is asked what would happen to a man, if, after giving evidence respecting the conduct of a priest, he were to return to Ireland. '*His life would not be safe for twenty-four hours after he returned.*' What, if his evidence was in obedience to an order of the committee, and the Speaker's warrant? '*He would be assassinated if he gave his evidence against his priest.*' The government of Ireland shall give another, in the return of crime in the county of Kilkenny, from
August

August 1831 to February 1832. Outrages, 300; convictions, 9.* When the Government is asked the reason, they will say that witnesses cannot be procured; and if asked why, they will answer, because they are *afraid of their lives*. A third answer may be obtained from Captain Vignoles;† who, having reported words, which he and other officers had heard fall from a Popish demagogue at a dinner at Carlow, ‘recommending the shedding of blood,’ was met by a number of affidavits from a Romish bishop and others, declaring that no such words had been uttered. A clergyman of our own acquaintance, having, like Mr. Inglis, seen with his own eyes, and two others with him, a priest standing by the plate at the collection of *the rent*, and applying a horsewhip to those who did not contribute, was met by similar affidavits. The profound *ignorance* in which Roman Catholic priests live with respect to what to Protestant eyes is passing at their very doors, will supply another answer. Of this a specimen may be found in a late trial at Liverpool, where the Romish priest ‘*knew nothing*’ of any degrading penances in the Romish church, such as crawling on the bare knees,—a statement which, when reported in Ireland, must have singularly perplexed the thousands who were still lame from crawling round Lough Dearg, climbing Croagh Patrick, Brandon, and other mountains, and performing their ‘stations’ at holy wells for themselves, or their dead relatives, in their own person, or by proxy; sometimes with stones on their head, sometimes lying to be trampled and spit on by the congregation as they passed into their chapels, and sometimes ‘*standing in a white sheet, with a dead man’s bone in their mouth*.’ So also Dr. Kinsala *knew nothing* of any murders of Protestant clergymen within twenty miles of his own residence. Dr. Troy was perfectly ignorant of the publication of the Rheimish notes, till Mr. Coyne the bookseller reminded him that Dr. Troy had induced him to undertake it. Dr. Murray was in the same state of darkness respecting Peter Dens. Dr. Doyle also *could only suspect and believe* that Conglowes was a Jesuit establishment.‡ In fact, the words ‘know, knowledge, hear,’ &c., have, to the ears of Romish priests, some hidden meaning which sadly perplexes a Protestant. Dr. Dens, in his account of the confessional, gives some clue to it; but more is still wanting. Will they publish a glossary of their language? The same Dr. Doyle might offer another answer.§ Having received from a Romish priest, in whom he placed *implicit confidence*, an account, which that priest had procured to be attested by oath, of many cruel cases of oppression on the part of a Protestant clergyman, and to which

* Report on Crime, No. 11,696.

† Report on State of Crime in Ireland.

‡ See Digest, vol. i. p. 246.

§ Tithe Report, 1838.

he attributed that resistance to tithes, which other persons in Ireland attributed to himself, he must have been rather surprised to find that on inquiry before the committee every one of these cases was *proved to be a palpable falsehood*, and that his own statement and references, in the opinion of a competent judge, produced, in a similar point of view, scarcely less admiration. *Evidence, in fact, is not to be procured.* Englishmen must remain blindfold, unless they will be content with something short of demonstration, and will act in the case of Ireland as they would in any case of common prudence. It is a case where those who accuse must stand on their own character for truth. Those who are best capable of witnessing dare not come forward, and those who are accused are indulged by their religion with the use of the figure amphibologia,* or the employment of words in one sense which are received by the hearers in another; and in a view of the obligation of oaths, which makes the observance of any oath contrary to the interests of the church, a *grave perjury*.

And now may we be allowed to trace out, at present, some outlines which one branch, and one branch only, of the inquiry to be demanded, might be supposed to take?

It must commence with this fact as the foundation of it, that *Rome has always looked to Ireland as the great stronghold of her dominions.* 'The Mother Church of Rome falls, when in Ireland the Catholic faith is overcome,' is the old prophecy.† No people were ever more formed than the Irish for religion, for obedience, for respect to the ministers of God, for belief in mysteries; and therefore none more fit to be duped and ruled over by Popery. It would be desirable to know what communications are now kept up between Ireland, Rome, Palermo, St. Acheul, and other important stations of Popery, and especially of Jesuitism; what visits are paid to Rome by the Irish bishops, and members of Jesuit establishments; what sums of money transmitted either backwards or forwards.‡ We see a move now made for the establishment of an exclusive Roman Catholic Bank, for the avowed purpose of facilitating these transactions. It is certain that some sums enter into Ireland from abroad; and there is also a remarkable mystery attending the disappearance of

* See Dr. Dens on Mendicium and Amphibologia.

† Ware's Life of Archbishop Browne.

‡ We were assured the other day, by an authority which we could not doubt, that a Romanist chapel, on a large scale, is now building even at Boulogne with money drawn from Ireland. When astonishment was expressed, it was answered that the sums sent over to Ireland by the Jesuits were no longer wholly required, in consequence of the supplies drawn thence from the people, and that part of the surplus had been sent to Boulogne. Can this throw any light on the origin of the Popish chapels now building in England?

money in the hands of the priests. Some few have been known to hoard; but latterly hardly any discoveries have been made of this kind, or of property left to their families. When the large amount of their incomes is ascertained, the immense revenues raised by the Temperance and other similar movements, and the economical mode in which they live as single men, it will, we think, be a matter of no little wonder where their accumulations disappear. We should also beg leave to ask, what changes have recently taken place in the *Romish priesthood in the colonies—Newfoundland for instance—Australia, Van Dieman's Land, the Cape of Good Hope, Demerara, the West Indies*—and especially *India*? Will the Directors of the East India Company take the trouble to inquire whether recently a colony of priests from Maynooth has been transplanted thither—what steps are now pending in certain law-courts in consequence of their proceedings—how many priests in Ireland are repealers of the union with heretical England—whether the destruction of the *English Empire* is not a fundamental axiom, the ‘*Delenda est Carthago*’ of Maynooth—and whether a repeal agitation in India, fomented by Jesuits, would be an agreeable announcement? Is *Ireland* the centre from which Rome supplies her colonies? Is ‘Maynooth beginning to be felt’ even in America? Are Irish priests of weight even in the election of a President, and by the same engines of illegal votes, perjuries, and intimidation, which may be found perhaps in Ireland? Is there, in fact, a closer sympathy between Ireland and America than mere political opinions; and *sympathy which may not be without its results in the case of a war*? Is some secret hand now working over North America precisely the same change as it has already worked in Ireland, by substituting a class of busy vulgar demagogues for a quiet body of clergy? Were they French priests who ‘knew something about the rebellion in Canada,’ or priests from a quarter nearer home? Was Dr. Hussey, one of the earliest Irish episcopal agitators, brought from America and made first president of Maynooth for his quiet and loyal principles? And who is Dr. England, who has lately been transmitted to America in return? And what did he carry with him? We do assure the Colonial Secretary that these questions well deserve his attention.

It will be necessary also to understand the polity of the Romish Church in Ireland, and the wonderful organisation of its forces. These are divided into two bodies; one for keeping the ground and preventing desertion; the other aggressive, for making conquests. It is the possession of both these that gives to Popery such superior power over the modern forms of Protestantism, and

* See Times Newspaper, November 30, 1840.

even over the Anglican Church. The former body are the bishops and parochial clergy; the latter, the missionary institutions, which usually take the form of establishments for education under the Jesuits; and it is to the latter that our attention should be first directed.

To commence, then, have the Jesuits in Ireland been registered as the emancipation bill prescribed? What is the number of their houses, of their schools, and their pupils, both in Ireland and England? *Has any remarkable change taken place in the feelings of Roman Catholic youth educated by them?** What secret or open advances are they making? What communications are kept up by them with Rome and other foreign countries? Are the democratical movements which have occurred in France and England traceable to any deeper moving power now than mere popular frenzy, as they have been traced in former times? Symptoms, we suspect, were found among the Chartists of an influence not wholly domestic. What was it? Have the Jesuits effected a lodgment into Europe, and especially in Ireland, under the name of *Christian Brothers, the Sodalties of the Heart, Brethren of the Faith or Doctrine*? Are these spreading rapidly under the encouragement of the regular clergy, and other persons connected with the Jesuits? *Are children in national schools initiated in these sodalties?* Are the young ladies in the boarding-schools attached to convents brought up under the badges of *Jesuitism*? How are these seminaries increasing? Whence do they derive their funds? What kind of books are read in them? Will there be generally such difficulty in obtaining plain answers to simple questions, on this head, as was exhibited by one of the Christian Brothers in his examination before the Committee of Education?† Are any persons, either avowedly or secretly Jesuits, intrusted with high offices in the Irish government? The same questions should extend to the Franciscans, Dominicans, Carmelites, and other bodies of the kind; to the growth and operations of which the framers of the Relief Bill seemed very properly alive; but to which the English people at present seem singularly insensible. Do they know what these bodies are? We think these are questions of interest; and if some friendly hand would place before the public a short, easy history of Jesuitism, its principles, morals, practices, and the reason why Europe at large, without consideration of Popery, was compelled to put it down, the English nation would feel very much disposed to require that answers should be given; and we think we might pledge ourselves to them, even to those the most intrenched in conscious security, that the answers will prove rather alarming.

* See Digest, vol. i., p. 246.

† Digest of Evidence, vol. i., p. 251.

But this is not all. Those who know the least of the state of Ireland are aware that it abounds with secret associations and conspiracies,—Whiteboys, Whitefeet, Peep-of-day-Boys, Defenders, with a multitude of others, down to the newest form of Ribbonism. The fashionable name for these conspiracies, which are partly directed to steal arms, partly to beat and murder on some pretence or another, is *agrarian outrages*. We are quite willing to give them this title, in other words, to consider them, in one view, as conspiracies against the rights of landlords. This system of terrorism has, in fact, so established itself in Ireland, that although rents *as yet* continue to be paid, the tenant and not the landlord is virtually the possessor of the soil.

The landlord dare not eject. Let us not be supposed (for we are aware how every word will be exposed to cavil) to recommend ejectments, or to feel anything but horror and indignation at the notion of remedying the evil of a surplus population accumulated on estates through the negligence of landlords, by turning the miserable paupers into the roads and ditches. Over-population is a great evil; but if such steps should be taken to cure it, Ireland can expect nothing but a more awful curse and a heavier vengeance. That they are taken is often asserted. How far the assertion is true the inquirer will best judge by examining the instances adduced—Lord Lorton's, for example, who, for clearing his estate of a village of Irish Thuggists, who had murdered man after man of his people, was denounced as a hard-hearted monster. Colonel Bruen is another case. The inquirer should also ask what circumstances accompany the ejectment, when it becomes necessary. Are the people incorrigible? Are they provided with other abodes, with pecuniary assistance, or means of emigration? Is this a remarkable branch of those Irish delusions, which some secret power is endeavouring to fasten on the English people, that their sympathies and energies may not be awakened towards the Protestants of Ireland *until it is too late*? But we must proceed.

That, among a people proverbially attached to their superiors, submissive even to servility, patient under famine, and scarcely attempting to raise themselves above the condition of paupers, there should exist an organised system of intimidation, carried on against their landlords, is remarkable. We should wish to know the date when these agrarian outrages commenced. Are they coincident with any movement of Friars or Jesuits; or with any political changes? Of their secret history something may be gathered from the late disclosures respecting Ribbonism, the existence of which so many so long disputed, but which, at last, in England, we have discovered to be a fact. That in the nature
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and situation of the Irish peasants, in their poverty, their habits of revenge, their gregarious spirit, the hatred which has been inspired into them against England, the old cherished traditions respecting confiscated property, their indifference to bloodshed, their willingness to follow any bold leader, and to enter into any secret combination, perhaps also in still-existing vestiges of the old Brehon laws,—that in all these there are ample materials for working a system of agrarian outrages there cannot be a doubt. But the moving head seems still wanting. Nothing is so combustible as gunpowder: but gunpowder without a spark will not explode.

Now in Ribbonism this secret conspiracy takes * avowedly a very singular form. *It is confined to Papists; it includes among its avowed objects the extirpation of heretics.* Its oath very solemnly calls on the Virgin Mary and a number of saints. The members are bound to attend mass once a year; and its whole spirit is deeply imbued with a wild and sanguinary, but religious fanaticism. Moreover it extends into the heart of England. It permeates our manufacturing districts. It is connected with movements in Canada. It sends arms, even *cannon*, over from Liverpool to Ireland. The Irish labourers who come over to the harvest carry back concealed arms. And its passwords are a protection through the whole of Ireland. All this has been proved by the late trials, and before the Lords' Committee. But there is another remarkable feature in it. When the ramifications of this extensive system are traced up to its source, they always terminate in some insignificant leaders, men of neither *intellect nor rank, and wholly incapable of organising such a system or carrying it on.* Like a river, they suddenly disappear in the sand. Undoubtedly, in 1798, the heads of the rebellion did contrive to keep themselves for a time concealed, and to move their members through similar worthless instruments. But still there was a head beyond, and that head full of intelligence and energy; and without such a head it is not very easy to imagine how any such system as Ribbonism can be carried on. When information is to be conveyed through the country, one man tells it to three others, each of those three to three more, and thus it is telegraphed to the furthest point with astonishing rapidity. *Murders are known before they are perpetrated.* They are committed in the face of day, before the eyes of the people; and the people 'know their duty' too well to give information. When a man is to be beaten or assassinated, or a tithe disturbance to be raised, *strangers appear on the spot,†* the people look on

* See the Report of the Committee on the state of crime.

† See Report on Tithes.

while the work is done, the strangers disappear, and all is hushed up.

But there is another fact, still more remarkable. We are not afraid of contradiction from any quarter in describing the power of the priests over the people as *absolute*. The nature of it we may suggest on another occasion. But there seems to be nothing which it cannot effect, except when some other *mysterious power*—a power not of the people, but of something beyond the people—comes in to check it. A body of soldiers have their arms stolen: Government is roused; application is made to the priest; the priest denounces the culprits from the altar; and the arms are the next day restored. It is asked why this power is not enforced in the every-day seizures of arms from private houses. The answer is, 'the priest dares not.' So also in the Temperance-movement. The priests and even the bishops at first affected to oppose it. Mr. Matthew is a simple, well-intentioned man, who has been drawn into the position which he occupies almost against his will. His only fault is, that, on the principle of original Popery, he consents to encourage one evil, superstition, in his followers, in order to wean them from another evil, drunkenness. Undoubtedly he has done much good; but he is a friar, and friars are not popular with the secular priests. It was soon found, however, that the Temperance Association was capable of being turned into a powerful engine. It enabled agitators to parade the people in vast masses. It gave a bond of union, and a badge quite as efficacious as an oath, in the temperance medal, which, it is now understood, will be a security not only against the torment of another world, but in the 'coming massacre to distinguish Papists from Protestants.' It enables secret associations to be formed within the outer union. It secures one of the express objects of the Ribbon oath, sobriety, to prevent the betrayal of dangerous secrets. It raises an immense revenue; and it keeps up in the minds of the people the sense of a combination, and of duties, and expectations, distinct from those of citizens, and binding them closer to their priests. A change has now come over these priests, and they are obliged to encourage what at first they condemned. Secretly they repudiate the Temperance-movement, and openly they promote it. So again, when an open battle was expected to take place between the people and the soldiery, during the tithe affrays,* the priests interfered, and peace was restored. It is a fact of common occurrence. When asked why they did not interfere to prevent the tithe-movement altogether, the answer was not, we do *not like*, but we do *not dare*. Now the tithe-movement, as the witnesses agree, did not emanate from the people;

* See Report on Tithes.

the people had paid their tithes cheerfully before ; they respected their Protestant ministers (all this is proved as distinctly as anything of the kind can be proved by the evidence before the House of Lords) ; they even continued to pay them secretly in a number of cases :—their resistance was for the most part compulsory. Therefore, by the confession of the priests, the power was something distinct from a mere democratical movement. Democracy in Ireland ! alas ! what are men thinking of ? They may as well talk of the democracy of Morocco ! But add another fact. This power watches over something else than the ejectments of the landlords : it watches over what is called the *purity of the priest's faith*. A sermon indicating anything like *heresy*, that is, inclination to Protestantism on his part, will make him as obnoxious to this secret tribunal as a civil offence in any of his flock. Priests have been beaten as well as Protestants. *This is therefore a spiritual power*. Then add the assertion of Mr. Morrissy, and the disclosures connected with Dens's Theology, which relate to the introduction of the *Inquisition* into Ireland, and its existence there at this moment. Our limits will not allow us to bring together the passages, nor do we intend to do more than suggest hints for inquiry. Recollect that the battle of Popery in Ireland is a battle against the landlords as well as against the Church ; that both must be extirpated before Popery can become master of the country. See how this system of terrorism naturally works in *preventing the landlords from surrounding themselves with a Protestant tenantry*. Inquire if a landlord is allowed to *shift even a willing tenant* without risking a denunciation from the priest ; if Romanists are allowed by their priests to emigrate ; if every effort is not made by the priests to fix the peasantry to the soil—whether that the physical force of Popery, or that their own dues may not be diminished, we do not say. Then see how the system acts in driving landlords from their estates ; observe how murder after murder is committed, like minute-guns, to keep up the alarm, without rousing public indignation too far. Recollect the principles of Jesuitism, and the policy of Rome ; and we think it might be thought worth while to *inquire*—is there any connexion between these *agrarian outrages* and a movement of another description within the bosom of the Romish Church ?

But the priests denounce Ribbonism. Undoubtedly ; *the old priests did ; and for so doing were ill-treated by the bishops. This has been proved*. But so did Dr. Doyle. Undoubtedly. When the Government in 1822 had put down the insurrection, Dr. Doyle did publish a pastoral letter, a very remarkable production, delivered by Dr. Murray as evidence, in which he warns his 'dear children,'—the Ribbonmen, bound together by an oath to commit murder

murder at five minutes' warning—not to allow their just hatred to Orangemen to break out in premature rebellion, which could not be successful; in which he enforces obedience to the Crown, as if the Crown were Pagan; in which, having previously declared to the House of Lords that insurrection was one of the 'gravest of offences,' and merited excommunication, he gives them his 'peace and benediction.' We have not space to analyse it farther; but it is a very singular specimen of that old rhetorical figure, by which two meanings are couched under the same words, according as they are received by two classes of readers, and it well deserves to be studied.—But the priests, it is acknowledged by witnesses, do give their assistance in repressing disorder. Undoubtedly; when those disorders exceed the point marked out by that Jesuitical policy now openly prescribed from head-quarters, of evading, not braving, the law. But do the same witnesses prove, that, while there is an open repression, there is a secret instigation of sedition? The people, it has been testified again and again, *understand the denunciation*. They know the policy recommended by Dr. Hussey of establishing a party between the priests and the common people, which may defy the law and the landlords; and they know that, without *intention* in the priest, the most terrific threats and curses are perfectly invalid. At times the denunciation only extends to threats of withholding rites which are not sought. In all the disturbances in Ireland, will the New Maynooth priests produce *one case* where these rites have been refused on this ground? At other times the avowed object of the denunciator is not to eradicate the secret conspiracies, but to merge them in some new form of Pacificators or Precursors. Perhaps also it might be worth while to inquire whether such cases as the following are common:

'That the Church of Rome,' says one of many documents before us, on which we are authorised to place the strongest confidence, 'might appear to Government not to be connected with, or to favour Ribbonism, a few years ago it was published from every Popish altar, and sanctioned by their bishops, "that no person should be admitted to confession who was connected with any illegal society;" and as it was one of the Ribbon articles, that each member should receive the sacrament yearly, the Ribbonmen went to confession at the time intervening between the old and new quarter, immediately before receiving the renewals (of their tickets and pass-words); and if at all asked, "were they party-men?" they unhesitatingly answered "No," as considering themselves to be none. And that the priests were known to (or knew) this plan, I was informed by —, of —, who was then Ribbon delegate for the county of —, and —, of —, then parish priest of —.'

'Some years back,' says another document, 'a man came to lodge information before me, as a magistrate, for a Whiteboy attack on his house,

house, but refused, for a long time, to give the names of any of the parties, though I plainly saw that he knew them. At length he told me that *his priest had ordered him not to let me know that he knew any of them*. At another time the serjeant of police (a Roman Catholic), who was stationed near my house, told me *that the priest desired him not to inform me, as a magistrate, of anything he heard said in the chapel, or elsewhere, relative to the anti-tithe agitation which was then raging.**

These are mere specimens. Perhaps Colonel Macgregor could also give some information as to a case in Sligo of communications, between the priest and the constabulary, touching informations of this kind. That Ribbonmen are applied to by the priests for assistance in contested elections, has been sufficiently proved before the Lords' Committee. And there are also numerous symptoms of a singular interest which is felt by the priest in behalf of such criminals when convicted of offences, and which is indicated by testimonials to the good character of the most notorious offenders, by denunciation of informers against them, and by more than pecuniary aid to defend them on their trials. We by no means mean to imply that the priests are the authors of Ribbonism; far from it. But there are other relations in life besides those of father and son; and where there is an evident similarity of objects, identity of principle, and mutual influence and interest, will the reader be quite wrong in suspecting some family tie?

We will add another suggestion. Are there not in the Romish Confession the strongest obligations on the priest to enforce reparation for injuries, not merely on the actual perpetrator of an outrage, *but on all the standers-by who did not interfere to prevent it? Is not this one of the recognised paramount duties of the Confessional?* Are there not innumerable cases of outrages committed by Ribbonism, in which hundreds are privy to the act—no one interferes, no one offers reparation,—do the priests ever attempt to enforce it? When the question is pushed home to them, is not the answer this,—*that it is a problem—a mystery;* that there are circumstances which might explain it, but what they are, no one is disposed to tell? It is indeed a mystery; and the sooner Englishmen think it worth examination the better.

Once more—that these Whitefoot and Ribbon outrages are employed as much against heresy as against landlords, and against all constituted authorities, may be seen in the oath:—*'I swear I will, to the best of my power, cast down kings, queens, and princes, dukes, earls, lords, and all such, with landjobbers and heresy!'** It is a power, therefore, as before said, connected with religion: *but it is not responsible to the parochial clergy.* 'I

* Given in evidence before a Parliamentary Committee in 1832.

swear,'

swear,' continues the oath, 'that I will never tell the man's name that made me, nor the man's name that stood by making me a Ribbonman or Whitefoot, to any other under the canopy of heaven; not even to a *priest or bishop, or any one in the Church.*' But, bound as they are under 'a spiritual obligation,' they must attend the mass, and they must confess—To whom? It must be to some other power within the Church, but of a different kind; and such we know to exist in the *regular* establishments of Rome. Can the friars and regulars say mass in other places than parish chapels? Is it not the practice to do so? Have they not far more influence over the people than the secular priests? Is there not great jealousy between the two bodies? Is not this the secret of the quarrel now breaking out between Dr. Mac Hale and Dr. Murray? We will suggest another question. Is this system of terrorism brought to bear in aid of the priests, when they wish to show that the curses denounced by them are not without a temporal execution? *Is there generally, in parishes where the priests choose to employ it, a body of men who understand the hint given from the altar, and by whom it is executed? Was Lord Norbury, for instance, denounced before he was murdered?*

We have suggested these ideas merely as hints to those, who are examining into the nature of that singular, mysterious power, which is now establishing the reign of terrorism in Ireland; allied with the parochial priesthood against so-called heresy; joined with it in common rebellion against tithes, landlords, England, and the Church; keeping that priesthood in check when hesitating to march with it; as an arm of physical violence, distinct from it; as held together by what the Whitefoot oath asserts it to be, 'a spiritual obligation,' united with it; obeying it with servile implicitness, just so far as some other secret hand prescribes obedience,—spurning, and even attacking it, (for priests in this case are beaten as well as others), when it presumes to move with a will of its own. One way there seems to be of explaining this, and only one. *Might not the archives of the Propaganda possibly supply the key?* In this we have not spoken of the general organisation in which Ireland is held,—ready, as it were, to move at any moment,—and by a hand which no one sees. Whether the burning turf is sent round, or an aggregate repeal meeting held, or the doors of houses marked by night, or temperance-processions marshalled, still the people are constantly kept alive, waiting for the sound of the tocsin. Lines, secret but unbroken, are laid throughout the whole country. When a murder is to be perpetrated, it is known by hundreds,—but no one betrays it. Have you heard Mr. — has been shot? said a gentleman to his labourers.—

labourers.—‘O sir, that must be a mistake : it was to have been Mr. —.’ ‘Help me to find the man who has shot at me,’ said another gentleman to his own tenants. The answer was, ‘We know our duty ;’ and not a man stirred. And these are not extraordinary instances : they are cases of almost daily recurrence.*

The effect of them is to bewilder and paralyse the government, —to bow down the people into a fearful submission to a secret tribunal of *Thuggists* (there is no better parallel for it), co-operating with the priesthood against one and the same party, and to terrify the landlords into flight, or quiescence, or absolute subjection, as Dr. Meyler states, to their tenantry and the priest ; or rather to their tenantry in the hands of the priest. The clergy they would terrify also, were not the Irish clergy supported by a higher power, and nerved against such fears. Dr. Kinsala, indeed, denied in a letter to the Bishop of Gloucester that the clergy were exposed to any such trials. ‘It was not true,’ he said, ‘that several had been murdered.’ And as for brutal assaults, he had never heard of them. Mr. Ferguson of Cork, Mr. Houston of Kildare, Mr. Dawson of Limerick, Mr. Whitty, whose murderers were tried at Clonmel, within twenty miles of Dr. Kinsala’s residence,—Mr. Going, murdered near the same place,—of these Dr. Kinsala had never heard. Nor had he heard of any brutal assaults on them. Mr. O’Sullivan † ventures to give the following table of cases within his own knowledge only, *thirty-nine* of which occurred to *clergymen of his own personal acquaintance*, between the years 1829 and 1836 ; and he declares that it is an imperfect enumeration, even of those which he knew, how much more of those which occurred throughout the country :—

Assaults on persons, or attacks on houses	47
Of assaults on the person	

* Some notion of the extent of this intimidation may be formed from the following account of crimes from July 1836 to April 1839. In adducing it, frightful as it is, let us make one important remark, lest our horror at such a sight in Ireland should destroy our sympathy with that country, or blind us to its real condition, or induce any flattering comparison of the good estate of England. It will be observed that they are not such crimes as occur in England. The crimes in England are, we think, far worse than those in Ireland, indicating more profligacy, and more settled selfishness and brutality. The crimes in Ireland are those of a Guerilla warfare—very frightful, but, when seen in this their true light, to be taken as the measure of degradation and wickedness rather in those who instigate, than in those who commit them :—

97 Firing into dwellings,	559 Robberies of arms,
1421 Injury to property,	1145 Common assaults,
182 Levelling fences,	1195 Incendiary fires,
191 Resistance to legal processes,	645 Homicides,
73 Rescues of prisoners,	1001 Killing or maiming cattle,
1191 Attacks of houses,	2259 Aggravated assaults.
1502 Threatening notices,	

Report on Crime, vol. ii., p. 1085.

† *Romanism*, &c., vol. ii. p. 371.

Attempts

Attempts to kill or maim by fire-arms . . .	8
Wounded by musket-shots . . .	3
Wounded by other means . . .	9
Threatening notices . . .	11
Cases of incendiarism . . .	4
Property injured . . .	8
Attempts to assassinate the sons of clergy . .	2'

An inquirer might also ask at the insurance offices under what conditions the Irish clergy are admitted to insure their lives.

Add to this Dr. Doyle's tithe war—clergymen with families—gentlemen, men of education, of piety—whose only crime, according to Dr. Doyle's own confession, was, that some of the body had been zealous, over-zealous he thought, in discharging their duty*—compelled to part with servants and all the comforts of life—to take their children from school, to drop their insurances, to sell the furniture of their houses, till a 'whole family, husband and wife, and six children, had nothing but a bed to sleep on'—to 'dig with their own hands'—to be dependent on public charity for support—to be 'living on a meal of potatoes a-day'—and all this patiently and resignedly, rather than promote disturbance, or run the risk of shedding the blood of their oppressors by enforcing their just rights. Think of this, and think of Dr. Doyle and his coadjutors in their chapels compelling the peasantry to withhold what they were bound and were willing to pay, and looking composedly on such a scene, and if any rebellious pity did arise, calming it with the thought that their victims 'would not be allowed to die with hunger in the midst of their own people'—and then ask, if you will, whether these *agrarian outrages* have not some deeper meaning than the struggle of a peasantry for land?

And, before we pass from this point, let us ask what were the feelings of the people towards this persecuted race of clergy. They were probably hatred, jealousy, resentment for injuries, contempt, indignation against oppression. We take from the evidence on tithes† the character given of them by a soldier and a gentleman, Colonel Sir John Harvey. We cannot do more than take one. Let our readers look for themselves, and see if the language is solitary—if it is not universal:—

'What,' he was asked, 'is the general feeling of the population within your district towards the Protestant clergy?—Previous to the agitation of this tithe question' (an agitation, remember, introduced by strangers, carried on against the will of the people, inflamed by Dr. Doyle and his priests, and unprovoked except by such cases of oppression as Dr. Doyle's

* See Dr. Doyle's Evidence on the Tithe Committee.

† Report, March 13, 1832, p. 25.

priests invented, and procured to be confirmed by oath, when, as it was proved before the Committee, they were utterly false)—‘previous to this, I can have no difficulty in saying that they were held in the utmost respect by the lower orders of the Catholic people. . . . In any statement I make, I beg to observe generally, that I rest it upon *official documents in the possession of the Irish government*, and upon information acquired during a period of four years that I have been in my present situation; passing through the country in all directions, communicating with persons of all ranks; professing no political opinion myself; received with hospitality by the nobility, clergy, and gentry, and persons of all creeds and of all political opinions. From such sources of information I am enabled to state that the *general feeling of the lower orders of the population towards the Protestant clergy, previous to the agitation of this question, was one of unbounded respect: they looked up to them as among the best resident gentry in the country. In all times of difficulty and distress they were the first persons to whom the Catholic poor thought of applying. They knew that they were addicted to charity; that they made no distinction of creed in the objects soliciting their relief; and nothing could be more unbounded than the feeling of respect and confidence that appeared to me to be placed in them generally.*’

The slightest knowledge of Ireland would render any confirmation of this superfluous. Whence, then, these horrible outrages? They were not sudden outbreaks of feeling: they were prepared, matured, executed as judicial sentences—the sentences of a secret tribunal, which had its ministers spread throughout the country, all ready, according to the Whitefoot oath, ‘to go ten miles on foot, and fifteen miles on horseback, on five minutes’ warning;’ all sworn ‘never to pity the moans or groans of the dying, from the cradle to the crutch, and to wade knee-deep in Orange blood.’ As judicial—we are almost repeating the account of them delivered from the bench by Baron Smith—they are executed by strangers: notices are given beforehand; the people look on as spectators at an execution, unmoved, or it may be, pitying, but without any more thought of averting the blow than English by-standers would have of saving a ravisher or patricide from the gallows. The vengeance is measured. When one clergyman—a man of whom those who knew him can scarcely speak except as of a saint—was cruelly stoned to death, they sent up to the house to inform his friends where he lay, ‘that *the poor old gentleman might not lie out the whole night in the cold.*’ Another clergyman was warned to leave his parish. When he would not admit the threatening letters, they wrote to his wife, entreating her not to go out with him, lest the shot intended for her husband should strike her; and once, when the assassins were planted, they abstained from firing, because his children were with him on the car.

car. Once more, we say, Mr. Morrissy, a Roman Catholic clergyman, declares that the Inquisition is established in Ireland. It is confirmed by the publication of 'Dens's Theology,' and its Appendix. Is it, we ask, true?

Be it remembered, also, that this dark agency spreads not merely through the peasantry: it penetrates into the bosom of families. A nobleman is called on in the evening; is informed that the same night he is to be murdered; that the iron gate is to be left open, and a candle, to direct the shot, placed in a certain window by the hand of his own servant. The informer is sent off immediately to give notice of a similar attempt to be made on the life of another. The gate is found open, the candle in the window, the servant waiting dressed in his room, and the next morning the informer is picked up a short distance from the house, murdered himself. So also Mr. O'Driscoll:—

'The confederacy of servants becomes almost universal in all commotions of the lower Irish, and many families have perished by the hands of their own domestics. . . . Those servants belong to the great confederacy of the people.' [We beg to ask who are the persons that boast of having this confederacy under their education and their control?] 'They are leagued against the family that feeds, and clothes, and cherishes them. They are sworn to deliver up to death their benefactors, or themselves to execute the sentence, if required. The family suspect this to be the case—they can hardly doubt it—and they sit like victims surrounded by their executioners.'—*Review of Evidence*, p. 31, 28.

We console ourselves with the epithet 'agrarian.' It is, indeed, undoubtedly true that these outrages are connected with the possession of land; that land is of the utmost importance to the Irish peasant; that his living depends on it; and that when he is threatened with starvation by ejectment of any kind, violence might well be expected. But is it not a fact that the perpetrators of these crimes—and we are referring to the words of Baron Smith—in scarcely a single instance have been persons in distress? Patience under suffering, however acute, is a characteristic of the Irish peasantry. How can the attribution of these outrages to disputes about land be reconciled with another fact so often, we hope and believe so calumniously, urged against the Irish landlords, that they are ejecting their tenants by hundreds? How, if the peasantry are so ready to revenge such ejectments with blood, and can do it without fear of conviction, are any of these landlords still alive?

But then remember that the Irish landlords are for the most part Protestants; that no beneficence of personal character is able to shield them from these attacks; that a Lord Lorton,

devoting all his energies to the welfare of his people, is the man marked out for assassination; that the only parties safe are those who succumb to the priests; that even Roman Catholic landlords, the moment they act independently—with those feelings of loyalty, honour, and duty which a well-educated Romanist, the errors of whose system are corrected by the excellence of his own heart, will display and has so often displayed in former times—that moment *they* are exposed to attack. Lord Kenmare, a name respected by all parties, is no more secure than Lord Roden, when he becomes suspected of *heresy*; that is, of a want of submission to this secret ecclesiastical tribunal. He is even more violently denounced on the very principle of Popery,—that the subjects of the Church are more amenable to her censures than those who are without her pale.

Once more. Ireland, it has often been said, has been confiscated three times over. We are no friends of confiscation, least of all of the confiscations in Ireland. But this is not to the purpose. Time, we might suppose, had elapsed sufficient to obliterate such recollections. Irishmen, let us repeat it, are notoriously patient under suffering—almost fatalists in succumbing to necessity. One of the chief obstacles to the welfare of their country is their unwillingness to exert themselves in order to improve their condition. They prefer, we repeat it again without fear of refutation, to live under Protestant rather than under Romanist landlords.* They have a quick feeling of reverence for birth and blood—they attach themselves readily to their superiors—the moment they are released from the influence of their priests and their religious associations, (we are referring to the experience of districts where conversion has extended,) instead of hating the name of England, they become fondly attached to it. And yet, side by side with these facts, as one of the great paradoxes in Ireland, it is found that the memory of these confiscations is treasured up to this day in the minds of the peasantry—districts are still known by the names of the old Irish proprietors—the very individuals, now perhaps paupers, are pointed out to whom the property rightfully, as it is said, belonged. Deeds, documents, and maps with the ancient boundaries marked out, are carefully preserved (it is asserted, in the hands of the priests)†—pedigrees are transmitted—the days are counted till the hour when they are to be reinstated in their right. ‘When will he

* A remarkable instance is now before us of a whole tenantry, when an estate was to be sold, going to the Protestant clergyman, and entreating him to buy it, that they might be under him, and not be transferred to a Roman Catholic landlord. But the general fact is notorious.

† See especially the evidence of Colonel Irwin, Com. Rep., May 19, 1823, p. 696.
call

call us out?''* is the secret thought with all. And at the very first outbreak of a war, Ireland may burst into a flame. Now we ask whence and by whom is this feeling cherished? It is not spontaneous to the peasantry—they do not move (Mr. Wyse himself asserts it) unless they are excited—and in the kindness of their present landlords—we repeat again, the kindness of their landlords, much abused and calumniated as these are—there is everything to keep them quiet. It is engendered by those who, in their education of children, make 'Sassenach and Satan' (we quote from documents) convertible terms—who tell them (again we are using documents) that the Protestants long 'to murder and destroy every Catholic'—who accustom them to 'distinguish Protestants, landlords and all, by the term Bradagh—a word more significant' (writes a person conversant with all their notions, and a convert from Popery) 'than any word in our language, and denoting every sort of cunning wickedness.' Inflammatory histories, ballads, prophecies of Columbkille, everything which can keep up the exasperation of the poor peasant against England, is circulated among them. Hopes are held out, as in the tithe rebellion, of 'some great change soon to be wrought for their good.' And thus it is that they are held in the leash—held by a power above them, which power in Roman Catholic Ireland cannot be democratical, and cannot be other than priestly—ready at a moment's warning to spring upon their landlords as invaders, and claim to themselves the occupation of the soil.

The resumption of these confiscations enters as an essential feature into the ecclesiastical movement in Ireland. The maintenance of the old titles is proved by the Bullarium of Benedict XIV., recognised as authority in the appendix to Dr. Dens, to be a fundamental article in cases where heretical sovereigns have entered on the 'possession of property of the Church, disallowed by the Apostolic See.' And Ireland, as we shall see presently, has been claimed from the first as the property of the Pope as much as the patrimony of St. Peter.

It is in vain that the fact was denied in 1825 before a committee of the House of Commons, and by the declaration of the Romanist bishops in 1826. Their own authorised dogmatic theology,† by which they are bound, completely repudiates the principles, which they profess as individuals. It makes the resumption of these confiscations a moral obligation, which the Pope may dispense with in the faithful, but will not in heretics. And either in assenting openly to the decrees, in which this doctrine is propounded, while they privately deny them, or in openly

* Wyse's Catholic Association, vol. i. p. 413.

† Romanism in Ireland, vol. ii. pp. 235. 250.

denying them, while they privately hold them, the men who make these declarations must do—what Romanist members of the House of Commons did, who swore that they would not disturb the Church property, and immediately afterwards joined the cry of Appropriation and the war against tithes.

Once more. Is there any other circumstance peculiar to Ireland which connects this agrarian movement against the Sassenach and the landlord with the religious—or rather, call it not religious—but with the Popish encroachments? In the nineteenth century, men who do not know what Popery is; that it never changes a principle once laid down, never abandons a claim once made—that by its title of infallibility it has cut down every bridge, by which it could retreat within the limits of peace, and justice, and truth—will smile at the revival of the following notion. But in 1810, Dr. O'Connor, the most learned of modern Roman Catholics, did not think it idle to publish four octavo* volumes full of warnings on this very subject, and against the aggressions of his own Church. It is a book now very scarce, having been carefully bought up by the parties interested in its suppression. But it is a work of the highest authority. He proved that *the claim of the Pope to the temporal dominion of Ireland, as well as the spiritual, had never been abandoned; and that it swayed the movements of Popery in Ireland at the very moment when he was writing.*

We are perfectly aware that Dr. Murray and the other bishops have taken oaths which to Protestant ears repudiate all such notions. But we have had enough of such oaths, and the less that is said of them the better. Even Dr. O'Connor, zealous as he is in defence of his religion, felt the same: he says:—

‘It is true that the Irish bishops have, by accepting our present oath of allegiance, renounced on paper the *indirect power* (of the Pope). But here is the spot where Columbanus has struck the hardest blows, showing that their practice is in diametrical opposition to their oath. Do they not hold that the discipline of the Council of Trent is as binding on Roman Catholics as the doctrine of the Seven Sacraments? and does not that discipline expressly grant to the Pope and to bishops, as the *Pope's delegates*, powers which directly clash with that oath, on this very article of indirect power?—Will [he adds in a note] the *sworn delegates of Rome* condemn those bulls which maintain the indirect power as fundamentally erroneous? I venture to assert that they will not dare to do it. Will they condemn the bulls “*In coenâ*,” or “*Unam sanctam*?” When Archbishop Butler, of Cashel, had too hastily renounced the deposing power, and his example was followed so hastily by others, that it was too late to retract, he received from the *sacred congregation of Propaganda* a letter of *rebuke*, because he had

* Columbanus ad Hibernos. London.

presumed to transact a business so momentous without *previously advising* with the Court of Rome.*

So long indeed as Dr. Dens is 'the safe guide' of Irish priests, and Dr. Dens announces as established maxims, that† every oath implies necessarily, whether expressed or not, the condition '*salvo jure superioris*'—and the superior, or the bishop, or the Pope has a dispensing power in his hands, to be employed for the benefit of the Church—and everything we see in practice confirms the theory—so long an oath in the mouth of a Roman Catholic, who is not above the dreadful teaching of his system, as Roman Catholics are in England, must be, in the eyes of common prudence, valueless as a straw.

But 'the six foreign universities, when consulted by Mr. Pitt, pronounced against the claim!' Quite the reverse. They showed their sense of its validity by studiously evading the question. Never were more pains taken, when a simple question was put, to avoid giving an answer, than in these well-known opinions. And the same must be said of the oaths which have been at various times suggested by Irish Papist bishops themselves, to reconcile the affirmation of allegiance to the crown of England with allegiance to the *king of Ireland*, their lord the Pope. Examine them with a microscope, as all such compositions must be examined, and their ingenuity will indeed surprise.‡

We have not space to enter into the question of this temporal claim. But it is a subject never to be forgotten in examining the real nature of Popery in Ireland. It dates from 1092, when the Irish chieftains are said to have given up the whole island to Urban II. Upon this was founded, in 1154, Adrian's grant of Ireland to Henry II.; and Henry's assumption of the title of *Lord*, and not of *King*. This title was never changed till the reign of Henry VIII. When Mary inadvertently retained it, the Pope sharply 'upbraided her,' and only conferred it on her as his own gift. In the rebellion under Elizabeth the plea was again and again urged. The whole conduct of Rinuccini and the Popish bishops in Charles the First's reign was founded on the same assumption. Not to mention the works of Dr. Routh, Peter Lombard, O'Mahony, Enos, Ponce, Porter, O'Canga, O'Broden, and the proclamations from the pulpit, advocating this doctrine—in 1659 Richard O'Ferrall dedicated a memorial to the Propaganda, distinguishing the true from the false Irish by this very criterion—that one acknowledged the Pope's right to Ireland, the other did not. In 1695 Dodwell published '*Considerations on the Irish Remonstrance*,' showing that

* Columbanus, vol. iv. p. 84. See also Dens, vol. ii. p. 164.

† Vol. iv. p. 180.

‡ See Digest, vol. ii., p. 33.

'the kings of England have more reason to fear the foreign influenced Irish than the kings of France to fear the foreign influenced French, considering the *Pope's claim to the dominion of Ireland.*' In 1762 the '*Hibernia Dominicana*' of the titular Bishop Burke adopted a similar view. And as late as the death of the last Stuart, who, as Dr. Doyle informed the Parliamentary Committee, had always nominated the Irish bishops, this right of nomination lapsed to the Pope, '*motu proprio,*' upon the very same ground, and he exercises it to this day. It is on this principle that the cardinal who presides over the affairs of Ireland is styled *the Cardinal Protector of the Kingdom of Ireland*, and that the establishment of bishops is kept up in Ireland, though not in England. The Pope himself is the feudal lord. The bishops assume the title of *lords*, as barons holding under him. The people of Ireland are called by him his '*vassals*;' and the bishops call their inferior clergy '*subjects.*' The clerical oaths are all framed on the principles of feudalism. And though at present the existence of another title is '*tolerated,*' and oaths of obedience to another head are '*indulged,*' nothing will extort from the priests of Ireland a full, fair, and unreserved abandonment of the Popish claim. Every word they utter must be sifted; and they must be forced, by all the arts of cross-examination, to a precise meaning; and yet after all, by some play on the word '*lawful,*' or '*obedience,*' or '*fidelity,*' or by some mental reservation, they will escape, and laugh at the government, which imagines they can be tied down by such cobweb threads as these. It is a most painful thought, but it is true. Men smile at the notion of a Pope—an old man sitting amidst the ruins of an effete city, without armies, or revenues, or fleets, or personal influence even with his own subjects—and yet claiming the kingdom of Ireland. But they would not smile if they saw the real arms with which it is to be seized; the cool, thoughtful, designing, deep-planning, all-daring arm of Jesuitism. This is the Popery against which we have to fight; and who is the man to speak of such a foe with a laugh or a sneer?

Once more, before we conclude for the present, we suspect there is another series of operations in Ireland which well deserve attention; we mean the various openly organised bodies, by which the system of agitation has been kept up, both before and after the passing of the Relief Bill. Mr. Wyse, an impartial witness, expressly distinguishes them from '*popular, tumultuous*' movements:—

'The Catholic [*i. e.* Romanist] Association was of a very different order. It had a method in its madness, and an object in its tumult, which a close observer and a constant attention only could discern; it

was

was not possible to combine in the same mass greater powers of popular excitement, more undisputed sway over the popular heart, and *more minute attention to the nice machinery*, by which the details of public business (the business of many millions of men) require to be conducted. *Neither was it a mere ebullition from the rank passions and the turbulent ambition of modern times*: it was of long, and slow, and patient growth; its strength was not known, until it had been brought into direct collision with the government; it was not even fully appreciated *by the very hands which wielded it*, until its temper had been brought out by hostile attack. It was then suddenly perceived that a body had been growing up *unnoticed, without* the constitution, which might in its due season disturb from its foundations the constitution itself, co-extensive with the immense majority of the population, and reflecting, in its utmost energy, the entire form and pressure of the popular mind.'—*Wyse, Hist.*, vol. i. Introduction, p. v.

Remarkable words—perfectly descriptive—perfectly true even in the seeming inconsistent statement that it reflected the popular mind—without having a popular origin. It first impressed the people, and then reflected the impression.* And the whole history which Mr. Wyse has given from 1759, down to 1829 (and the story might well be carried on to 1840), presents a series of similar paradoxes. The people, we are told, were labouring under the heaviest grievances—and yet it was a work of the greatest difficulty to rouse them from their apathy. The grievances most felt were those which affected the nobility and priests, and yet the nobility and priests (the old class of priests remember) studiously kept aloof from the movements which were intended to emancipate them. The 'Friends of civil and religious liberty' combined to put down the circulation of the Scriptures, and a combined system of education as carried on by the Kildare Society. The Brunswick Clubs were furious bigots, and yet no 'Catholic experienced violence from them.' The Protestants were bent on maintaining a tyrannical ascendancy, and yet 'it was proved to a demonstration, that a large proportion of Protestant rank, wealth, and intelligence, was ranged on the side of justice and conciliation.' Again, the secret associations throughout Ireland had no connexion with this open organisation, and yet, when the open force appeared, the secret melted away; when it disappeared they were expected to revive; and violent and vicious as they were, 'a few words of friendly advice from the Association restored tranquillity to the local insurrections.' Mr. Wyse is spoken of by those who know him as an honourable, intelligent man. He must feel that these are contradictions perplexing to most readers: but the history which he has given is indeed

* See also a singular passage, p. 89.

curious. Let a man study it carefully,—observe the characters by whom the movement was first planned,* the history of the *veto*,† the remarkable change of organisation in 1793,‡ the difficulties respecting the disappearance of the funds, and especially a note § showing that this is no singular occurrence in such bodies in Ireland—the frequent schisms, when the rude honest violence of the democratical spirit, which another power beyond it was employing for its own purpose, began to overrun its bounds, as in the first establishment of Maynooth, when the democrats proposed a scheme of education without religion, and the bishops privately betrayed them, and obtained exclusive possession of Maynooth. Again the connexion of the Catholic Committee with the Rebellion of 1798,|| their frequent communications with foreign countries, the details of secret organisation, delegacies, parochial affiliated committees—the general tone of their opinions, as latitudinarian and democratical as any which Jesuitism has ever assumed,—and at the same time bigoted to religion, and controlled by some secret hand which prevented the democratical spirit from bursting out into the destruction of Popery. Then add the character and proceedings of their leader. History should not descend into personality; but let a thoughtful person study the conditions represented by the great philosophical satirist of Athens, Aristophanes,¶ as requisite in hiring a demagogue, and their perfect union in one individual now living—let him remember the admirable skill with which Jesuitism has ever selected its instruments, and bent them to its purpose—then consider the utter impossibility of such a character exercising any permanent influence in an enlightened state of society, unless supported by some secret power beyond him, as the demagogues of Athens were supported—and that this power in Ireland cannot be the priests, who are evidently only instruments in the hands of this power—and that it is not the people, for the people are in the hands of their priests—that neither is it the aristocracy nor the gentry, for they all repudiate the connexion—neither is it a Roman Catholic spirit in the mass of his followers, for the maxims of this man would destroy Popery, as much as they would the Church—think again that some extraordinary power must be exerted to raise the tax imposed for his payment—that this tax does not originate with the people, for the collection of it is compulsory, ‘sometimes under the terrors of the horsewhip’—nor with the priests, for a movement simultaneous like this must have its directory without.—Put together these facts, and many other minute

* See especially the characters of Mr. Scully, vol. i. p. 153, and Dr. Dromgoole, p. 162.

† Page 166.

‡ Page 105.

§ Page 79.

|| Page 113.

¶ *Vespæ, passim*, and especially the Knights.

points in the secret and public history of this person, and, we think, that one explanation, perhaps only one, can be found of them—whether it is correct or not, we do not presume to say, but it might be worth while to inquire if it exists in the archives of the Propaganda.

And here we must pause for the present. We have touched but one branch of a wide subject, every part of which throws light on another part, and all should be studied together. But if the inquiry is once commenced, the development will proceed easily. That some power of a mysterious and alarming nature is now, and has been for years, working in the heart of Ireland, no one can doubt: of its whole extent readers will form but a very inadequate conception from our previous hints, without studying another very important branch of the Papist system in that unhappy country, to which we shall ask their attention in our next Number. But if even a doubt may have been raised in their minds as to the real state of Ireland, and the security of the empire, as connected with it, something will have been gained.

ART. V—1. *On the Employment of Children in Factories and other Works in the United Kingdom and in some foreign Countries.* By Leonard Horner, F.R.S., Inspector of Factories. 1840.

2. *Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee on the Act for the Regulation of Mills and Factories.* 1840.

WE have some reason to be gratified by the appearance of Mr. Horner's pamphlet. While it shows many imperfections of detail, it affirms the success of mercy by statute; and declares, on a retrospect of the last seven years, the commencement of many of those great and good results which we were called fools and zealots for venturing to prophecy. Well do we recollect the clamour; the awful predictions of a ruined trade and a starving population; commerce flying to foreign shores; England depressed; France exalted in the scale of nations; with every terrible inference that ingenuity could draw from Tyre, Zidon, Carthage, and Holland. Were we frightened by such arguments? Not at all; we had one great and quickening principle, comfortable and true as revelation itself (for it is deduced from it), that nothing which is morally wrong can be politically right.*

We have now undertaken a new but similar task; new in its objects,

* Quarterly Review, vol. lvii. p. 443.

but similar in its principles; and we invite from all, the confidence which experience has justified, in the re-assertion of truths, which are ever, and under all circumstances, the same.

But let us first hear Mr. Horner.

'The law,' says he, 'which was passed in 1833, to regulate the labour of children and young persons in the mills and factories of the United Kingdom, has been productive of much good. But it has not, by any means, accomplished all the purposes for which it was passed. The failures have mainly arisen from defects in the law itself; not in the principles it lays down, but in the machinery which was constructed for the purposes of carrying the principles into operation.'—p. 1.

'Had all the remonstrances,' continues the inspector, 'which were made, been attended to, the children would have been left with but a scanty measure of protection; and we may, in some degree, judge of the value of those which were yielded to, by the experience of the working of those enactments which were persisted in. It was confidently predicted that, by limiting the employment of children of eleven years of age to eight hours a-day, the most serious losses would accrue; that when, in the following year, the act should apply to children of twelve, the difficulties and evil consequences would be vastly increased; and that, if it were attempted to enforce the restriction as far as thirteen, a very large proportion of the mills in the country must of necessity stop. Government were applied to to prevent the impending evil; the inspectors were appealed to by the government, and they stated that the assertions had been so often and so confidently made to them, that they could not venture to set up their opinions and their then limited experience in opposition to them. The President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Thomson, was prevailed upon to propose to parliament that the restriction to eight hours' daily work should be limited to children under twelve years of age; but, happily, parliament was firm, and would not yield. And what was the result? *Not a single mill throughout the United Kingdom stopped a day for want of hands.*'—p. 3.

'It is very satisfactory,' adds Mr. Horner, 'to know that the act is now viewed by a great majority of the respectable mill-owners, their managers, and, as far as I have had an opportunity of learning, by the most considerate and best-disposed among the workpeople themselves, with a very different feeling from what it was at first. I have had abundant testimony that the law is not only not felt to be oppressive and detrimental to trade, but, on the contrary, has been productive of great good, by introducing a steadiness and a regularity which did not exist before. Many mill-owners have said to me—"We find no fault with the act, except that we are not all placed by it on the same footing, in consequence of the evasions which our neighbours may and do practise with impunity; and if the law will not reach them, it ought to be made to do so."—p. 4.

Such are the valuable statements of the inspector in reference to the past operation of legislative interference in this matter.

Let

Let it be observed, moreover, that he quotes the opinions of several proprietors engaged in the trade: nor are we without testimony from other quarters, that many of *them* in the present day admit the truth of those doctrines they so hotly opposed. The Report of the Minutes of Evidence before the Committee of last session contains some important acknowledgments from master mill-owners. But we will not dwell longer on the condition and claims of the factory children, their evils, and their miseries; all is now sufficiently known:—

‘*Quis aut Eurysthea durum,*

Aut illaudati nescit Busiris aras?’

The remedy and redress lie with the nation.

We now turn to a still more helpless class of juvenile workers in the trades and manufactures of the United Kingdom. The vast numbers of this class demand our consideration, exceeding, as they do, perhaps in a tenfold degree, the numbers of those who are engaged in the four great departments of industry, the cotton, the woollen, the worsted, and the flax, now regulated by the provisions of statute-law. Yet, numerous as they are, many causes conspire to shut them out from observation and sympathy. These manufactures are less ostensible in character, not concentrated in single spots, in large masses and enormous buildings, striking the eye, and rousing the imagination. Diffused through all the towns and cities of the empire, the workers pass unregarded in the body of the population; or if honoured occasionally by an inquiry, or a remark, they are speedily set aside, as constituting that proportion of crime and suffering, which must necessarily exist without remedy, even in the best regulated communities of civilised men. Nor have they any benefit from the clamorous, though just, indignation of their adult fellow-labourers; theirs is not generally a toil which, according to its regularity and duration (as in the factories), can diminish or prolong the toil of the older operatives: nothing is lost by their suffering, and nothing would be gained by their relief. They remain, therefore, ‘unwept, unhonoured, and unsung’—obtaining neither notoriety nor compassion; because it is no one’s interest to examine their wrongs, and institute that wholesome agitation, which, in the case of their brotherhood in the factories, acted first on the feelings of the country, and, at last, on the decisions of parliament.

But this furnishes to us an additional motive to undertake their defence; and, on behalf of England and the Christian faith, to assert those inalienable rights which belong to their nature, and are independent of their station. It is a monstrous thing to behold the condition, moral and physical, of the juvenile portion of
our

our operative classes, more especially that which is found in the crowded lanes and courts of the larger towns, the charnel-houses of our race. Covetousness presided at their construction, and she still governs their economy; that 'covetousness which is idolatry.' Damp and unhealthy substrata, left altogether without drainage; frail tenements, low and confined, without conveniences or ventilation; close alleys, and no supply of water:—all these things overtopped by the *ne plus ultra* of rent, reward the contractor, and devour the inhabitants. Emerging from these lairs of filth and disorder, the young workers, 'rising early, and late taking rest,' go forth that they may toil through fifteen, sixteen, nay, seventeen relentless hours, in sinks and abysses, oftentimes more offensive and pernicious than the holes they have quitted. Enfeebled in health, and exasperated in spirit, having neither that repose which is restorative to the body, nor that precious medicine which alone can tranquillise the soul, they are forced to live and die as though it were the interest of the state to make them pigmies in strength, and heathens in religion. Much are we often tempted to imprecate on these cities the curse of Jericho;* but far better is it for us, at most humble distance, to imitate those gracious and holy tears which fell over the pride, and covetousness, and ignorance of Jerusalem.

Of the various employments which demand and exhaust the physical energies of young children, we cannot give by any means a full specification; nor is it necessary for our purpose. We will state a few, as to which the evidence is ample and correct; imagination may supply the deficiency of the rest; and it will not deceive, because it cannot exceed the truth. The list, as we find it, runs thus:—Earthenware, porcelain, hosiery, pin-making, needle-making, manufacture of arms, nail-making, card-setting, drawboy-weaving, iron-works, forges, &c.; iron-foundries, glass-trade, collieries, calico-printing, tobacco-manufacture, button-factories, bleaching and paper-mills. We must add to this the mills for the manufacture of silk and lace, kept hitherto, by the legislature, beyond the pale of protection.

Will not any one, who may read this enumeration of employments, be deeply and painfully struck by the reflection that it is not the supply of necessities, the provision of what is indispensably required to sustain our nature, or clothe our nakedness, that inflicts this amount of human suffering? It is the exaggeration of comforts, the indulgence of luxury; for even if we admit that some of these trades are essential to a high state of civilisation, we must deny the same admission to their operation and conduct. At the bottom of all lies the avarice of the public. The cheap,

* Joshua, vi. 26.

and patient, and disproportionate toil of the merest children, the maximum of labour with the minimum of wages, reduce the cost, and spare the pocket, to pour forth its savings on show, and feasts, and a multiplied wardrobe.

The question is not whether the children of the poor may not with perfect propriety, with advantage to their parents and themselves, be employed to a certain extent in the labour of looms and shops. No doubt they may—But can it be pronounced necessary to our social welfare, or national prosperity, that children of the tenderest years should toil, amid every discomfort and agony of posture, and foul atmosphere, for fifteen or sixteen successive hours, oftentimes for a long consecutive period, turning night into day, without the compensating enjoyment in fashionable life, of turning day into night? Can it be for our honour, or our safety, that their young hearts, instead of being trained in the ways of temperance and virtue, should be acquiring knowledge of those vices which they will afterwards practise as adults? We will not enter minutely into the details of those occupations which have been exposed in a late parliamentary discussion; and, as to some branches, in Mr. Horner's valuable essay: two or three only, which have not yet received the attention they deserve, shall be laid before our readers.

First comes the lace-trade. The following is the evidence given by the inspector and sub-inspector of the districts where this business chiefly prevails. Mr. Saunders is asked:—

‘Have you many lace-mills in your district?—I have about thirty mills. What are the usual hours of work in those mills?—The usual hours are, about Nottingham, *twenty hours a-day*, being from four o'clock in the morning till twelve o'clock at night: about Chesterfield, the report I have had from the superintendent is, that they work twenty-four hours, all through the night, in several of the mills there.—Are there many children and young persons in those mills?—The proportion is less in lace-mills than in others, but it is necessary to have some of them; the process of winding and preparing the bobbins and carriages requires children: those that I saw so employed were *from ten to fifteen years of age*.—Are the children detained in the mills during a considerable period of the day and night?—I can speak from information derived from two or three mill-owners, and also more extensively from reports by one of the superintendents in my district; and I should say, that in most of the mills they do detain them at night: in some of them, the report states that they are detained all night, in order to be ready when wanted.—Are the children that are so detained liable to be detained throughout the day, and do they sometimes begin their work at twelve o'clock at night?—In the mills at Nottingham there are owners that make it a rule that they will not keep the children after eight, or nine, or ten o'clock, according to the inclination

nation of the mill-occupier.—Where are those children during the time they are detained in the mill?—*When detained at night, and not employed, I am told they are lying about on the floor.*—Is it customary to close at eight on Saturday evening in lace-mills?—I think it is.—How then do they compensate for the loss of those four hours' work in those mills?—*By working all night on Friday:* those are the mills in which they pay so much for their power.—Must not there be a considerable wear and tear upon the physical constitution of children who are kept in this state?—I think it is self-evident.—Is there any possibility of their obtaining education under those circumstances?—None whatever, except on Sundays. But, after one hundred and twenty hours' work in the week, is it possible that they can have much capacity for study on the Sunday?—It is not always that the same children are kept twenty hours, because some mills have two complete sets of hands for their machinery, and they work the same set of hands only ten hours.—But, even under those circumstances, it must frequently happen that the same children are employed during the night twice or thrice in the course of a week?—The practice generally is that they take the night-work for one week, and then the next week the morning-work.—So that during one whole week they are employed in the night-work?—Yes.—At the end of a week, during which they have been employed in the night, do you think that they have much capacity left for study on Sunday?—No: my opinion is most decidedly, that either turning out at four o'clock in the morning, or being kept out of bed at night, must be most injurious to children, both to their physical constitution and their mental powers.—The law, as it stands, does not prevent the children from being employed even twenty hours?—It does not apply to lace-mills.—Therefore the period of duration which the child is employed depends upon the varying humanity of the individual proprietor of the mill?—Yes.—You say that it sometimes happens that the children come to the mill at five in the morning, and do not leave it till ten at night?—It is reported to me that it does so happen about Chesterfield.—If a child is kept in winter till twelve o'clock at night, and has then to go home and return to the factory in the morning, a distance of two miles, does not he undergo fearful hardships?—Certainly.*

Mr. Bury is asked—

'Do not you find that this night-work is extremely injurious both to health and morals?—Yes.—And that, though the children may not be worked during the whole time, so long a detention from their homes is extremely prejudicial?—Yes.—Are they not called up at all hours of the night?—They are when the lace-machines are at work; *they are generally at work twenty hours per day:* when they give over at eight o'clock on Saturday night they lose of course four hours that day, then that is made up by their being worked the whole of the night on the Friday night.—And the children, *from nine to fifteen years of age,* are

* Questions 3085—3100—3113—3115—3124.

obliged to be in the mills during the whole night and the day too—and even when not detained the whole night, they are usually detained till ten or eleven at night?—*They very seldom get out till ten or eleven:* they are probably not more than eight hours a day actually employed, but they must be either in the mill or on the premises for all that length of time; and where the lace-mills are worked twenty-four hours a day, the children must be, during the whole of that twenty-four hours, either on the premises or where they can be called out of bed whenever they are wanted.—Consequently, *it often happens that they do not get to bed at all?*—*Yes.*—Is that for one day after another?—Regularly: the machines are worked by persons of fourteen years of age and upwards, and they are worked in relays: when they work twenty hours a day, they have two relays, that is ten hours and ten hours; when they are worked twenty-four hours, then they have three eight hours; every week they change about: as for the threaders, they do not work the machines, they have merely the threading of the bobbins and carriages connected with the lace machines; but they are obliged to be in attendance during the whole of the time that the machine is at work.—The whole twenty-four hours?—If it is worked twenty-four hours, the same set of children must be in or about the premises during the whole time.—What opportunity have those children of education?—None whatever.—Are not young people of both sexes congregated together at all hours of the night?—Certainly.—*Are the children often called to begin their work at twelve o'clock at night?*—*Yes.*—What effect have you observed this to produce upon the health of those younger children?—Decidedly injurious; their very countenances speak it.*

All this for that indispensable demand of our shivering nature—a cheap lace trimming!

Next stands the silk-manufacture: we will not fill our pages with the abundant evidence which may be found in the Minutes of the Committee and the reports of the inspectors. Suffice it here to say, that ten hours of labour, in each day, are assigned to children of tender years, of eight, of seven, and even of six—*mostly girls*—and so small, as we learn from the inspectors, that they are not unfrequently placed on stools before they can reach their work.

Here are our premises! Who will gainsay the conclusion? Surely he that runs may read the vision written clearly and awfully in characters of fire. 'Dear me,' say the thoughtless and the sensual, the idle, and the ignorant; 'dear me, it is really quite terrible how crime is increasing; and such numbers too of young criminals!' They marvel at the results of their own indifference, and wonder that the soil which is untilled by the husbandman should produce nothing but tares. To what purpose do these accomplished persons try their hand at an argument, and quote the trading politics of old, of Tyre and Zidon, the decline of states,

* Quest. 3321—23—31—35.

and the fickleness of commerce? We reply to them, by the pride, the cruelty, and ungodliness of empires, overgrown in wealth and power—of Nineveh, of Babylon, and of Rome—

‘Luxuria incubuit, victimque ulciscitur orbem.’

But ‘is there no balm in Gilead?’ We entertain misgivings; we much fear that the evil is now too gigantic for our puny strength, and that we can at best retard, without averting, the day of retribution. An attempt, however, was made at the close of the last session to obtain a minute and searching inquiry into the causes and extent of the alleged mischiefs; and it is our duty, and a pleasure, to give praise to Her Majesty’s ministers for the readiness with which they received the proposition, and the manner in which they have hitherto treated it. We wish them God-speed in this and every other undertaking, where the performance of duty is more prominent than the love of place—and Whiggery, for a while, postponed to virtue.

Mr. Horner gives a review of the continental legislation on infantile labour; of the efforts that have been made or promised by the governments of Europe and America to wipe out this system of domestic slavery. The example of Great Britain has been followed, in some cases, actually; in others, so to speak, prospectively; few have denied the evil, none have endeavoured to palliate it; and we have, at least, this ground of consolation, that, after many years of controversy and toil, other nations and other rulers are beginning to say, ‘We will hear thee again of this matter.’ The records, nevertheless, of past and actual suffering in these countries are terrible; and, while we rejoice as Britons that we are not singular in the work of covetousness and oppression, we must weep, as men, over crimes so widely spread and so deeply rooted. We hail the attempts of our continental neighbours to ‘refuse the evil and choose the good;’ but our confidence is not yet won. These things, to be permanent, must rest on public opinion and national feeling. Abroad there is, we fear, hardly anything of the sort for such matters as this;—half-a-dozen good-hearted men make a vigorous effort, which flickers for a time, and then goes out; a benevolent king issues a decree, which his successor may cancel with the stroke of a quill; and Penelope’s web of mercy is rent into its original threads, before the dawn of a second generation.

But let us, for the present at least, follow the advice of our friend Sancho Panza, and not look a gift-horse in the mouth; let us rejoice in the good that has already been done, and *hope* that more may be effected. Prussia has imposed, by law, a limit of ten hours a day on the labour of all children under sixteen years of age; *esto perpetua*—this happy fact was announced

nounced last year in the House of Commons, and just praise given to the monarch who accomplished it—great then was the wrath of Mr. O'Connell, before whose importunate recollection there arose the Archbishop of Cologne, and the factory-vote of 1836. In Switzerland the canton of Argovia has decreed that no children shall work in the factories under fourteen years of age—but no restriction is placed on the length of their labour; a foolish enactment at both extremities; it has conceded to us, however, the principle of protection. In Austria, where the period of labour is most cruelly long, the government, with characteristic caution, has undertaken an inquiry, not a redress; and 'like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.' North America exhibits but little movement, except from the State of Massachussets; and in Russia, the minister of finance declares the humane intentions of the Czar, but adds that the manufacturing system is not yet sufficiently extended to call for an ukase. France has in this, as in other things of late, presented the world with more cry than wool. She promised much; and the accomplishment has been as scanty as the undertaking was large. It must, nevertheless, be stated, to the honour of the Chamber of Peers, that they introduced and passed a bill, wise and benevolent in its provisions. The arguments and debates which attended its course were as satisfactory as the measure—and exhibited (we will not disguise our opinion) a deeper and wider sentiment of morality than we had believed to exist among public men in France. The bill then descended to the Chamber of Deputies, who dismissed it with the courtesy of Felix to St. Paul: 'Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee.'

We are promised, however (and if they serve no other end, these promises are agreeable for a sanguine man to hang a hope upon), that the subject shall be reconsidered. The present minister, M. Guizot, has expressed his disposition to the work of mercy; perhaps, like other ministers, he will plead indispensable engagements and want of time, an ancient and unworthy excuse in matters of such vital interest; but we hope that his memory will be refreshed by the activity, though unofficial, of M. Delessert; by the Baron Charles Dupin, whose report on factory-labour, to the Chamber of Peers, is an invaluable document; and especially by M. Daniel Legrand, a most indefatigable and eloquent writer in behalf of these sufferers, but better known as yet as the friend and supporter of the admirable Oberlin.

It is pleasant to see that England, which set the example in this movement of charity and wisdom, bids fair to be, as hitherto, foremost in the race. The Commission which has just been ap-

pointed is composed of able and experienced men, and we believe, moreover, sincere in the cause. Of the nature of their report we can entertain no doubt, nor of the legislation that *should* follow it;—but of practical success we are less sanguine, because we know too well the numerous disciples that wickedness and weakness furnish to the iron school of utilitarian sophistry. It is the duty of every man to aid this investigation; but it is his interest too—a stronger and more durable argument! for we tell him that if he would maintain the *status quo*, the fashionable diplomacy of the present day, he must do so by measures far different from the jog-trot policy of the last half century. Hamlets are grown into cities; ‘a little one is become a thousand; we were then few in number; and now are we as the stars of heaven for multitude.’ Is the government of this kingdom as tranquil as it was before? Will discontent be frowned down, or rebellion always be checked with equal facility? The two great demons in morals and politics, Socialism and Chartism, are stalking through the land; yet they are but symptoms of an universal disease, spread throughout vast masses of the people, who, so far from concurring in the *status quo*, suppose that anything must be better than their present condition. It is useless to reply to us, as our antagonists often do, that many of the prime movers in these conspiracies against God and good order are men who have never suffered any of the evils to which we ascribe so mighty an influence. We know it well; but we know also that our system begets the vast and inflammable mass which lies waiting, day by day, for the spark to explode it into mischief. We cover the land with spectacles of misery; wealth is felt only by its oppressions; few, very few, remain in those trading districts to spend liberally the riches they have acquired; the successful leave the field to be ploughed afresh by new aspirants after gain, who, in turn, count their periodical profits, and exact the maximum of toil for the minimum of wages. No wonder that thousands of hearts should be against a system which establishes the relations, without calling forth the mutual sympathies, of master and servant, landlord and tenant, employer and employed. We do not need to express our firm belief that there are beneficent and blessed exceptions—but generally speaking—in those districts and those departments of industry, the rich and the poor are antagonist parties, each watching the opportunity to gain an advantage over the other. Sickness has no claim on the capitalist; a day’s absence, however necessary, is a day’s loss to the workman; nor are the numerous and frightful mutilations by neglected machinery (terminating as they do in the utter ruin of the sufferer) regarded as conferring, either in principle or practice, the smallest pretence to lasting

lasting compensation or even temporary relief. We could fill our pages with instances of terrific accidents that have befallen young children, and of the still more terrific heartlessness that has refused even a word, we say not an act of kindness towards the miserable victims; but we forbear, because on this head it would be difficult to say little; and we have not space left for much.

But here comes the worst of all—these vast multitudes, ignorant and excitable in themselves, and rendered still more so by oppression or neglect, are surrendered, almost without a struggle, to the experimental philosophy of infidels and democrats. When called upon to suggest our remedy of the evil, we reply by an exhibition of the cause of it; the very statement involves an argument, and contains its own answer within itself. Let your laws, we say to the Parliament, assume the proper functions of law, protect those for whom neither wealth, nor station, nor age, have raised a bulwark against tyranny; but, above all, open your treasury, erect churches, send forth the ministers of religion; reverse the conduct of the enemy of mankind, and sow wheat among the tares—all hopes are groundless, all legislation weak, all conservatism nonsense, without this alpha and omega of policy; it will give content instead of bitterness, engraft obedience on rebellion, raise purity from corruption, and ‘life from the dead’—but there is no time to be lost.

Oftentimes in contemplating the history of this empire; the greatness of its power; the peculiarity of its condition; its vast extent, one arm resting on the East, the other on the West; its fleets riding proudly on every sea; its name and majesty on every shore; the individual energy of its people; their noble institutions, and, above all, their reformed faith—we are tempted to think that God’s good providence has yet in store for us some high and arduous calling. The long-suffering of the Almighty invites us to repentance; evils that have engulfed whole nations, suspended over us for a while, and then averted, exhibit the mercy—and the probable termination of it:

—‘Death his dart

Shook, but delayed to strike’—

Let us catch at this proffered opportunity, which may never return; betake ourselves with eagerness to do the first works; and while we have yet strength, and dominion, and wealth, and power, ‘break off our sins by righteousness, and our iniquities by showing mercy to the poor, if it may be a lengthening of our tranquillity.’*

* Daniel iv. 27.

- ART. VI.—1. *The Rod and the Gun; being two Treatises on Angling and Shooting.* By James Wilson, F.R.S.E., and by the Author of 'The Oakleigh Shooting Code.' 1 vol. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1840.
2. *The Moor and the Loch.* By John Colquhoun. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1840.
3. *Maxims and Hints for an Angler, and Miseries of Fishing, &c.* By Richard Penn, F.R.S. 12mo. Murray, London, 1839.

ANGLING, like printing, appears to have been an art that came to perfection nearly at once. True it is that if Lady Julyana Berners, Bernes, or Barnes—for the correct mode of writing the Prioress's surname is lost in the mists of antiquity—were to lift her venerable head from the moss-grown aisle of Sopewell, to revisit the glimpses of this go-a-head world, she might be rather puzzled at the names of the portraits in the '*fly-leaf*' of the first of the books now before us. She would not, we admit, exactly be aware of the merits of the killing *Sam Slick* and the seductive *Green Mantle*, albeit the characters whose names they bear are as familiar in our day as household words. Neither could she be expected to know much of *The Professor* or *Long Tom*, however well she might be acquainted—poor mortal!—with *The Grizzly King*. But we would venture our best rod that if she were placed by the side of a river or lake she would soon fill her creel with store of fish, provided always, as honest Izaak hath it, they were there, and provided also that they were inclined to bite, and that the hook was baited.*

Tradition gives the following origin to the nunnery, which was under the rule—we are sure it was gentle—of the sporting Prioress, and which was situated at a small distance to the south-west of St. Alban's. Two women, whose names have been long forgotten, came to Eywood, and there, by the river-side, they put together a rude kind of hermitage. In this humble abode, formed of branches of trees and covered with bark and leaves, they dwelt, until the fame of their abstinent, chaste, charitable, and religious lives reached the ears of Jeffery, the sixteenth Abbot of St. Alban's. Touched with their self-denial, their piety, and their active virtues, the good Abbot, about the year 1140, built a cell for them, causing them to be clothed like nuns,

* Some years ago it was said that the fish in Virginia Water showed a wonderful predilection for the royal hook; a fact, the truth of which, when disputed, was stoutly maintained by a sly Deipnosophist present, who, after his audience had expressed sufficient surprise at his tenacity and credulity, quietly added that the hooks of all the rest of the courtly company were without bait.

and to live according to Benedictine rule. Nor did he stop here, for he granted them lands and rents. To be sure he did not pay any very great compliment to the 'uneasy virtue' of the inmates of this cell; for, on the ground of preserving their fame from the attacks of scandal, he ordered that they should be always locked up in their house, and that their number should not exceed thirteen, '*all select virgins.*' He also gave them permission to bury there; but only for themselves, not for strangers, his liberality not going the length of a grant which would probably enrich their shrine at the expense of his own. The number of the saintly sisters had dwindled to nine at the dissolution, and the yearly value of the house was then estimated by Dugdale at 40*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.*; though Speed makes it 68*l.* 8*s.*

Dame Juliana—(a sister, it is supposed, of Richard Lord Berners, of Essex)—appears to have become Prioress about 1460, and the first edition (folio) of her book, commonly known as the *Boke of St. Alban's*, printed at that place in 1486—(with Caxton's letter, probably)—contained the treatises on Hawking, Hunting, and Coat-Armour. The republication in 1496, including, in addition, the treatise on Fishing, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde at Westminster.

Modern treatises have not disdained to take an occasional leaf out of our noble and learned lady's book. This, for instance:—

After recommending a '*roche*' or a '*freshe heerynge*' as a bait for a pike, the fair angler gives us '*another manere*'—'*Take the same bayte, or a frosshe*' (frog)—'*and put it in assa fetida*, and caste it in the water wyth a corde and a corke, and ye shall not fayl of hym; and yf ye lyst to have a good sporte, thenne tye the corde to a gose fote; and ye shall se gode halynge, whether the gose or the pyke shall have the better.' Dainty amusement for the Prioress and her bevy of '*maids of heaven*'; wherein may be traced—barring the *assa fetida*—the '*huxing*' and '*bottle-racing*' for pike of modern times; directions for which, with small variations from those vouchsafed by the pious original, may be seen in almost every book on angling from Barker and Walton downwards. Her style may be judged of by the following passages, in the first of which she thus improves the occasion:—

'Ye shall not use this forsayd crafty dysporte for no covetysenes, to the encreasyng and sparynge of your money oonly; but principally for your solace, and to cause the helthe of your body, and specyally of your soule: for whanne ye purpoos to goo on your dysportes in fysshynge, ye woll not desyre gretly many persons with you, whyche myghte lette you of your game. And thenne ye may serve God, devoutly, in saying affectuously your custumable prayer; and, thus doynge, ye shall eschewe and voyde many vices.'

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The stealthy delights of the walking-cane rod were well known to her: after directions for its construction the Prioress knowingly adds—

‘ And thus shall ye make you a rodde so prevy, that ye may walk therwyth; and there shall noo man wyte where abowte ye goo.’

But we cannot speak very highly of this holy dame’s taste in culinary affairs: *she* was evidently no *cordon bleu*. She appears to have thought highly of the worst fish for the table, in our opinion, extant.

‘ The barbyll is a swete fyssh; but it is a quasy meete, and a perylous for maunys body. For, comynly, he givyth an introducion to the febres: and yf he be eaten rawe’—hear it not, Comus—‘ he may be cause of mannys dethe, whyche hath oft be seen.’

That raw barbel *ought* to cause the death of any civilized, unfeathered, two-legged animal, all cooks will allow: that such an event should have been frequent can only be accounted for by that delightful state of unsophisticated nature which prevailed in the fifteenth century. What would the Hon. Robert Boyle, who speaks with abhorrence of eating raw oysters, have said to this? Certainly he who swallowed the first oyster *was* a bold man; but he was well rewarded for his bravery in discussing the sapid mollusk not only unwashed and undressed, but also unshaven.*

For some time Dame Juliana’s book seems to have been all-sufficient for our ancestors; nor does there appear to have been any publication of note till 1651, when ‘The Art of Angling, wherein are discovered many rare secrets, very necessary to be known by all that delight in that recreation, written by Thomas Barker, an ancient practitioner in the said art,’ made its appearance in the shop of Oliver Fletcher, ‘neer the Seven Stars, at the west end of St. Paul’s.’ This seems to have taken with the patient fraternity; for in 1654 it made part of the ‘Countryman’s Recreations,’ and in 1657 another edition, ‘much enlarged,’ with the addition of ‘Barker’s Delight,’ at the head of the title-page, was printed for Richard Marriott, of St. Dunstan’s Church-yard, Fleet-street. And, indeed, odd as some of the contents are, a most instructive book it was. From the author, Walton, as he himself acknowledges, learned most of the little he knew about fly-fishing. The end of his ‘epistle dedicatory’ is highly characteristic:—

‘ If any noble or gentle angler of what degree soever he be, have a mind to discourse of any of these wayes and experiments, I live in Henry the 7th’s Gifts, the next doore to the Gatehouse in *Westm.* My

* It has lately been satisfactorily proved that oysters are diceious, in other words that they are distinctly male and female; so that there is meaning in Tilburina’s madness: ‘an oyster *may* be crossed in love.’

name is *Barker*, where I shall be ready, as long as please God, to satisfy them, and maintain my art, during life, which is not like to be long; that the younger fry may have my experiments at a smaller charge than I had them, for it would be too heavy for every one that loveth that exercise to be at that charge as I was at first in my youth, the losse of my time with great expences. Therefore I took in consideration, and thought fit to let it be understood, and to take pains to set forth the true grounds and wayes that I have found by experience both for fitting of the rods and tackles both for ground-baits and flyes, with directions for the making thereof, with observations for times and seasons, for the ground-baits and flyes, both for day and night, with the dressing, wherein I take as much delight as in the taking of them, and to shew how I can perform it, to furnish any Lord's table, onely with trouts, as it is furnished with flesh, for 16 or 20 dishes. And I have a desire to preserve their health (with help of God) to go dry in their boots and shooes in angling, *for age taketh the pleasure from me.*

We, too, could moralise over the *præteritos annos*; but let that pass. Meanwhile for the sake of 'the gentleman angler,' of whom Barker writes, 'that he goeth to the river for his pleasure,' and 'hath neither judgment, knowledge, nor experience,' we subjoin one or two of Thomas's hints; there can be no better:—

'The first thing he must do is to observe the sun and the wind. The sun proves cloudy; then must you set forth either your ground-bait tackles, or of the brightest of your flyes. If the sun prove bright and clear, then must you put on the darkest of your flyes; thus must you to work with your flyes, light for darkness and dark for lightness.'

'Be sure you do not overload yourself with lengths of your line. Before you begin to angle, make a triall, having the wind on your back, to see at what length you can cast your flye, that the flye light first into the water, and no longer; for if any of the line fall into the water before the flye, it is better uncast than thrown. Be sure you be casting always down the stream, with the wind behind you and the sun before you. It is a speciall point to have the sun and moon before you, for the very motion of the rod drives all pleasure from you, either by day or by night; in all your anglings, both with worms and flyes, there must be a great care of that.'

His observations on the use of the 'naturall flye,' which 'is sure angling, and will kill great store of trouts with much pleasure,' are equally good; and then comes a short narrative which might seem to savour a little of poaching in these delicate days, but which so completely bears the stamp of truth, that we cannot forbear to quote it.

'My Lord,' says the worthy Thomas, who glories in his art, and plumes himself thereon, as all fishermen have done from time immemorial,* 'sent to me at sun-going-down, to provide him a good dish of trouts

* See Athenæus—Deipn. vi. xi.

against the next morning, by six of the clock. I went to the door to see how the wanes of the aire were like to prove. I returned answer that I doubted not, God willing, but to be provided at his time appointed. I went presently to the river, and it proved very dark; I drew out a line of three silks and three hairs twisted for the uppermost part, and a line of two silks and two hairs twisted for the lower part, with a good large hook. I baited my hook with two lob-worms, the four ends hanging as meet as I could guess them in the dark: I fell to angle. It proved very dark, so that I had good sport, angling with the lob-worms as I do with the flye, on the top of the water. Then you must loose a slack line down to the bottom, as nigh as you can guess; then hold your line strait, feeling the fish bite, give time, there is no doubt of losing the fish, for there is not one among twenty but doth gorge the bait; the least stroke you can strike fastens the hook and makes the fish sure; letting the fish take a turn or two, you may take the fish up with your hands. The night began to alter and grow somewhat lighter; I took off the lob-worms, and set to my rod a light palmer-flye, made of a large hook; I had sport for the time, until it grew lighter; so I took off the white palmer and set to a red palmer, made of a large hook; I had good sport untill it grew very light: then I took off the red palmer and set to a black palmer; I had sport, made up the dish of fish. So I put up my tackles, and was with my Lord at his time appointed for the service. These three flyes, with the help of the lob-worms, serve to angle all the year for the night, observing the times as I have shewed you in this night-work—the white flye for darknesse, the red flye in *medio*, and the black flye for lightnesse. This is the true experience for angling in the night, which is the surest angling of all, *and killeth the greatest trouts.*'

We can bear witness to that, as Tony says in the play. Moreover, we well remember seeing, at a very early period of our career, the practical effect of these 'white,' or rather greyish-white, 'owl' flies. A party had obtained permission to fish in a well-stored river, which was weedy in parts, but clear as the transparent floor of the apartment into which the Queen of Sheba was ushered by

'The wisest man the world e'er saw,'

when he successfully sought to gratify his royal eyes with a sight of her majesty's well-turned ancles.* Unfortunately for us, the day had been very bright—nay, cloudless—and there was but one trout among the three rods, and that not killed by the only

* In the palace which Solomon ordered to be built against the arrival of the Queen of Sheba, the floor or pavement was of transparent glass, laid over running water, in which fish were swimming. This led the queen into a very natural mistake, which the Koran has not thought beneath its dignity to commemorate. 'It was said unto her, Enter the palace. And when she saw it she imagined it to be a great water; and she discovered her legs, by lifting up her robe to pass through it. Whereupon Solomon said to her, Verily, this is the place evenly floored with glass,' Chap. xxvii.—*Note to Lalla Rookh.*

craftsman of the party, as good a fisherman as ever cast fly from a single-handed rod on this side of the Tweed, and who soon gave the matter up as desperate. The rest of us, determined to have our fishing, toiled throughout the burning day, during the greater part of which we might as well have thrown our hats in the water as a fly,—and so he told us. The sun was now sinking fast, and the shadows of the lofty elms far away from the bank already reached the river, when, tired out with our no sport, we put up our tackle and began to wend our way homeward. Our path wound up a rising ground on the other side, just above a part of the broad water where the weeds formed a sort of long floating island down the middle, leaving a deep, free, and limpid channel on each side. We looked back, and saw a man of some fifty years, with a greyish-white hat, coming briskly down the meadow, followed by a boy carrying two double-handed rods and a landing-net. The sun was setting when they reached that part of the river already described. The master took from his boy's shoulder one of the rods, waved it round his head, and cast an owl-fly clean over the weeds upon the clear run beyond. At the second throw he rose and hooked a big fish, which he immediately dragged over the weeds before the trout had time to think about it, got him into the clear channel on his own side, took him down stream, and his boy soon landed him. The fisherman lost no time, but while the boy was disengaging the hook and killing the fish, he took up the other rod, threw again across, his moth-fly alighting like thistle-down on the water, and again he dragged a large fish over the weeds, treating him in all respects like the other. All this was done in about three minutes. We were standing on the hill-side in the deepening shade of the evening, anxious to see more of his master-work, when we were roused by the distant halloo of our companions, who had walked on, for we had far to go.

But we cannot yet part with Barker, who was a cook of no mean quality, also a poet;—*e. g.*

“Restorative broth of trouts learn to make :

Some fry and some stew, and some also bake.

First broyl and then bake is a rule of good skill ;

And when thou dost fortune a great trout to kill,

Then rost him, and baste first with good claret wine ;

But the calvor'd boyl'd trout will make thee to dine

With dainty contentment both the hot and the cold ;

And the marrionate trout I dare to be bold

For a quarter of a year will keep to thy mind,

If covered close and preserved from wind.

But mark well, good brother, what now I doe say,

Sauce made of anchoves is an excellent way,

With

With oysters and lemmon, clove, nutmeg, and mace,
 When the brave spotted trout hath been boyled apace
 With many sweet herbs: *for forty years I*
In Ambassadors' kitchens learn'd my cooker-y.
 The French and Italian no better can doe :
 Observe well my rules and you'll say so too."

He adds in prose—' I have been admitted into the most ambassadors' kitchens that have come into England this forty years, and do wait on them still at the Lord Protector's charge, and I am paid duly for it : *sometimes I see slovenly scullions abuse good fish most grosly.*' We are sorry that he does not detail more of his culinary secrets in verse—but the variety of his receipts, and the lyrical in *medias res* style in which he often commences them, as if he were actually in the kitchen :—' We must have a trout-pie to eat hot, and another cold.'—' There is one good trout of a good length, eighteen or twenty inches,—we will have *that* roasted,'—bring the whole savoury scene before you. His directions for boiling and calvoring trout contain the whole secret of the art of boiling fish. Having directed the operator to make the ' liquor boyle with a fierce fire made of wood,' he finishes by saying, ' First put in one trout. let one blow up the fire untill the liquor boyle, then put in another : so do untill all are in and boyled.' Sir Humphry Davy got some credit for his directions in *re* Salmon.—' Carry him to the pot, and before you put in a slice let the water and salt boil furiously, and give time to the water to recover its heat before you throw in another; and so proceed with the whole fish.'*—*Pereant qui, &c.*

The *Complete Angler*, by Izaak Walton, first appeared in 1653. Barker has been kept a good deal in the background, and is comparatively but little known : we have therefore thought it our duty to give him elbow-room, that those who wish it may form a more extensive acquaintance with him. It is sufficient to name Walton. Who does not know his charming pastoral by heart? It has stood the test of nearly two centuries, and has gone through at least twenty-five editions, in all shapes, and with every degree of luxury.

The halo thrown over the *Contemplative Man's Recreation* by Walton, and the good men whom he enumerated as brothers of the angle, invested the art with new interest. Dignified clergymen were among its votaries; and why not? Though fly-fishing may, we admit, be open to the objection that it is a light and volatile amusement, we are at a loss to imagine what can be urged against the clerical sobriety of a ground-bait.

We accordingly find that, after Walton, treatises soon began to

* *Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing*, p. 188.

multiply: but, not to weary the reader, we shall only mention those of Venables, John Williamson, Brookes, Bowlker, Best, and Kirby, in the last century; and, in this, Taylor, Captain Williamson, Salter, Carroll, Bainbridge's *Fly-Fishers' Guide* (an excellent book, which has passed through several editions), Davy's delightful *Salmonia*, of which three have already been published, and Stoddart. Colonel Hawker, in his 'Instructions to Young Sportsmen,' has only some twenty pages relating to trout-fishing, but they are well worthy of attention.

We now come to the 'Angling' part of *The Rod and the Gun*, which is a reprint of the article 'Angling,' in the Encyclopædia Britannica, with additions. It is not merely a good compilation, cleverly illustrated by one well versed in the natural history of the tribes with which his vocation brings him in contact; it contains, also, a good deal of practical and valuable information, conveyed in a lively manner, though, perhaps, with rather too visible determination to be funny—and, above all, a trick of petty personal allusions which might have been well enough in a magazine paper. The history of the fishes with which the angler has to deal is brought down to the latest period, and, of course, includes those interesting experiments which have at last settled 'the great Par question.' Mr. Shaw, of Drumlanrig, has proved, —1st, that par are the young of salmon, being convertible into smolts; and, 2ndly, that the main body, if not the whole of these smolts, do not proceed to the sea until the second spring after that in which they are hatched. Those best qualified to judge go further, and contend that each of the *Salmonidæ* has its *Pur-probation*. We proceed to give Mr. James Wilson's notion of the most refined branch of the sport.

'Fly-fishing has been compared, though by a somewhat circuitous mode of reasoning, to sculpture. It proceeds upon a few simple principles, and the theory is easily acquired, although it may require long and severe labour to become a great master in the art. Yet it is needless to encompass it with difficulties which have no existence in reality, or to render a subject intricate and confused which is in itself so plain and unencumbered. In truth, the ideas which at present prevail on the matter degrade it beneath its real dignity and importance. When Plato, speaking of painting, says that it is merely an art of imitation, and that our pleasure arises from the truth and accuracy of the likeness, he is surely wrong; for if it were so, where would be the superiority of the Roman and Bolognese over the Dutch and Flemish schools? So also in regard to fishing. The accomplished angler does not condescend to imitate specifically, and in a servile manner, the detail of things; he attends, or ought to attend, only to the great and invariable ideas which are inherent in universal nature. He throws his fly lightly and with elegance on the surface of the glittering waters, because he knows that

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an insect with outspread gauzy wings would so fall; but he does not imitate (or if he does so, his practice proceeds upon an erroneous principle), either in the air or his favourite element, the flight or the motion of a particular species, because he also knows that trouts are much less conversant in entomology than M. Latreille, and that their omnivorous propensities induce them, when inclined for food, to rise with equal eagerness at every minute thing which creepeth upon the earth or swimmeth in the waters. On this fact he generalises,—and this is the philosophy of fishing.

‘We are therefore of opinion that all, or a great proportion, of what has been so often, and sometimes so well, said about the great variety of flies necessary to an angler,—about the necessity of changing his tackle according to each particular month throughout the season,—about one fly being adapted solely to the morning, another to noonday, and a third to the evening,—and about every river having its own particular flies, &c., is, if not altogether erroneous, at least greatly exaggerated and misconceived. That determinate relations exist between flies of a certain colour and particular conditions of a river is, we doubt not, true; but these are rather connected with angling as an artificial science, and have but little to do with any analogous relations in nature. The great object, by whatever means to be accomplished, is to render the fly deceptive; and this, from the very nature of things, is continually effected by fishing with flies which differ in colour and appearance from those which prevail upon the water; because, in truth, none else can be purchased or procured. Even admitting, for a moment, the theory of representation, when a particular fly prevails upon a river, an artificial one, in imitation of it, will never resemble it so closely as to appear the same to those below (*i. e.* the fish): on the contrary, a certain degree of resemblance, without anything like an exact similitude, will only render the finny tribe the more cautious through suspicion; while a different shape and colour, by exciting no minute or invidious comparisons, might probably be swallowed without examination. Indeed, it seems sufficiently plain, that where means of comparison are allowed, and where exact imitation is at the same time impossible, it is much better to have recourse to a general idea than to an awkward and bungling individual representation. How often has it been asserted, with all the gravity of sententious wisdom, that the true mode of proceeding in fly-fishing is to busk your hook by the river-side, after beating the shrubs to see what colour of insect prevails! A very expert angler, who perhaps carried the opposite theory rather too far, although he always filled his pannier, was in the habit of stirring the briars and willows to ascertain what manner of fly was *not* there, and with that he tempted the fishes. The man was a humorist in his way, and in this particular case an erroneous humorist, as many wiser folks have been when driven into one extreme by the foolish prevalence of its opposite. But he certainly had the advantage of his antagonists in a wider field of action and invention,—the world being all before him where to choose, and no especial pocket-book his guide.”—*The Rod, &c.*, pp. 10—13.

To much of this we readily assent: but we have seen wonders performed by a man who *did* sit down and imitate, after a fashion, a fly then on the water, and at which the fish were rising, whilst another, who cast quite as deftly, was plying his rod with one ready-made fly after another, unlike that on the water, without raising a single fish. Not that our late worthy friend Mr. George Bainbridge, of Gattonside *juxta* Melrose, was not quite right when he stated that flies, however fanciful or varied in shade or materials, will frequently raise fish when all the imitations of nature have proved unsuccessful. 'Indeed,' says he, very truly, 'so fastidious and whimsical are the salmon at times, that the more brilliant and extravagant the fly the more certain is the angler of his diversion.' A Scotch lady—no mean proficient in her art—said to a friend, who is as good an angler as he is a zoologist, 'that they had taught the salmon in their river to take gaudy flies.' By the way, the spotted and banded feathers from the breast of the Caracara eagle (*Polyborus Brasiliensis*) have proved irresistible in some salmon-rivers.

Mr. Wilson had previously laid it down that—

'There is, in truth, little or no connexion between angling and the science of entomology; and therefore the success of the angler, in by far the greater proportion of cases, does not depend on the resemblance which subsists between his artificial fly and the natural insect. This statement is no doubt greatly at variance with the expressed principles of all who have deemed fishing worthy of consideration from the days of Isaiah and Theocritus to those of Carrol and Bainbridge. But we are not the less decidedly of opinion, that in nine instances out of ten a fish seizes upon an artificial fly as upon an insect or moving creature *sui generis*, and not on account of its exact and successful resemblance to any accustomed and familiar object.'—*Ibid*, pp. 7, 8.

Certainly the inventor of *Sam Slick*, *Long Tom*, and *The Professor* (Wilson, of course), however 'wayward' the 'hour' may have been when those killing monsters were conceived, has a right to be pertinacious, the more especially as he possesses 'above ten thousand kinds of insects:' but we cannot give up the theory of imitation, clumsy enough, we admit, when the original standard flies were efforts at least to make something like the insects whose names many of them bear. Indeed Mr. Wilson himself says elsewhere (p. 7) that 'fly-fishing must not be regarded *exclusively* as an art of imitation.' And again—

'It is admitted that during midsummer, when the weather is calm, the sky clear, and the river low, and when what is called fine fishing is necessary, such imitation as is possible, both of the appearance and motions of the natural fly, may frequently be tried with advantage; in which case the tackle may be allowed to drop gently down the stream; but

but it more usually happens, from the style of fishing practised during the vernal and autumnal states of a river, that the hook is not deceptive from its appearing like a winged fly which has fallen from its native element, but from its motion and aspect resembling that of some aquatic insect. When the end of the line first falls on the surface of the water the fish may be deceived by the idea of a natural fly; and it is on that account that the angler should throw his tackle lightly and with accuracy, and it is on that account also that we would advise the more frequent throwing of the line: but so soon as the practitioner begins to describe his semicircle across the river, the character of the lure is changed, and the trout then seizes the bait, not as a drowning insect, but as a creature inhabiting its own element, which had ventured too far from the protection of the shallow shore or the sedgy bank. That this is the case a subsidiary argument may also be drawn from the fact, that in most rivers the greater number and the finest fish are generally killed by the drag-fly, which, during the process of angling, swims an inch or two under water. It is sometimes even advisable so to angle as to convert into drags all the flies in use.—*Ibid.*, p. 19.

Our experience has been uniformly in favour of the drowning or dragging process; and we appeal to the same friend to whom we have before referred for the truth of it. By the bye, when he produced his flies, which were all 'neat, trimly dressed,' like *Sam Slick* and the rest of them, to the old fisherman 'on the Carron-side,' the said fisherman shook his head, like Lord Burleigh himself. At length he pitched on one, and after nipping it, and clipping it, and stripping it, and then pulling back the wings to make them stand staring up, instead of lying decently down, and drawing the whole fly through his fingers backwards, till, all disheveled and bedeviled, it looked as if it had been drawn through a furze-bush the wrong way, the fisherman said he thought 'that *might* do'—and so it did. Our friend, after that, busked all his flies as the fisherman taught him, with the wings put on the wrong way, so to speak, standing up or leaning towards the shank of the hook,—and he had the best of sport. The effect of this mode of dressing was, that the fly, when under water, *where it was always taken*, would open and shut, as it were, with a kind of systole and diastole, like the motion in the umbrella of a *Medusa*, or *sea-nettle*. In short the appearance of life was given to the bait, the great art in all imitative fishing. Thus much for salmon-fishing: that the system of sinking the fly holds good in lake-fishing for trout, so far as the taking of large fish are concerned, the following instance, related by another good friend of ours, shows. He was fishing in a lake in South Wales. Now, all anglers know that the fish in certain rivers have their favourite flies—the *coachman*, for instance, was, perhaps is, the fashion in the

the Colne; and in the Welsh lakes, where our friend fished, you might as well have thrown yourself in as anything but a *côch y bôn du* (we write under Welsh correction) or, as it is uttered by the Saxon, *cock-a-bondy*. It is intended for an imitation of one of the *lady-birds* (*coccinella*), and to make the fly well you should have a red-cock's hackle, with a black quill, to get which look for a red cock with black legs. But, to our tale. Our friend and another angler embarked in the same boat. The other angler fished on the surface: he killed more fish than our friend, but those taken by the latter, who drowned his fly, were all fine fish, and equalled in weight the more numerous fry of his brother sportsman.

With regard to the comparison of this branch of angling with sculpture, above alluded to, Mr. Wilson gives no sign of being aware that we have here in the south an example of the highest art in both, in the person of Sir Francis Chantrey.*

We must now take leave of Mr. Wilson, with a hint that, when next 'the unwetted gut still lies in rebellious and unyielding circles on the surface' (p. 27), he will find a little Indian rubber, properly applied, very useful in quelling the rebellion, without any danger of rubbing out the line.

The Loch—for our limits forbid *the Moor*—next claims our attention. We understand the author, Mr. John Colquhoun, is not, as we had at first surmised, the erudite penman of 'Isis Revelata,' but a nephew of his—if a pupil, we beg leave to congratulate them both. The whole composition is unpretending, clear, and practical, and does honour to the 'parent lake.' The book breathes of the mountain and the flood, and will carry the sportsman back to the days of his youth, when he could sleep well in a chimney-less bothy, with his pony on one side, a cow on the other, and the shepherd and shepherdess, with their progeny, nestled in wattled cubitories all round—his head on a turf and his feet to the peat.

'The true angler,' says Mr. Colquhoun, 'is almost always a lover of nature; if not, he loses half the pleasure of his art. In following the river's course, he must of necessity pass through the finest and most varied scenery; and that too at a time when beauty crowns the year. But, enchanting as are the woodland-banks of the quiet stream, there is to me a higher and yet more powerful charm in the solitary wildness or savage grandeur of the Highland loch. The very *stillness* of those bare hills and craggy summits, broken only by the rushing of some rapid burn that intersects them, has a tendency to elevate while it

* It is said that when Madame Malibran first visited the great sculptor in his studio, she addressed him, from her frank, feeling, and good heart, with, 'How happy you must be in the midst of this your beautiful creation!' To which he, with equal sincerity, though a little to her surprise, replied, 'I'd rather be a-fishing.'

calms the mind ; and I envy not the man who could frequent such scenes and not feel them.

‘ But if the proficient in the gentle craft has an eye equally keen to the beauties so lavishly scattered around him, it happens no less often that the admirer of nature’s wildest charms fancies himself an angler. Our man of taste has, perhaps, fished a few rivers near him, in the spring, when trout are lean and hungry ; and, having chosen a propitious day, has sometimes returned with a tolerable creelful. He then starts on his pleasure-tour, and of course his fishing-rod forms an important accompaniment. At first he makes some determined attacks upon the finny tribe ; but, being generally unsuccessful, his rod is laid aside, and, after having been delighted with the sublimities and beauties of half the Highlands, he returns home with but an indifferent account of his piscatorial achievements. To such an one I particularly address the few simple directions in loch-fishing, which time and patience have enabled me to collect.’—*The Moor and the Loch*, pp. 56, 57.

Here are good observations on the introduction of pike to keep down the shoals of small, ill-fed trout, with a striking instance of the voracity of the *ravenous luce* :—

‘ Many people think a loch injured by pike : on the contrary, unless very numerous, as in Loch Menteith, I have seldom seen one much worth fishing without them ; always excepting those where the Loch Awe trout or gillaroo are to be found. If a man prefers killing eight or nine dozen, with scarcely a half-pounder among them, to a dozen fine trout from one to three pounds weight, then he may count the pike his enemy ; but the latter feat will both better prove his skill and afford him much greater sport. He who wishes to excel in angling will leave the loch with its tiny multitude to the bungler, and select the other, where all his science will be called into play.

‘ The reason why yellow trout are always large where there are pike is obvious : the small fry are all devoured by the latter, and the others, having more food, increase in size. A few years ago Loch Katrine was choke-full of very small trout, which have gradually become larger since pike have been introduced ; and now two or three dozen fine red trout may be taken in a day.

‘ There are two other small lochs, near Loch Katrine, which breed very large pike, and are full of prime trout, Loch Arklet and Loch Dronkie ; but less fortunate than their neighbours in not having been immortalized by our Great Minstrel : the latter especially, from its ill-sounding name, we cannot wonder that a poet discards, but an angler will find its attractions. The shores of these lochs being almost clear of weeds, and the ground firm, the best parts may be reached by wading, and fish taken from half a pound to three pounds weight. Upon one occasion, when playing a good-sized trout in Loch Dronkie, an enormous pike made several dashes, and at last succeeded in seizing it. I used every effort to frighten him away ; but so determined was he, that, though I could see him quite plainly in shallow water, with my trout held across his tremendous jaws, he would not be beat off ; and at last when,

when, kicking the water, I strained my line, he gave a plunge, broke my rod and escaped with his prey.'—*Ibid.*, p. 58.

His experiences of fly-fishing are most valuable :—

'Should the loch you are fishing contain sea-trout or salmon, ascertain, from any good fisher in the neighbourhood, what are the most killing flies, and tie them for yourself. Should you not be "up to this," beg, borrow, or buy them from him. In fishing with a long line, from a boat, let the trail be either a sea-trout or salmon-fly; but if throwing from shore, never use the latter except by itself. A two-handed rod, large reel with plenty of line, and the lightest tackle, are necessary.

'If the wind is so high as to cause decided waves upon one of these small lochs, you will succeed much better with the minnow-tackle than the fly: indeed, the best plan then is to troll for pike with a par; they always take best in high wind, but are so capricious that you may have three runs in half-an-hour, and perhaps not one in several apparently favourable days. High wind is prejudicial to fly-fishing in lochs where the trout are large, because it scatters them into unlikely places; and being, of course, much fewer in number than when small, you are not so apt to stumble upon them: the waves also prevent their seeing the fly so readily.

'When there is a fine even breeze immediately repair to the loch. Begin to fish those parts where the wind blows fairest from the shore; if you know the loch well you have a great advantage. The trout have many feeding-places, and shift from one to another with the slightest change of the wind. Near some one of these they generally keep watching the breeze, which blows them flies and insects. They are usually in companies; so, when the angler hooks one, he should endeavour to get it away from the rest; he will then most likely rise another the next throw or two. He must keep a very sharp look-out for these places, and may generally detect them by the rising of the trout. They sometimes, but not so often, feed singly.'—*Ibid.*, p. 61.

Much has been said and written about the cruelty of worm-fishing; and though there are few anglers who do not practise it in secret—for it is a sure bait—few have courage enough openly to avow it. We should be the last to encourage torture, but it is our decided opinion that the corporal sufferance is much over-rated. The martyrdoms to which worms are exposed from the spade and the ploughshare are obvious, and the power of reproducing severed parts indicates a low organic form. We cannot look abroad without seeing cruelty, if so it must be called, openly practised by animals of prey—from a lion to a weasel, from an eagle to a redbreast, from a shark to a perch—as a law of nature. We remember to have seen the case—it literally was no more, except the legs and head—of a respectable cockchafer (*Melolontha vulgaris*) taking a leisurely evening-walk, with no sign of suffering, after he had been entirely 'cleaned out' by a truculent sparrow. Thus much in excuse for Mr. Colquhoun,

who honestly gives the following directions, with a cut, demonstrating the method of baiting:—

‘Troll as much as possible with the wind, although in fly-fishing it is best to row against it. Take care, when you hook a fish, that your boatman does not strain your line in the former case, nor slacken it in the latter; either of which he is apt to do, by lying upon his oars, watching your proceedings. You must, in fact direct his slightest movement.

‘If the loch is frequented by salmon, have one of your rods baited with a par; and, if passing any of his haunts near the shore, take your fly-rod, land, and throw from it, but do not go near the place with the boat. Should no fish rise after you have thrown some time, take off your fly, put on a large bait-hook and two floats, one about six yards from the other; the line is thus prevented from dangling near the hook, which must hang down about four yards from the last float, baited with two large dew-worms in the following manner:—Enter the hook at the tail of one, and bring it out about one-fourth of an inch below the head; pull up the worm upon the gut; then put in the hook about one-fourth of an inch below the head of the other, leaving the same length of worm at the point; this moves about and entices the salmon: pull down the first worm to the other, and your hook is baited. When the float disappears, be in no hurry to strike till the fish has *tightened* the line; you are thus pretty sure of its head being turned away, and consequently have a better chance of hooking. This should only be attempted where the shores are deep and rocky, on a cloudy day, with a stiff breeze from the south or west, and skiffs of rain. Do not give up hope too soon, for the salmon are generally swimming in small shoals backwards and forwards along the shore; a little time may thus elapse before they pass where you are fishing.’—*Ibid.*, pp. 64, 65.

The chapter on fishing in the salt-water lochs, which bears the stamp of acute observation and matured practice, commences in a style through which the author’s patriotism shines, and it becomes him well:—

‘The sea-loch has a character peculiarly its own—no wooded islands, no green or pebbly margin, like its inland sister, except perhaps for a short time at full-tide; and the dark mountain more often rises abruptly from its side in craggy and bold relief. It is a novel sight for the traveller, whom the refreshing evening breeze has tempted out of the neighbouring inn, at the landlord’s recommendation, to try his fishing luck with such a clumsy rod and tackle as he had never dreamt of before. The awkward-looking herring “skows,” well-matched with their black or red sails, scudding in all directions; the nasal twang of the Gaëlic, as they pass the bow or stern of his boat, shooting their nets; the hardy, weatherbeaten face of the Highlander, always civil in his reply, and courteous in pointing out the most likely ground to the “stranger”—reiterating his injunctions (when his stock of English extends no further) “to keep on the *broo*,” yet plainly showing that he expects the like courtesy in return, and that the least slip on your part would

would immediately make him change his tone,—all this can hardly fail to impress on the mind of the imaginative that the spirit of the Highlands, though dormant, is not dead, and to carry back his fancy to the old times of clans, catarans, and claymores.—*Ibid*, pp. 72, 73.

Nor can we omit the note :—

‘It is often amusing to see how easily the warm blood will boil, even in those whom years and hardship might have cooled. The following characteristic instances occur to me :—A spruce young gentleman and party of friends, in crossing a ferry, had only one boatman, nearly eighty years old, tugging away at both oars. The young spark, who rather piqued himself upon his performance, offered to relieve him of one. “Na, na,” says old Donald, whose manner was the extreme of respect, “ye’ll no be accustomed to this wark.” “Me!” says the youngster, “I’ll row any man in your country.” The Highlander instantly faced him with a look and tone of perfect equality—“I’ve seen the day when ye wad hae been sair pushed!” The other case was that of an old “grannie” in defence of her rights and privileges :—An efficient and benevolent magistrate, who had been very active in his endeavours to stop the progress of the cholera, was inculcating the necessity of cleanliness. Grannie listened with a sort of half-consenting air, which seemed to say, “We must submit to all this for the good that’s to come”—until he mentioned the necessity of removing the dunghill from before the window. Her Highland blood could not endure so audacious an inroad upon her freedom : she determined to make a stand upon this odoriferous ground, proverbial for inspiring pluck even into the craven. With an attitude of defiance, and her fists firmly stuck in her sides, she bawled out, “Deed, Major, ye may tak our *lives*, but ye’ll no tak our *mid-den* !”’—*Ibid*, p. 73, note.

Both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Colquhoun cannot help referring, with some show of feeling it, to the well-known ban attributed to Dr. Johnson. If the doctor *did* utter it, he is worthy of the figure which they have set up by way of a statue of him at Lichfield. A physical defect prevented the possibility of the great lexicographer having any more notion of the pleasures which await the angler, and the glorious scenery among which his sport leads him, than a man sightless from his birth has of colours. What could he have known of the thrill that runs through the spectator when his eye embraces hill and valley, wood, rock, lake, and stream, in wild but harmonious confusion ; as if the giants had in sport tossed rock and mountain about, and the fairies had afterwards come to make the broken land beautiful. To such impressions Johnson was high-gravel blind.

We leave Mr. Colquhoun with regret, for the present ; for his *Moor* is, if anything, even better than his *Loch* ; and now, though last not least, we call upon Richard Penn, F.R.S., to come into court.

Reverend

Reverend Izaak well observed that angling is something like poetry—'men are to be born so;' and true it may be that no mere directions will ever make a man a proficient. But, if he have a grain of the good seed in him, these 'Maxims and Hints for an Angler'—no Mr. Penn—not 'by a Bungler,' though it pleases your worship to say so—will, if attended to, make his piscatory fortune. If the precepts are not all new—how little is!—they have the air of novelty, and charm by the pregnant brevity, sly sarcasm, and oily raciness, with which the truth is at once conveyed and impressed.

Mr. Penn's experience has apparently been confined to the south; and, indeed, we doubt whether he is yet thoroughly familiar with Thames trout-fishing on a large scale. It requires great patience, skill, and tact; but these are often rewarded by the finest fish. When Mr. Wilson talks of his 'glorious three-pounder' (p. 197), what would he say to the great Thames trout of eight or nine pounds weight—they have been taken as high as fifteen pounds—which comes at the spinning gudgeon 'as if it were a mastiffe dog at a beare.' We cannot trust ourselves here; for it is exciting to see the rippled surface ploughed by one of these noble fish, his back-fin ever and anon appearing above the water as he drives the glittering small fish before him, often within a few yards of your boat, and they make desperate leaps into the air to avoid their fate, whilst he recklessly throws himself out after them, shining like silver. A well-timed and skilful cast on such an occasion will often terminate by the welcome introduction of the great pursuer into the boat's well. Nor is it in fishing streams alone—which can only be well done in the Thames from a punt suffered to drop down from haunt to haunt, and anchored by a weight—that sport is to be expected. The bright sun draws the fish up to the weirs and the great trouts after them; and there, when the cloudless day makes any other fishing almost hopeless, if the fisherman can trust his head upon the dizzy footing of the weir-beam, high above the roaring, tumbling, flashing waters beneath, he may with little other skill hook very large fish; for, if his trace be well fitted, the rapidity of the current alone spins his bait beautifully. But we are reviewing books, and not writing treatises, nor ought we to detain the reader any longer from Mr. Penn's arch 'Hints and Maxims.' We begin with—

'I.—Are there any fish in the river to which you are going?

'II.—Having settled the above question in the affirmative, get some person who knows the water to show you whereabouts the fish usually lie; and when he shows them to you, do not show yourself to them.

'IV.—Do not imagine that, because a fish does not instantly dart off
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on first seeing you, he is the less aware of your presence; he almost always on such occasions ceases to feed, and pays you the compliment of devoting his whole attention to you, whilst he is preparing for a start whenever the apprehended danger becomes sufficiently imminent.

‘V.—By wading when the sun does not shine, you may walk in the river within eighteen or twenty yards below a fish, which would be immediately driven away by your walking on the bank on either side, though at a greater distance from him.

‘VI.—When you are fishing with the natural May-fly, it is as well to wait for a passing cloud as to drive away the fish by putting your fly to him in the glare of the sunshine.

‘VII.—If you pass your fly neatly and well three times over a trout, and he refuses it, do not wait any longer for him: you may be sure that he has seen the line of invitation which you have sent over the water to him, and does not intend to come.

‘VIII.—If your line be nearly *taut*, as it ought to be, with little or no gut in the water, a good fish will always hook himself, on your gently raising the top of the rod when he has taken the fly.

‘IX.—If you are above a fish in the stream when you hook him, get below him as soon as you can; and remember that if you pull him, but for an instant, against the stream, he will, if a heavy fish, break his hold; or, if he should be firmly hooked, you will probably find that the united strength of the stream and fish is too much for your skill and tackle.

X.—I do not think that a fish has much power of stopping himself if, immediately on being hooked, he is moved slowly with the current, under the attractive influence of your rod and line. He will soon find that a forced march of this sort is very fatiguing, and he may then be brought, by a well-regulated exercise of gentle violence, to the bank, from whence he is to be instantly whipped out by an expert assistant, furnished with a landing-net, the ring of which ought not to be of a less diameter than eighteen inches, the handle of it being seven feet long.

‘XI.—If, after hooking a trout, you allow him to remain stationary but for a moment, he will have time to put his helm hard a-port or a-starboard, and to offer some resistance. Strong tackle now becomes useful.

‘XII.—Bear always in mind that no tackle is strong enough, unless well handled. A good fisherman will easily kill a trout of three pounds with a rod and a line which are not strong enough to lift a dead weight of one pound from the floor, and place it on the table.

‘XIII.—Remember that, in whipping with the artificial fly, it must have time, when you have drawn it out of the water, to make the whole circuit, and to be at one-time straight behind you, before it can be driven out straight before you. If you give it the forward impulse too soon, you will hear a crack. Take this as a hint that your fly is gone to grass.

‘XIV.—Never throw with a long line when a short one will answer your purpose. The most difficult fish to hook is one which is rising at three-fourths of the utmost distance to which you can throw. Even when

when you are at the extent of your distance, you have a better chance; because in this case, when you do reach him, your line will be straight, and when you do not, the intermediate failures will not alarm him.

'XV.—It appears to me that, in whipping with an artificial fly, there are only two cases in which a fish taking the fly will infallibly hook himself without your assistance, viz. :—

'1. When your fly first touches the water at the end of a straight line.

'2. When you are drawing out your fly for a new throw.

'In all other cases it is necessary that, in order to hook him when he has taken the fly, you should do something with your wrist which it is not easy to describe.

'XVI.—If your line should fall loose and wavy into the water, it will either frighten away the fish, or he will take the fly into his mouth without fastening himself; and when he finds that it does not answer his purpose, he will spit it out again, before it has answered yours.

'XVII.—Although the question of fishing up or down the stream is usually settled by the direction of the wind, you may sometimes have the option; and it is therefore as well to say a word or two on both sides.

'1. If, when you are fishing down-stream, you take a step or two with each successive throw, your fly is always travelling over new water, which cannot have been disturbed by the passing of your line.

'2. When you are fishing up-stream, you may lose the advantage of raising so many fish; but, on the other hand, you will have a better chance of hooking those which rise at your fly, because the darting forward of a fish seizing it has a tendency to tighten your line and produce the desired effect.

'3. If you are in the habit of sometimes catching a fish, there is another great advantage in fishing up-stream, viz., whilst you are playing and leading (necessarily down-stream) the fish which you have hooked, you do not alarm the others which are above you, waiting till their turn comes.

'XVIII. The learned are much divided in opinion as to the propriety of whipping with two flies or with one. I am humbly of opinion that your chance of hooking fish is much increased by your using two flies; but I think that, by using only one, you increase your chance of landing the fish.

'XIX.—When you are using two flies, you can easily find the bob-fly on the top of the water, and thus be sure that the end-fly is not far off. When you are using only one fly, you cannot so easily see where the fly is; but I think that you can make a better guess as to where the fish is likely to be after you have hooked him.

'XX.—Also, when you are using two flies, you may sometimes catch a fish with one of them, and a weed growing in the river with the other. When such a *liaison* is once formed, you will find it difficult, with all your attractions, to overcome the strong attachment of the fish to your worthless rival the weed.

'XXI.—If the weed will not give way in the awkward juncture above alluded

alluded to, you must proceed to extremities. "Then comes the tug of war;" and your line is quite as likely to break between you and the fish, as between the fish and the weed.

'XXII.—When, during the season of the May-fly, your friends, the gentlemen from London, say that they "have scarcely seen a fish rise all day," do not too hastily conclude that the fish have not been feeding on the fly.—*Maxims and Hints for an Angler*, pp. 3—12.

The May-fly season is, indeed, the jubilee of anglers; and then, and then only, we believe, are Houghton Shallows taboo'd for all but members of the delightful club to which our author belongs. Every fisherman looks for the time with impatience. An experienced dweller near one of our southern trout-streams was strictly charged to send the earliest intimation to his patron in London of the advent of this anxiously-looked-for insect. A letter came in these words:—

'Honoured Sir,—He is not come down yet, but we expect him down early next week.

'Your humble servant to command,

'A. B.'

It would have puzzled the uninitiated to guess what personage was expected; but the angler at once recognised news of the May-fly, acted upon the information, and was not disappointed.

We cannot resist another hint or two:—

'XXX.—Never mind what they of the old school say about "playing him till he is tired." Much valuable time and many a good fish may be lost by this antiquated proceeding. Put him into your basket *as soon as you can*. Everything depends on the manner in which you commence your acquaintance with him. If you can at first prevail upon him to go a little way down the stream with you, you will have no difficulty afterwards in persuading him to let you have the pleasure of seeing him at dinner.

'XXXI.—Do not be afraid of filling your pockets too full when you go out; you are more likely to leave something behind you than to take too much. A man who seldom catches a fish at any other time usually gets hold of one (and loses him of course) while his attendant is gone back for something which had been forgotten.

'XXXII.—If your attendant is a handy fellow at landing a fish, let him do it in his own way: if he is not, try to find a better man, or go home. Although so much depends upon his skill, you will rarely derive much comfort from asking him for his opinion. If you have had bad sport, and say to him, "Which way shall we go now?" he will most probably say, "Where you please, sir." If you ask him what he thinks of the weather, he is very likely to say that last week (*when you were in London*) it was "famous weather for fishing;" or he will perhaps say that he expects that next week (*when you are to be at home again*) it will be very good. I never knew one of these men who was satisfied with the present hour.

'XXXIII.—Do not leave off fishing early in the evening because
your

your friends are tired. After a bright day, the largest fish are to be caught by whipping between sunset and dark. Even, however, in these precious moments, you will not have good sport if you continue throwing after you have whipped your fly off. Pay attention to this; and if you have any doubt after dusk, you may easily ascertain the point, by drawing the end of the line quickly through your hand,—particularly if you do not wear gloves.'—*Ibid.*, pp. 17–19.

The concluding maxim must not be omitted:—

'XXXV.—Lastly—When you have got hold of a good fish, which is not very tractable, if you are married, gentle reader, think of your wife, who, like the fish, is united to you by very tender ties, which can only end with her death, or her going into weeds. If you are single, the loss of the fish, when you thought the prize your own, may remind you of some more serious disappointment.'—*Ibid.*, p. 20.

The last sentence is touching: its tone reminds us of the *Eheu Evelina* of dear old Jonathan Oldbuck, and we sincerely hope that this sigh of the amiable author is not for himself: if it be, it is easy to guess who has been the greatest loser.

But this is tender ground, and the *Miseries of Fishing* are yet unnoticed. Not a word will we extract, though the short dry cough of the young miller, and the anguish of the hero, are almost irresistible. The pretty little book is illustrated by capital cuts, some of them furnished by 'very famous hands.' 'Beginning early,' by Chantrey, is a jewel: the eager look at the selected fly, held between the spectacled eye and the light for closer scrutiny, is beyond praise. Mr. Jones and Mr. Lea have also given elegant contributions. Every fisherman knows the indescribable thrill that pervades the nervous system from the unbroken communication between the angler and a heavy fish. This highly excited state of animal magnetism may be best inferred from the state of collapse that ensues if the fish breaks your line, or, as the fisherman says, 'breaks you'—leaving you with a feeling that your back-bone is gone with him. Such a deplorable condition is represented to the life in the cut at p. 46. We dare go no further—not even to dwell on the charms of small trout fried with crisped parsley, so delicately as not to soil the white damask on which they are presented. But here is an *envoy* from Dame Julyana—

'The angler atte the leest hath his holsom walke, and mery at his ease, a swete air of the swete savoure of the meede floures, that makyth him hungry; he hereth the melodyous armony of fowles; he seeth the yonge swannes, herons, cotes, and many other fowles, wyth their brodes; whyche me seemeth better than all the noyse of houndys, the blastes of hornys, and the scrye of foulis, that hunters, fawkeners, and foulers can make. And if the angler take fysshe, surely thenne is there noo man merier than he is in his spyryte.'

- ART. VII.—1. *A Letter to the Lord Chancellor on the Claims of the Church of Scotland in Regard to its Jurisdiction; and on the proposed Changes in its Polity.* By John Hope, Esq., Dean of Faculty. 2nd Edition. Edinburgh. 1839.
2. *Remarks on the Present Position of the Church of Scotland.* By Thomas Chalmers, D.D. 4th Edition. Glasgow.
3. *The Speech of the Right Honourable the Earl of Aberdeen in the House of Lords on Tuesday, May 5.* 1840. London.
4. *The Earl of Aberdeen's Correspondence with the Rev. Dr. Chalmers and the Secretaries of the Non-Intrusion Committee.* 1840. Edinburgh.
5. *What ought the Church and the People of Scotland to do now?* By Thomas Chalmers, D.D. and LL.D. Glasgow. 1840.
6. *An humble Attempt to put an end to the present Divisions in the Church of Scotland, and to promote her Usefulness.* By the Rev. Lewis Rose, A.M., Minister of the Duke Street Gaëlic Church, Glasgow. Glasgow. 1840.

THE present situation of the Church of Scotland is one which it is impossible to contemplate without astonishment. It is impossible to disguise that the line of conduct on which the majority of its clergy are now acting involves principles inconsistent with the very existence of an establishment, and subversive indeed of all government. Let not our English readers suppose that the question at issue is merely one as to the check or control to be exercised by the people over the exercise of church patronage. That question, important as it was in the outset, has since merged in far more vital considerations. A Protestant Established Church—the child of the law in as far as it is an establishment,—reviving in the nineteenth century the claims of Popery, asserts her absolute independence of the law in all matters which she herself shall define to be spiritual; refuses obedience to the sentence of the law which declares her proceedings to be an invasion of civil rights; proceeds to punish by suspension from their clerical offices those of her members who as subjects felt themselves constrained amidst this ‘divided duty’ to yield obedience to the law of the land; and yet continues to retain the temporalities which she holds only in virtue of that very law which she sets at defiance! Meantime, although the present incumbents retain their endowments, every new presentation by a patron may give rise to a new resistance to law, and result in leaving the parish destitute of any established minister. For while on the one hand the Church refuses to admit the presentee to the charge, on the other the law declares the temporalities to be the property of the patron, whose presentee

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has been *illegally* rejected. The fund provided by the State is withdrawn; and thus at no distant period half the parishes in Scotland may be left dependent on a precarious and *voluntary* provision for the services of religion. This is the shape which the question, originally regarding the alleged *right of the people to reject a presentee without reasons assigned*, has now assumed. This is the state of matters with which the Legislature, if it is to interfere, has to deal; and that some interference is imperatively called for, seems now to be the conviction of all.

In treating of this most painful subject there are two points on which we should wish not to be misunderstood; first, that we take the law as laid down, and mean to re-agitate in the shape of formal discussion no legal questions which have already been decided by the House of Lords:—In the next place, and once for all, we mean to convey no imputation against the motives or integrity of those *clergymen* by whom the counsels of the Church of Scotland have been mainly directed. That the great majority of these are men of sterling worth—pursuing an end which they believe to be for the interests of religion—we have not the least intention to dispute. We consider them as the unconscious dupes and instruments of a few artful intriguers, and hot-headed agitators.

When the first motion towards a change in the law of the Church of Scotland, with regard to the appointment of its ministers, took place in 1832, that law, as understood to be fixed by statute and practice, was in substance this:—That the right of presentation to the benefice belonged to the patron; the right of objecting to the presentation, but always upon reasons stated and substantiated, to any member of the congregation; the right of determining upon these reasons to the church courts. It was admitted, even by those least favourable to patronage, that the church which had grown up under this system, ‘so far from being in a decaying or falling state, was in a most flourishing condition.’* ‘The practical effect of that church on the general information of the people, on their private morals, and on their religious character,’ was stated by one of the most pious and learned of its ministers, Sir Henry Moncreiff, ‘to equal, if it did not surpass, what could be imputed in the same points to any other church in the world.’

It was undoubtedly not a very easy, or at first sight a very promising task, to persuade the people of Scotland that a system which had led to such results—results not disputed by any of the advocates of Presbyterianism—was *an evil* which called for reform. Accordingly, the first attempts made to inflame the popular mind

* Lord Moncreiff's Evidence on Patronage.

on the subject by those Presbyterian purists, to whom the law of patronage had always been a prescriptive and conventional grievance, were coldly received. The first announcement of an 'anti-patronage society' by 'members and ministers of the Church of Scotland'—(ministers who owed their appointment to patronage)—was received with a mingled feeling of pity and surprise; and the earnest importunity of their appeals to the public for aid to enable them to defray the expense of their purchased but unpaid-for patronages seemed sufficiently to denote that for some years at least the society maintained no very vigorous or popular existence.

But times more favourable both for lay and clerical agitation arrived. The coincidence of 'the desire to popularise the ecclesiastical constitution' of the Scottish Church, with 'the movement which took place a year or two before in the political constitution of the country,' would be in itself suspicious and remarkable, but the connection between the two, as cause and effect, does not appear to be disputed by Dr. Chalmers.* The opposition to the existing law of patronage was one of the forms in which the revolutionary spirit displayed itself in Scotland. The first overt act of hostility to the law of patronage took place in the memorable year of 1832: after the revolutionary convulsions of 1830 had dislocated Europe, and the success of the reform agitation at home had carried into the general mind a feverish longing for innovation and a superstitious deference for the mere expression of the democratic will. To certain political intriguers, who were eager to make a tool of the Church, patronage presented an inviting, and it was now thought a practicable, object of attack. It was a salient point in the polity of the church, upon which it was thought that, in the present restless and unbalanced state of opinion, conscientious convictions, and party spirit—ancient prejudices and recent appetite for change—pressure from without, and wavering from some portion of the garrison within—might all be brought to bear with combined operation.

A direct and avowed attack on patronage, however, would have been too bold a step. Many who were prepared practically to nullify the right by subjecting it to limitations inconsistent with its exercise—many who conscientiously believed that this mutilation of the right of patronage was required for the well-being of the church—would have been startled by the proposal for its abolition. Even those who were prepared to go the whole length, and who steadfastly contemplated this as their ultimate object, could not delude themselves into the belief that the church could by her own powers abrogate at once the law of the land. It was

* What ought the Church and the People of Scotland to do now? p. 5.

necessary in the mean time, in order to secure the support of a majority in the Assembly, to rest satisfied with a proposal which, while it professed to leave the right of patronage untouched, should yet in truth and substance render it ineffectual. It is of importance to observe, in reference to the way in which the objects of the party have *gradually* developed themselves, that in the 'overtures' submitted to the assembly in 1832 on the subject of patronage, not only was the intention of advocating its abolition denied, but even the idea of giving a *veto* to the majority of the congregation upon the appointment by the patron was studiously disclaimed; Lord Moncreiff, in particular, expressing his surprise that such an inference should be drawn from the overtures under discussion, which merely proposed to render the formal call or consent—which as a matter of practice, though not of law, had always been given by a few of the parishioners to the nomination by the patron—more real and effectual.* *In 1833 the very proposal of giving a veto to the majority of the congregation was submitted to the Assembly by Dr. Chalmers, and supported by the vote of Lord Moncreiff.*

It is of course no matter of surprise that, in the strangely composite body by whom the veto was advocated, the most opposite views should prevail as to the grounds on which it ought to be rested; some claiming for it the sanction of direct scriptural authority—others content to rest it on no higher basis than expediency; some contending that the proposed measure was but a return to the ancient law and constitution of the Church of Scotland—others admitting its novelty, but maintaining that it was competent for the church by her own inherent powers to establish any new limitation she pleased upon the right of patronage. But it does appear somewhat singular that not a few of those who advocated the measure in 1833, and maintained its competency and legality, did so with a secret consciousness—which the event has justified—that it was neither agreeable to the existing law, nor within the powers of the Assembly, and that the probable result would be a collision with the courts of law, and the consequent sacrifice of the temporalities of the church. Among these, we regret to say, was the most distinguished supporter of the measure, Dr. Chalmers. He has repeatedly admitted that these consequences were distinctly foreseen by himself; and that a 'great blunder' was committed by the Assembly when they ultimately passed the measure in 1834!

* Adverting to the remarks of Mr. Whigham, who had pointed out the clear drift of the overtures, his lordship observed, 'What is the next point in his speech? He said that those who wished to remit these overtures to a committee maintain that there is, or ought to be, a veto in the majority of the congregation. I have not heard that maintained.'

An outline of the important debate of 1833 will sufficiently place before the reader the general grounds on which a change in the law was advocated and resisted. It will have this farther advantage, that the reasons assigned by the opponents of the measure for their resistance to the proposed change, on the grounds of its injustice and inexpediency, apart from its illegality, will afford an answer by anticipation to the reasonings of those who would now endeavour to obtain from the legislature what the church at last confesses herself unable to accomplish.

The speech of Dr. Chalmers on this occasion was an epitome of the character of the man: fervent, enthusiastic, generally haunted by some one idea which rules over his mind like a spell, to the exclusion of all countervailing or collateral considerations; distrustful of human nature, and yet always confident of his own power of controlling it by means of some favourite moral or political panacea; a confidence that seems in no case to be shaken by the accident that this latest specific often stands out in startling contradiction to that which it has supplanted. As an oratorical effort the speech had its fascinations; the momentous topics which it agitated, the really sound and striking remarks which it occasionally embodied, could not fail to arouse attention, when clothed in that picturesque and peculiar eloquence which had often communicated an air of novelty to the veriest truisms, by the uncouth grandeur which it stamped upon their expression. But as a piece of logical reasoning, the speech was a phenomenon. It presented the strangest union of sobriety and rashness; of just views of human nature in some respects, with the most delusive and impracticable notions in others; and of concessions which the candour of his nature extorted from the speaker, with an apparent insensibility to the fact that upon every just principle of reasoning these concessions were fatal to his whole argument.

Nothing, for instance, could be more just than the picture he drew of popular election; the caballing, the scandal to which it gave rise; the interested motives of the bad, the 'gullibility' of the good; their hopeless incapacity to choose a pastor; and the necessity of a check by the Church itself, not only on careless patrons, but on 'a graceless population;' and then, having painted these evils with a power of graphic and sarcastic expression, which would have led any one ignorant of his views to suppose that he meant to give to the proposed measure the most uncompromising opposition, he suddenly set himself to maintain that the same people who were so utterly incompetent to choose, were so admirably fitted to sit in judgment on the object of the patron's choice, that their *simple negative*, unaccompanied by any reasons, ought to be conclusive against the presentee; and that all those grievous

grievous and admitted evils which attended a direct voice in the choice of a pastor would disappear at once in the case of an unreasoning rejection !

The main grounds relied on by the advocates of a popular *veto without reasons* assumed something of the following shape : That if the veto, in the precise form in which it was now proposed, was a novelty, the principle at least was of scriptural authority ; coëval with the Presbyterian establishment ; laid down in its Second Book of Discipline ; and if not expressly enacted, at least recognised by statute : that even if it were an admitted novelty, the Church, being bound by statute to admit only a *qualified* presentee, might declare non-acceptability to a congregation a disqualification, as she had declared ignorance of Hebrew, Gaëlic, or any other supposed requisite for the cure, to be so : that the ordinary range of objection competent to the people—embracing, as they assumed it did, only doctrine, learning, and morals—was quite inadequate to meet the many cases of objections, serious in themselves, yet falling under none of these categories : nay, that the most important objections to the spiritual efficiency or usefulness of the presentee might exist without being capable of being stated in a distinct or tangible form by ignorant but pious persons to a church court ; while even if so stated it appeared to be doubtful whether, under the existing law, any effect could be given to them : that the simple disinclination of the congregation, if not proceeding from factious or unworthy motives, was in itself conclusive proof that the individual objected to was unfit to instruct or edify that congregation : that by any other rule extreme injustice would be done to humble and pious congregations by having the formal ministrations of an uncongenial minister forced upon them : and that only by the recognition of a negative by the people without the necessity of reasons could there be secured to the Church of Scotland that salutary and vigorous efficiency, from which it was at the same time with singular inconsistency admitted that under the existing system she had not declined.

If the arguments of the opponents of the measure were less vehemently stated, they appear at least more consistent, more agreeable to law and to the experience of human nature.

What scriptural sanction, it was asked, could be claimed for the principle of a popular veto ? The doctrines advanced on the other side, if true, necessarily led to popular election, which was studiously disclaimed, instead of a simple negative on the choice of the patron. The vague and pliable texts quoted in support of them might with equal propriety be cited in support of any ecclesiastical, nay, of any political change. The direct sanction of scriptural authority was accordingly disclaimed by the cooler

cooler majority of the supporters of the measure. As little could any argument be drawn from practice in its favour. That of the apostolic times, of the earlier Christian churches, was admittedly hostile to the popular initiative. Nowhere in the *actual history* of the Scotch Church could a trace of popular election be found. The very claim put forward to that effect in the First Book of Discipline, which never became law, was dropped in the Second, which to a limited extent was sanctioned by the legislature.

But if the initiative was always with the patron, just as little had the people ever possessed the right of putting a capricious and unreasoning negative upon his choice. From first to last, from the acknowledgment of the Presbyterian Church as the established Church of Scotland, in 1567, down to the Act of 1712, the rule had been unalterably this:—presentation by the patron; objection, but on reasons stated, by the people; decision on those reasons by the Ecclesiastical Court. The place of *objectors*, but on reasons 'stated and substantiated' to the presbytery, was the only place 'which the language of the Church, both in early and later times, uniformly assigned to the people.'* A popular veto was as unexampled as a popular election.

The argument on the point, that the Veto Act was inconsistent with the existing statute law, it is unnecessary after the decision of the House of Lords to refer to. But if the presbytery, it was then urged, were clearly bound by the law of the land to admit to the benefice every 'qualified presentee,' the proposition that they might by their own authority require as a *qualification* acceptability to a majority of the congregation, was a quibble too miserable to be maintained. From every one of the acts of parliament, as from the plain reason of the thing itself, qualification was evidently something existing in the presentee himself, not in the caprices of others—something, the presence or absence of which the patron could apprehend, and the competent tribunal could adjudicate upon; and to say that a condition altogether extrinsic should suddenly be imposed as a *qualification*, would be about as reasonable as it would be to declare for the first time, in 1833, that it should henceforth be *matter of qualification* that the presentation by the patron should be countersigned by the moderator of the General Assembly.

Thus the proposed measure could not be defended according to the existing law of the Church, while it could as little be doubted that, if attempted, patrons would resist so obvious an encroachment on their civil rights; and that if resisted the consequence must be endless litigation; the suspension of any regular ministry in every contested parish; and, finally, either the submission of the Church to the law by the abandonment of the measure, or

* Sir H. Moncreiff, 'Life of Erskine,' p. 446.

the forfeiture of her legal rights as an endowed and established Church by her adherence to it.

But, in point of expediency, the measure was objectionable as it was illegal and excessive in respect of power. On what principle of reasoning or common sense could the people—confessedly unfit to be intrusted with the choice of their pastor—be safely trusted to sit in judgment upon, and to condemn *irresponsibly*, and *without the assignment of reasons*, the choice of another? Must not interest, ignorance, party spirit, prejudice, spiritual pride, intrigue, misrepresentation, all the disturbing elements, intrinsic or extrinsic, which polluted the popular *choice*, be expected in like manner to trouble the popular *veto*; nay, to operate with even less restraint in the latter case, since the moral responsibility, which to some extent was felt to be involved in the act of choice, was in a great degree withdrawn when the only question was, whether a negative should be put upon the choice already made by another. And if the security for a just sentence by a popular court of appeal, judging irresponsibly and in secrecy, was thus slender; if, according to all the admitted probabilities of human nature, gross injustice *must* be the frequent result, how strange that those who urged so feelingly the hardship of intruding an unacceptable minister upon a reluctant congregation, should be so insensible to the opposing hardship of extruding a worthy man from the ministry in consequence of a rejection felt by the presbytery to be capricious and unjust, but which, under the proposed law, they were to be compelled, as blind and helpless instruments, to carry into execution.

Nor would the injury so done—grievous even if inflicted in a single instance—be confined to the mere case of the individuals rejected. It would inevitably operate most unfavourably upon the whole structure and character of the Church itself, by lowering the standard of its literature and attainments; by substituting a factitious and conventional enthusiasm, and the arts of a vulgar popular oratory, for sound learning and sober piety; by banishing from the Church those candidates for the ministry whose more sensitive feelings, or more unbending principles, led them to shrink from the idea of an irresponsible popular trial, with its unworthy preliminaries; and by destroying the independence of those who remained, and whose ambition—being made of sterner stuff—enabled them to stoop to those compliances by which the weaknesses, as well as the better principles, of their judges might be enlisted in their favour.

Above all, where was the present necessity for this violent and confessedly-hazardous change? The moment chosen was one when it was admitted that the evils of improper appointments had
never

never been so little felt; when patrons in general had been exercising their privilege with a conscientious sense of responsibility, when the Church was unusually efficient and conspicuous for piety and learning. If this was conceded, but if it was urged that the measure was necessary as a security against *relapse* into a worse state of things, it was answered that the existing laws of the Church, if conscientiously administered by the Church Courts themselves, were fully adequate to the purpose. The right of objection given to every member of the congregation was not limited, as the other party for their own purposes assumed, merely to morals, doctrine, and literature. Everything which regarded the suitableness of the presentee for the particular charge—his inability to edify that particular congregation from any cause, physical or moral—fell within the term *qualification*, might be stated as an objection by the congregation, and sustained as a ground of rejection by the Church Courts, without appeal. That there could be any difficulty in stating the ground of objection, whatever it was, in an intelligible form, to a presbytery, anxious, if they did their duty, to give full weight to the conscientious scruples of the people, was a chimera which never had or could have a practical existence; and if such was the ample range of objection open to the congregation and to the Church Courts, embracing everything which could affect the suitableness of the presentee for the particular ministry, what reasonable conjecture could be formed as to those latent and intangible objections, those undefined and indefinable repugnancies, for which such reverence appeared to be claimed, except that they were of that class which it was *dangerous* rather than *difficult* for the objector to explain?

It was needless to point out how completely the proposed law, by which the negative of the majority, unaccompanied with reasons, was to be conclusive against the presentee, was opposed to the whole system and essential character of presbytery. Not only did it convert the right of the patron to *present* into a mere right to *propose*, but it annihilated the constitutional jurisdiction of the Church Courts to judge of the qualification of ministers: it prostrated the legal and spiritual authority of presbyteries before 'the will of the people'; transferred to them the Church's 'right of collation'; and converted its presbyteries into mere mechanical engines for registering dissents, and ministerially executing the decree of the majority of congregations.*

True, the presbyteries might still preserve much of the reality

* In reality the majority who decide are the majority of 'heads of families'; a somewhat ambiguous designation; but with reference to the argument, it is not worth while to insist on the difference; though so far as it goes it only renders the Veto Act less defensible in principle, and more obnoxious in its practical application.

of power without the appearance of it; for their constitutional right of judgment on the qualifications of the presentee they might now be enabled to substitute the secret and under-hand guidance of the choice of the people, and, under the shelter of their rejection, attain their own ends; but by what scenes of influence, intrigue, intimidation, discord, and dissatisfaction, must this be effected; at what a sacrifice of their own usefulness and estimation as ministers! 'by substituting a busy, intermeddling, factious, and fanatical clergy in lieu of the amiable, pious, learned, and unobtrusive class of men by whom the pastoral duties had hitherto been performed.'*

In every way, then, as opposed to law and practice—as uncalled for at the time—as unnecessary at any time—as fraught with gross injustice to patrons and presentees, with grievous injury to the character of the people—and as utterly irreconcilable with the whole scheme of Presbyterian Church government, the proposed measure ought to be resisted; and the General Assembly ought to declare—

'That in all cases in which a person is presented to a vacant parish, it is by the law of the Church, sanctioned by the law of the land, competent for the heads of families in full and regular communion with the Church to give in to the presbytery, within the bounds of which the vacant parish lies, *objections of whatever nature against the presentee, or against the settlement taking place*; that the presbytery shall deliberately consider these objections; that if they find them unfounded, or originating from causeless prejudices, they shall proceed to the settlement; *but if they find that they are well founded, that they reject the presentation, the presentee being unqualified to receive it*; it being competent to the parties to appeal from the sentence, if they shall see cause.'

The smallness of the majority by which the motion here quoted, which was brought forward by Dr. Cook in opposition to the proposed Veto Law, was carried in 1833 (amounting only to twelve, while the proposal for a committee had been negatived in 1832 by a majority of forty-two), sufficiently showed that in the next struggle the supporters of the Veto Act would be successful. Accordingly the measure was introduced in the next Assembly of 1834 by Lord Moncreiff (the same learned judge to whom the proposal had appeared a startling novelty in 1832), and carried by a majority of forty-six.

In two points, however, the Veto Act, as passed in 1834,

* 'Reasons of Protest,' by the Dean of Faculty, 1834. The same gentleman's Letter to the Chancellor, named at the head of this article, though defective in point of arrangement and chargeable with repetition—faults which naturally result from the way in which it appears to have been composed—in the few *horæ intercisivæ* of a laborious professional life—is a performance of sterling weight and vigour, and, taken in connexion with his learned and conclusive argument in the Auchterarder case, contains the essence of all which has been since spoken or written upon the question.

was different from the measure rejected in 1833; and both are most important with reference to the real objects of those by whom the revolution in the polity of the Church was proposed.

The certainty that an absolute veto, unaccompanied with reasons, and subject to no review, would in many cases be abused; that it would be perverted into an instrument of malice, or used as a means of securing a more favourite candidate, or exercised not from conscientious grounds of objection, but under the influence of cabal, interest, or any other irreligious feeling, was so obvious that the warmest supporters of the Veto could not shut their eyes to it. For this evil the measure, as originally proposed, professed to provide a remedy,—an awkward one, no doubt, but still not without its efficiency. It provided that the dissent of the majority, without reasons, should be conclusive, ‘*save and except where it is clearly established by the patron, presentee, or any of the minority, that the said dissent is founded in corrupt and malicious combination, or not truly founded in any objection personal to the presentee, in regard to his ministerial gifts or qualifications, either in general or with reference to that particular parish.*’ No doubt the onus of establishing the corrupt motive of the objectors was here thrown on the patron, the presentee, or the minority; but still we agree with Lord Moncreiff, who insisted strongly on the efficiency of this guarantee, that the power of inquiry into motives thus given, and of which the presbytery were to be the judges, was ‘extremely important to meet the cases which may easily be conceived of *groundless and unfair opposition, originating in the desire of serving another candidate, or directed to very different ends from the satisfactory settlement of the parish.*’* And such was also the view taken, both of the necessity and importance of this check, in the evidence given by many of the leading members of the party in the Church to which Lord Moncreiff belongs, before the patronage committee, in the spring of 1834; one reverend gentleman, Dr. Simpson (*Questions*, 924, 933, 1022, 7) suggesting that, ‘in addition to the protection that Dr. Chalmers’s motion gave to the presentee and patron,’ a solemn declaration should be made by the objectors that their dissent proceeded on the ‘honest conviction that they could not be benefited by the ministration of the person presented by the patron.’

Will it be believed that the power of *proving* corrupt motives on the part of the majority thus reserved to the patron and presentee—admitted to be so necessary in 1833 as a check on abuses—to which Lord Moncreiff ‘attaches very great importance’—which Dr. Chalmers embodies in the shape of an express exception

* Report of the Debate in 1833, on the Overtures anent Calls, p. 136.

from his measure—is dropped entirely in the Veto Act of 1834? and the ‘solemn declaration’ which Dr. Simpson had proposed, not as a *substitute* for this check, but as an additional security, is left as the sole and worthless guarantee against corrupt, capricious, vindictive, or interested rejections—as if the men who had really been influenced by such motives, but who knew that all inquiry into their conduct was excluded, would hesitate to emit the declaration required?

‘Almighty Crowd! thou shorten’st all dispute;
Power is thine essence—wit thine attribute!
Athens no doubt did righteously decide
When Phocion and when Socrates were tried;
As righteously they did those dooms repent;
Still they were wise whatever way they went.’

The second point of distinction between the proposed measure of 1833 and the Act of 1834 was most important as a test of the sincerity of those who advocated the change on the ground that the dissent of a majority was *in all cases*, and on grounds of *religious obligation*, to be received as a bar to the settlement of a presentee. By the existing statute-law of Scotland, if the patron failed to present within six months, the right of presentation fell *jure devoluto*, as it is called, to the presbytery. How, then, was the inalienable ‘right of the Christian people’ to object without reasons, dealt with by the new law when the patronage came to be exercised *by the presbytery*? Why, in that case, *the privilege of the people ceased*: the indispensable preliminary to the constitution of the pastoral relation was dispensed with; the case of presentations by the presbytery was ‘not to fall under the operation of the regulations in this and the relative Act of Assembly, but to be proceeded in according to *the general laws of the Church in such cases*.’ in other words, nothing but objections *stated and substantiated* were in that case to be received! The veto, as Lord Gillies with equal truth and point observed, which was a wall of adamant against the patron, was to be a web of gossamer against the presbytery.

Let it be observed too, that, according to the views of the party who of course assumed that the veto was to be *submitted* to as legal, the case of presentation *jure devoluto* was quite as likely to be the rule as the exception. In practice it was well known that one presentation generally exhausted the patron’s term of six months. The people, though they might reject *ad infinitum*, could never themselves present. Could one veto, or at the utmost two, be effected through their agency, and thus the six months *tided over*—the power of presentation in every case devolved upon the Presbyteries; and then the obnoxious limitation of

of their powers, by the dissent of the majority being conclusive against their presentee, was at once to disappear.*

In 1834, then, the measure was passed. Let us now look to its practical operation.

In 1835 the General Assembly found it necessary to address to the Presbyteries and to the Church a pastoral admonition—warning the people against attempts to wrest the Act to undue purposes, and reminding them that

'all caballing and canvassing for obtaining the appointment of a particular person to be minister, and all combination beforehand for that purpose, are inconsistent with the principle of the Act, and ought to disable every man who acts with a due regard to his Christian character, whatever may be his opinion on the law of patronage, from conscientiously declaring in the terms which may be required of him.'

A sound, and doubtless well-merited admonition, evincing by its earnestness that it bore reference to more than one foregone conclusion; unfortunately, however, just as likely to be obeyed by those to whom it was addressed as if the Venerable Assembly had set a stone in motion from a hill-top, and had recommended to it to descend with caution and circumspection.

In point of fact, several rejections had taken place in the course of 1834 marked by features of gross caprice and injustice; among others, that of the presentee to AUCHTERARDER, possessing the highest testimonials from the Presbytery which had licensed him, and where he had officiated. To that case, however, we shall afterwards have occasion to recur. Meantime let us proceed, though somewhat at the sacrifice of chronological arrangement, with a few specimens of the working of the Veto Act.

One feature which has been extremely common in the case of the application of the Veto is, that the very same individuals who have petitioned for the appointment of a particular individual as minister—*have been the first to veto him when appointed.*

In the case of Lethendy, out of the majority of fifty-three who dissented to Mr. Clark, *forty* had signed the petition for his appointment. In Mortlach fifty of those who had petitioned for Mr. Cruickshank dissented against him. Twenty such cases might be named. Indeed the evil, and the consequent ridicule and exposure, became so palpable that by-and-bye the Assembly were obliged to pass the remarkable resolution that the Veto

* So inconsistent and indefensible was this part of the measure felt to be, that it was dropped *about four years afterwards*, though not till after the Court of Session had, by their judgment in the Auchterarder case, declared the whole act illegal. Had the judgment been the other way, there is no doubt that this convenient exception in favour of the clergy would have been retained.

should not be allowed to be exercised against a presentee *by those who had previously petitioned for him!*

In the case of Logie Easter, the patron, most anxious to present a person who should be acceptable to the parish, submitted to the choice of the people five clergymen, *ordained ministers*, tried and known already in other cures, and of the highest character. The answer of the people was, that they had every possible respect for the gentlemen named, but had no intention of accepting any of them, 'their minds being already and determinedly made up to make choice of no other' than an individual of their own selection—to whom they had already offered the parish. The patron, finding it hopeless to deal with such objectors, presented one of the persons on his list. He was vetoed as a matter of course; all the dissentients, who had previously avowed that they would have no other than the man of their own choice, *having taken without hesitation the solemn declaration* that they were actuated solely by conscientious motives in their rejection. The result was that, after the parish had remained vacant nearly *two years and a half*, the patron was obliged to give up every one of the gentlemen whom he had named, and the people condescended to concur in the choice of another.

The scene which occurred in the church when the dissents were taken in this case is described *by the Presbytery* (most friendly to the veto) as one of the most disgraceful violence and indecency; one of their own brethren exciting the multitude, and they themselves being threatened with personal violence. And, finally, as an illustration how far the principle that the end justifies the means may in such cases be carried, it was found that in the Roll of Communicants which, as made up and signed by the deceased clergyman, formed the legal register of those entitled to dissent, one name had been inserted after the completion of the roll, *and after his death, by a member of Presbytery!*

In the case of the parish of St. Martin's, where *Mr. Fox Maule*, acting, in fact, as the representative of the *Government* (the presentation belonging to the Crown), had intimated his intention of appointing to the vacant cure any one whom four-fifths of the parishioners should agree in selecting, it was found impossible after two disorderly meetings—the latter so tumultuous that the chairman, *Mr. Nairne*, left the chair in disgust—to obtain the requisite amount of concurrence in favour of any one candidate. The expedient of a *leet* was then tried, and a second series of competition preachings took place. The Roll of Communicants for the previous year, not having been made up, now came to be adjusted—and

'The claims for enrolment were so numerous, and many of them of so equivocal

equivocal a kind, and the objections brought forward by the contending parties were urged with such vigour, that the Kirk session might be compared to a registration court held on the eve of a contested election, were not the comparison too favourable for the Ecclesiastical Court.*

Agents perambulated the parish canvassing the voters. Public-houses were kept open by individuals taking an active part for one candidate or another. The presence of police-officers and of the civil magistrate was found necessary when the votes came to be taken.

‘While the vote was being taken several stratagems developed themselves. An old man had been sent to a distance with a letter, which letter contained instructions *to retain him until the election was over*. A messenger was immediately despatched by the opposite party to bring him—but, *not being found, his daughter was admitted in his stead*;

her vote of course being received as that of the male head of a family! The result was a small majority in favour of one of the candidates, obtained, as it appeared to *Government*, by such questionable means, that they declined to appoint the candidate thus chosen, and bestowed the church upon the choice of the *minority*.

‘Inflammatory placards and declamatory harangues at public meetings are among the most innocent measures resorted to, and when angry feelings have been awakened the continued application of these means serves to keep alive the flame. Besides these, bribery, intimidation, intoxication, and the like, are the natural means for stimulating the worst passions of members of society, and these accordingly have been abundantly resorted to. Even on the day of the moderation of the call persons have been brought forward on that solemn occasion under the influence of intoxicating liquors, and *having ourselves witnessed the fact in one case we can easily credit what we have heard regarding others*.’—*Church Review*, 1837.

If we pause here it is not that our instances are exhausted,—would they were—but that the subject is too painful and degrading to be longer dwelt upon. Would not any one in perusing these details suppose that he was suddenly involved in the scenes of riot, profligacy, and fraud which characterise a contested Westminster election? Canvassing and bribery, intimidation, intoxication, vitiation of the records, abduction of voters, personation of voters, desecration of churches by tumultuary meetings, and the pulpit lending its aid to stimulate the contest and to deepen the confusion! These are the pacific consequences of that measure which, according to the sanguine anticipations of its mover, was

* This passage, with some of the subsequent details of the cases referred to, is quoted from a *statement* in the *Church Review*, April and May, 1837; for the accuracy of which the Dean of Faculty vouches in a note to his *Letter*,

“ to

“to put an end to the trade of agitation,” by acting “not as a force in exercise, but as a force in reserve,” “like the beautiful operation of those balancing and antagonist forces in nature which act by pressure and not by collision, and, by means of an energy which is mighty but noiseless, maintain the quiescence and stability of our physical system !” — *Dr. Chalmers's Speech*, 1833.

It is said, no doubt, the veto law latterly has *worked* better; that there have been fewer cases of the exercise of the right. The simple explanation of the matter is that in the majority of cases, patrons, knowing the resolution of the people to use unsparingly the power vested in them, and shrinking from the prospect of vindicating their rights by litigation, and of the spiritual destitution of the parish during the contest, have latterly preferred surrendering to the people a privilege which had become a mockery so far as any real value was attached to it, and remained a reality only in the bad feeling and evil consequences which its exercise was certain to engender. In fifty-one cases out of ninety-four vacancies occurring prior to the spring of 1837, the patron either handed over the choice to the people, or appointed the person whom they had previously selected. The exercise of the right *could* only take place then in the remaining forty-three cases; and in point of fact the number of cases of rejection was greater in 1837 than in 1836, having risen nearly to one-half, or eight out of nineteen presentations.

All patrons, however, were not disposed to submit to these encroachments, and accordingly, so far back as 1834, shortly after the measure had passed, the presentee to the parish of Auchterarder, Mr. Young, having been vetoed, raised, in conjunction with the patron, an action against the Presbytery, concluding to have it found that their rejection of Mr. Young as presentee, ‘without making trial of his qualifications in competent and legal form, and without any objections having been stated to his qualifications, or against his admission as minister of the church and parish of Auchterarder,’ in respect of a veto of the parishioners, was illegal—that they ‘were bound and astricted to make trial of his qualifications, and, if found qualified, to receive and admit the pursuer as minister of the church and parish of Auchterarder according to law.’

The result is well known. The Court of Session, after most elaborate hearing, in which everything which research or ingenuity could bring to bear upon the question was exhausted, decided by a majority, that the rejection in respect of the veto was illegal—that the Presbytery were still bound to take the presentee on trials, and, if found qualified, to receive him as minister of the parish to which he had been presented according to law.

The

The judgment of the Court of Session was appealed against by the Church, and affirmed by the House of Lords—the Lord Chancellor and Lord Brougham stating that the only difficulty they had in the case was to conceive wherein the difficulty felt by the minority of the Court of Session had lain. Thus then the *illegality* of the Act of Assembly, its violation of the statutory civil rights of patrons and presentees, was conclusively settled by the supreme judicature of the country upon an appeal taken by the Church itself.

The result then which *Dr. Chalmers* anticipated from the first—had occurred. It was now apparent that in every case in which the Church proceeded to act upon her own law ‘the legal provision for the *sustentation* of the ministry in that parish might be suspended,’ to use the peculiar phraseology of *Dr. Chalmers*’ very singular motion in 1838; or, in the plainer language of his pamphlet of 1840, ‘the temporalities would be severed from the cure, the minister stripped of his legal provision, and the good of a national establishment nullified in that parish.’ It has been farther admitted by him, that, had the majority in the Assembly foreseen this consequence, which ‘put the highest moral interests of the country into a state of the most fearful precariousness,’ the veto law would never have been passed. What reasonable inference then could have been drawn, except that, now that this dreaded consequence had been verified, *which if foreseen would have prevented the passing of the Act*, the Act would be forthwith rescinded by the same authority by which it had inadvertently been passed?

Such was certainly the general impression formed as to the probable proceedings of *Dr. Chalmers* and the majority when the Assembly met in 1839, after the affirmance by the House of Lords of the judgment in the case of *Auchterarder*. Entertaining certain views as to her own powers, the Church was (perhaps) entitled to assume the legality of her own act, till the supreme tribunal of the country should declare it to be illegal. But that being done, reasonable men could not conceive that, with the consequences so clearly before them as they appear to have been, the majority of the Assembly would still proceed to re-enact and re-transmit to Presbyteries, as the law of the Church, the very act which had just been solemnly pronounced to be illegal and beyond its powers. Yet such was in substance the motion of *Dr. Chalmers* in the Assembly of 1839, followed by the relative instructions to Presbyteries. They still resolved that the veto law should not be abandoned; they still made it imperative on Presbyteries, in the case of dissent by a majority, to refuse to take the presentee on trials, the very point which had *in terminis* been decided to be illegal in the *Auchterarder* case. The drift of *Dr. Chalmers*’

Chalmers' motion, though studiously wrapped up in a veil of obscure expression, was in truth, as plainly described by the Dean of Faculty, **OPEN RESISTANCE TO THE LAW OF THE LAND!**

An attempt has no doubt been made, and by Dr. Chalmers himself, to escape this consequence, and to maintain that, in the course adopted by the Church since the decision in the case of Auchterarder, she has not been guilty of any opposition to the law. 'We *suspended*,' says he, '*the execution of the law*: we kept the law unrepealed, *though meanwhile not acted upon*, till we should ascertain whether or not it would be legalised in Parliament.' Would not any one suppose on reading this statement that the instructions to Presbyteries in 1839 had been in the meantime *not* to apply the Veto Act—*not* to receive dissents without reasons—*not* to refuse to take presentees on trials—but to proceed according to the former law of the Church—'*the general law of the Church in such cases*,'—till the proposed alteration should obtain the sanction of Parliament.

How stood the fact? By the regulations which were transmitted, and re-enacted into an interim act, in 1839, the Presbytery *were as much bound as ever to allow the veto* to be applied; and the veto once applied operated as a final rejection by the law of 1834. True, the Presbyteries were directed to report 'all disputed cases' to the next General Assembly. But what was there left to report, *if the veto was once taken?* While the law of the Church stood unrecalled, the fate of the presentee was sealed. The Assembly themselves were bound by it; they could have done nothing upon the report of the Presbytery. Was this no resistance to law? The law says to Presbyteries in express terms, 'Proceed to take the presentee on trials:' the Church says as expressly by the directory of 1839, 'Do not proceed to take the presentee on trials; proceed to receive the veto, which for ever excludes you from taking him on trials, and then report the case to the General Assembly.*'

But, adds Dr. Chalmers, we showed our respect for the law by abandoning the Church's claim to present *jure devoluto* after a veto, and by instructing the Presbytery 'to offer no further resistance to the claims of Mr. Young, or the patron, to the emoluments of the benefice of Auchterarder;' that is to say, they yielded what the law, as a matter of course, would have refused to them. We pass over the rather curious fact, that the Church is at this moment—in another form—claiming these very emolu-

* So stood matters till 1840, when without a word of remark the regulations as to the veto were renewed, but with a direction to stop short and report the proceedings at an earlier stage; in order to give a colour to the pretext that the law was not in the mean time set at defiance.

ments, as *vacant stipend* (vacant by their own illegal act!) falling in terms of law to the Ministers' Widows' Fund. But suppose the claim to the emoluments of Auchterarder *bonâ fide* abandoned, does there remain behind no resistance to the law? Does not every member of every Presbytery who holds his benefice from the State on the condition of performing the statutory duties prescribed to him—and among others, that of giving effect according to law to the patron's presentation—resist the law when he retains the benefit it gives, and refuses to fulfil the correlative obligation it imposes by proceeding in terms of law to take the patron's presentee on trials? Is the paid servant of the State—placed in some particular office for the discharge of a particular duty, and by his occupation of that office excluding others from performing it—entitled to refuse performance of the trust committed to him, and yet plead that he yields obedience to the law? To us it appears inexplicable how the majority of the Assembly can continue endowed ministers of the Established Church of Scotland, refuse to perform their statutory duties, and yet talk of complying with the law, because in the special case where the veto law has been applied they make no claim to the temporalities of that particular benefice. We know that by many this pretext is put forward with much gravity; and there may be some to whom it may wear the look of argument. Let us see then how it is treated by one of the ablest, most zealous, and most high-minded of the supporters of the Church, Sir George Sinclair, in a recent and elaborate explanation which he has given as to his views of the conduct of the Church, and of the way in which he thinks the question might be adjusted. Differing as we do, *toto cælo*, from his conclusions in some other respects, it is impossible not to admire the candour and impartiality of his reasoning in this:*

'I have, after much reflection,' says Sir George, 'been led to think that after the decision of the supreme civil courts in the Auchterarder case, to which the General Assembly has felt herself conscientiously bound to decline giving effect, the Church has no alternative but that of obtaining an Act from the legislature for amicably adjusting the question in reference to the conflicting interests of the patrons and the people, or of *relinquishing the whole of her temporalities, and altogether dissolving her connexion with the state*. I am no lawyer, but I own it appears to me to be equally consonant with the dictates of equity and common sense, that when the Church refuses to take those steps which the civil courts say that she is bound to adopt in conformity to her compact with the state, she does not, if I may so express myself, *purge the irritancy by merely renouncing, pro tempore or pro hac vice, her claim to the*

* Letter addressed to the Witness (Edinburgh Paper), Sept. 19, 1840.

benefice of Auchterarder, and assuming a position which precludes the patron and his presentee from realising their interest in the stipend, but that, as she holds all her other temporalities by precisely the same tenure, she cannot in justice retain any part of them, but must surrender the whole into the hands of the state, unless, as I have already stated, the matter can be amicably settled through the medium of an act of parliament. If I had an estate consisting of many farms conferred upon me, on the condition that I adhered to a certain system of management and rotation, and that I chose (however honestly in point of motive) to depart in the case of any particular farm from the system laid down in the covenant in virtue of which alone I was entitled to the property, and the supreme courts declared that I had acted illegally, it would not be sufficient that I gave up the rents and profits of the particular farm in question, but it would become (as I conceive) my duty either to surrender the whole property, or to implement the terms of the agreement as defined by competent authority.'

Let the Church be assured—despite of sophistical reasonings about co-ordinate jurisdictions—that this is the view which impartial men, and even partial but honourable friends, form of her duty in this particular in regard to the State.

'Resigno quæ dedit; et meâ
Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.'

is the only language that can be held by those who conscientiously feel themselves unable to give obedience to that law, in virtue of which she holds her endowments. If the Church now for the first time after about 300 years makes that discovery, and resiles from her part of the contract, honour and common sense suggest that it must come to an end on both sides. While she retains her temporalities, her boast of independence of the law is a ludicrous and dishonest bravado. What indeed do the majority of the Clergy, safe in the proverbial security of *possession*, suffer by the cheap assertion of independence? The patron suffers, whose right is rendered nugatory; the presentee suffers, who, after a life of honourable toil, is for ever excluded from the benefice, and has his prospects blasted on the very eve of fulfilment; the parish suffers by being consigned to spiritual destitution, or left to the ministrations of some occasional emissary; the conscientious minority of the clergy suffer, who by obeying the law of the land subject themselves to the unsparing grasp of ecclesiastical tyranny. But as to the majority—their endowments are safe—their withers are unwrung!

We have alluded to the position in which the *minority* of the clergy were now placed by the determination of the Assembly to enforce the act which the House of Lords had declared to be illegal. The hardship of their situation was soon to be strikingly illustrated.

illustrated. In a former case, that of Lethendy, the majority of the Presbytery had come into collision with the civil courts; in that of Marnoch, which now followed, the minority were to come into collision with the ecclesiastical tribunal. It may be worth while to contrast the spirit in which the two courts acted.

In the case of Lethendy—we pass over its details—the presentee, Mr. Clark, having been vetoed by a majority, forty of whom, as usual, had been petitioners for him, the *Crown* thought proper—very unaccountably as appears to us, while the question of the validity of the veto law was yet *sub judice*—to issue a second presentation to a Mr. Kesson, on which the Presbytery were about to induct the second presentee, whom they happened to favour. Never, perhaps, was there a clearer case of civil right presented for the decision of the civil court. The second presentee could only be settled under a regular presentation; but if the first presentation to Mr. Clark was still effectual in law, the second presentation was absolutely void, and the induction of Mr. Kesson into the benefice would have been an induction without a warrant, and a gross invasion of Mr. Clark's vested right; since, if Mr. Kesson was once inducted, Mr. Clark was necessarily for ever excluded. Two successive interdicts accordingly were obtained by Mr. Clark from the civil court against the Presbytery proceeding farther till the validity of his presentation should be tried. These interdicts the Presbytery disregarded—they proceeded in the face of the decree of the civil court to settle and induct the second presentee—who is at this moment the minister of Lethendy—settled in fact without a presentation, though of course without a right to the temporalities. Nay, because Mr. Clark had ventured to apply to the court in a legal manner for protection of his civil rights in a question of competing presentations, the acting Delegates, or Commission, of the Assembly, on the motion of Mr. Dunlop (*a lawyer*), remitted to the Presbytery of Dunkeld

'to hold conference with the said Mr. Thomas Clark, and in the event of his not evincing due penitence for his conduct and withdrawing the legal proceedings instituted by him, to prepare a libel charging him with the said offences'—viz., 'attempting to bring the jurisdiction of this Church under subjection to the civil power in matters spiritual, contrary to the doctrines of the independent spiritual jurisdiction of the Church, and of the sole headship of the Lord Jesus on which the same depends.'

The interdict of the supreme court then had been set at defiance by the majority of the Presbytery, and the party who had applied for it threatened with prosecution by the ecclesiastical tribunals:—

'There

'There is no state of things in the social system,' says the Dean of Faculty, 'which can indicate greater disorder or a more complete disruption of all the bounds and restraints of law, than such an occurrence. What is there which ecclesiastical courts in the present day can do beyond the defiance of an interdict, and expressly directing for the attainment of their own ends an act to be done in open violation of the decree of the court enjoining the thing in the mean time not to be done? What is there which in former times was done by ecclesiastical authority proving more directly the resolution to put themselves above the law, and to procure entire immunity for the exercise of any power they choose to assume?'—*Letter*, p. 63.

For this breach of the law the majority might justly have been subjected to *imprisonment*. But the Court of Session, making allowance for the difficulty of their position, while they found it necessary to vindicate the authority of the law, acted towards them in a spirit of the utmost leniency. They were summoned to the bar of the court, censured with mildness by the venerable President, and *dismissed*.*

Look now at the conduct of the Church. In the case of Mar-
noch, which occurred in October, 1837, before the case of Auchterarder had been decided, the Presbytery of Strathbogie, giving obedience to the Act of the Church, *had* in the first instance applied the veto law. Mr. Edwards, the presentee, had been rejected. Then came in February, 1838, the decision of the Court of Session in the case of Auchterarder. As it was clear after this decision that Mr. Edwards would proceed to vindicate his rights by civil process, the Presbytery applied for advice to their ecclesiastical superiors. The only instruction they received was—proceed according to the veto law. Meantime a second presentation had been issued by the patron, erroneously assuming the invalidity of the first. Mr. Edwards, as Mr. Clark had done in the Lethendy case, applied to the Court of Session for an interdict against the Presbytery proceeding to induct the second presentee, and he also brought an action to the same effect as in the case of Auchterarder, that the Presbytery were bound to take him on trials. He obtained both the interdict and the decree he sought. The court found his rejection illegal, and that the Presbytery were bound to make trial of his qualifications, and if found qualified to

* The grave and simple dignity of the conclusion of his lordship's very striking address will be obvious to all: 'I am not fond of that abbreviated form in which such things are usually expressed—that parties have been guilty of a contempt of court—as if it was an offence personal to us—as if we were offended. No: we are only the administrators and the guardians of the law, bound to support its authority, and, so far as our personal character can go, bound to maintain the dignity of the court. *But personal offence we have none.* It is our duty to support the law, and I trust we shall ever continue to do so.'

admit him. This judgment was extracted as a warrant for execution, and intimated to the Presbytery.

Then, and not till then, did the majority of the Presbytery—acting not merely on the general declaration of the law which resulted from the decision in the case of Auchterarder, but under the authority of a definitive sentence *in this particular case*—find themselves, according to their own statement,

‘Constrained, by their solemn conviction of what is imperative upon them, in the circumstances, as members of a church established by law, and as such bound to obey the law as constitutionally interpreted and declared in the case, to come to the painful resolution to act in opposition to the prohibition served upon them by order of the Commission, and, in obedience to the decree of the Court of Session, to take Mr. Edwards on trials, as presentee to the church and parish of Marnoch.’*

The resolutions of the Presbytery having been brought before the Commission of the General Assembly, that body, expressly on the ground that in giving effect to the decree of the civil court the majority of the Presbytery had violated the law of the Church, proceeded to *suspend* the seven ministers who constituted the majority; and directed the Presbytery to provide a supply of stated ministerial services for their parishes, as if they had been vacant. Against this sentence the suspended ministers applied to the court, under whose compulsitor they had acted, for protection. That protection was of course given. The minority of the Presbytery, and all other Presbyteries, were interdicted from carrying into effect the resolutions of the Commission of Assembly—‘from molesting, invading, and interrupting the complainers in the exercise of the office of ministers’—from ‘supplying ministerial services, or otherwise exercising any of the functions of the complainers, in their respective parishes’—‘preaching in the churches, churchyards, or schoolhouses’—and generally from attempting to carry into effect the illegal sentence of the Commission.

In this and the whole of the trying proceedings which followed, the conduct of the seven suspended clergymen extorted the respect even of the Committee of General Assembly who were appointed to confer with them, from the combination which it displayed of reverence for their ecclesiastical superiors, with the firmness of men conscientiously discharging a painful but unavoidable duty.

The judgment of the court of session in the case of the suspended ministers has been represented as an *excess of powers*; and, still more strangely, as a *persecution* of the Church by the civil power. If these charges had been made only by men

* Resolutions of the Presbytery of Strathbogie, 4th December, 1839.

ignorant of the law and constitution of the country, we should have left them unnoticed; but when an able member of the legislature—himself a *lawyer*—chooses to reiterate them, and to give them the weight of his authority, it is impossible to pass them over without remark. Mr. J. C. Colquhoun, in a late address to his constituents at Kilmarnock—an address which, we regret to say, is characterised by more dexterity than candour—while *expressly admitting the illegality* of the veto act, yet chooses to maintain that the courts of law have exceeded their powers, and intruded in a wanton and persecuting spirit into the domain of the Church.

‘I have always,’ he says, ‘held this language to the Church, that she ought to repeal the veto act. I need not say that I have the highest respect for the courts of law. I think the passing of that act was a trespass beyond the Church’s bounds; and I am happy to have Dr. Chalmers on my side, because he has stated that from the first he doubted whether the Church had the power to pass the veto act. And therefore, in last May, I advised him to get that law repealed. What then, it may be asked, would you have the Church to put herself at the foot of the courts of law? I say *no*; but I wish to place the Church on her own constitutional ground. Are the courts of law, then, entitled to inflict penalties upon the Church? In every case there is but one penalty they can inflict; and that is, to withdraw the endowment, to abstract the stipend from the living. And if the courts of law had merely done this, and taken the temporalities from the parish of Auchterarder, they would only have done their plain duty. But they have done a great deal more than their duty. They have followed after the Church, and threatened her with penalties, fines, and imprisonments; they have issued orders to the Church to perform spiritual duties; they have issued interdicts forbidding her the performance of her spiritual functions. I say that, in doing this, the courts of law have done what is not their duty: they have transgressed their line, they have exceeded their jurisdiction: and when they say to me, Hear the law, I say, Hear the constitution. When they say to me, Obey the law, I reply, Obey the constitution. When they say, Won’t you hear our judgment? I say, I hear a judgment more emphatic, more impressive, louder than yours, coming from those who drew up the constitution of both courts, the ecclesiastical as well as the civil; that I must obey: and it is therefore with great regret, but in honest conviction, that I am bound to say that the courts of law have done a very serious wrong.’

It is conceded, then, in the outset, that the veto law was *illegal*, and that the civil courts rightly found that, *according to the law*, the Church was bound to take on trials every qualified presentee. The Church, notwithstanding this declaration of the law, attempts to compel her members to enforce the illegal act; and, when they refuse to do so, punishes them for their disobedience by suspension from their office of the ministry. They apply to the civil courts

courts for protection. Is it contended that *no* protection could be afforded? If so, the proposition comes to this, that the ecclesiastical tribunals may depose a clergyman *because he refuses to commit a crime*; and that the civil courts can afford no remedy. For the law cannot weigh *degrees* of illegality; the principle which would exclude review in the present case would equally exclude review where the Church had insisted that her members should enter into an illegal secret society—should violate their oath of allegiance, or be guilty of treason. But if no clergyman can be deposed or suspended for *refusing to do an illegal act and doing a legal one*, the right of the civil court to protect the deposed or suspended party arises of necessity. For to say that a person cannot legally be suspended for such a cause, and yet that the illegality cannot be declared by the only tribunal which can judge of legality, is a contradiction in terms. Let us put a case—which, considering the present tendency of matters in Scotland, is not of *impossible* occurrence. Suppose the majority of the Assembly—adopting the modern doctrine, that patronage is anti-scriptural—proceed to depose at once from his clerical office every member of the minority who refuses to sign the recent antipatronage bond; or to deprive of his licence every licentiate of the Church who will not pledge himself to reject all presentations from a patron.* Will any one contend that for such an act of ecclesiastical tyranny as this there is no remedy so far as the suspension of these individuals from the clerical office is concerned, and that men cease to be British subjects because they have the misfortune also to be clergymen?

‘But the civil courts,’ says Mr. Colquhoun, ‘have done more. They have followed after the Church with threats of fine, penalty, and imprisonment; have issued orders to her to perform spiritual duties; interdicts against her performing spiritual duties: and herein they have exceeded their duty.’ We answer,—The civil courts have issued *no* such threats; they have simply found, as they were entitled and called on to *find*, that *by law* the Church was bound to perform certain duties—leaving it to the private party to enforce the remedy which this finding gives. They have issued interdicts against no performance of spiritual duty; they have only interfered to prevent the rights of subjects from being violated under that pretext. If they were entitled to give protection to the suspended clergymen at all, they were entitled to give *complete* protection; not merely to maintain them in their churches and manses, but to protect them from being harassed and molested by an irregular and agitating militia of

* In point of fact, we believe that in one Presbytery the last proposal has already been brought forward.

preachers, sent into their parishes on the pretext of supplying vacancies which had no existence. For the principle of the decision was that the sentence of suspension was null *in toto*: that for such a cause there was and could be no suspension—consequently, no vacancy, and no ministrations of religion to be supplied; and, therefore, that every attempt to molest the existing incumbents, and outrage their feelings by setting up a rival conventicle at every church-door, to misrepresent and malign the established clergymen, was a plain wrong which called for a remedy.

‘When they say to me, Hear the law,’ says Mr. Colquhoun, ‘I say, Hear the constitution!—When they say to me, Obey the law, I say, Obey the constitution!’ And what, we ask, is the expositor of the constitution *but the law*? The legislature itself, which made the laws and can unmake them, cannot *interpret* them: the courts of law are the only interpreters of the constitution as it stands. Mr. Colquhoun deludes himself: he *cannot* hear the voice of the constitution ‘louder and more emphatic’ than that of the law; for where the law speaks, the constitution is dumb.

If this be denied, has Mr. Colquhoun, as he turned these epigrammatic periods, reflected on the full consequences of his argument? What, according to this view, is the constitution?—Whatever knavery or brainless enthusiasm choose to make it. When John Thorogood resists payment of his church-rates, he violates the law, but vindicates the constitution. When the annuity-tax payers in Edinburgh resisted the imposition made by statute for the support of the clergy, if they disobeyed the law, they listened to the more emphatic voice of the constitution. When Frost led on the Chartists of Wales to the attack of Newport—when Fieschi or Darmes levelled their murderous engines against the life of Louis Philippe—they appealed from the law to their own dark ideal of the constitution. ‘O, liberty!’ said Madame Roland, upon the scaffold, ‘how many crimes have been committed in thy name!’ O! much-invoked and much-abused constitution, say we, what excesses might not be palliated under thy name, if the *reality* were not to be sought and found in the law!

But, surely, still more unaccountable is the other accusation against the courts of law—that of *persecution*. Did the courts of law, we ask, voluntarily mingle in this unhappy contest? No; they interfered only to protect those who had obeyed their sentence—legally, and, as it is admitted by Mr. Colquhoun, rightly pronounced in a civil action, at the instance of a private party. They would at once have violated their constitutional duty, and covered themselves with ridicule, if they had refused to interfere.

Their

Their interference was not *persecution* of the Church, but *protection* of the privileges of the subject.

But we will tell the Church of Scotland what *does* appear to us to be persecution. It *is* persecution to compel the obedience of its members to an illegal act, when that obedience violates conscience and subjects the party to damages or imprisonment. It *is* persecution to suspend from their clerical offices those who, being subjects before they were churchmen, feel themselves compelled to obey the law of the land rather than the *illegal enactment* of an Ecclesiastical Court; to subject them to the daily intrusion of a band of clerical agitators, disturbing their comfort and rousing into pernicious activity the elements of discord and malignity which exist in every parish. Yet such was the conduct of the Assembly; *for, in defiance of the interdicts of the Court of Session*, they adhered to their determination of treating the parishes as vacant, despatched a regular supply of preachers to militate there as *in partibus infidelium*, and sanctioned, or at least did not rebuke, the most intemperate and irritating allusions on the part of these emissaries; the *calumnious* nature of whose statements against the conduct and character of the suspended clergymen, subsequent and humiliating *palinodes* have sufficiently attested.

'Strange,' as Lord Aberdeen observed, 'that a Church which had experimentally known the evils of persecution for conscience sake, should have profited so little by the lesson as to turn her hand against her brethren.' Still more strange that, while countenancing proceedings which more than anything else have alienated from her the sympathy of the public, she should yet persuade herself that she had acted with conspicuous lenity and moderation. 'We have carried forbearance,' says Dr. Chalmers, 'to the utmost limits' (p. 14). Our conduct is 'an instance of the utmost possible gentleness and forbearance on the part of the Church' (p. 16). 'Handle him tenderly,' says Isaac Walton, in giving directions for placing a worm upon the hook, 'as if you loved him.' 'Deal gently with our erring brethren of Strathbogie,' says the General Assembly, while fulminating against them sentences of suspension and threats of deposition—casting the fire-brand of discord into their parishes, and practising on the fears and the ignorance of those whom they could not persuade, by circulating the doctrine that even the ordinances of religion were desecrated when dispensed by their polluted hands!*

It was at this crisis when the scandalous state of things was exciting a general feeling of regret, and daily lowering the Pres-

* Such is the language used in the 'libel' as it is called, or indictment afterwards prepared against the Strathbogie ministers.

byterian Church in the estimation of all calm and impartial men, that an attempt was made by one who was justly entitled to describe himself as 'one of the most sincere friends of the Church of Scotland in either House of Parliament,' and who deeply lamented the position in which she stood, to extricate her from the fatal embarrassments in which the measure of 1834 had involved her. A nobleman, high in station, higher still in character and intellectual accomplishment, a conscientious Presbyterian, well acquainted with the people of Scotland, and sympathising with their religious wants—versed in the history of this very question, the workings of which he had had occasion to witness in his own neighbourhood—came forward with a measure which he thought the Church might accept without dishonour, because, while it simply restrained her pretensions within constitutional limits, it provided every security which rational men uninfluenced by ulterior views could demand against the intrusion of unworthy or unqualified presentees upon any congregation. Dr. Chalmers had himself admitted, when introducing his memorable motion of 1839, that until he read the *opinions* of the Lord Chancellor and Lord Brougham in the Auchterarder case, he was prepared to give up the veto, and to fall back upon the power of Presbyteries to judge of the fitness of each presentee for the particular charge, taking into view the repugnance of the people as a just element of consideration. That view, he stated, he was only led to abandon, and to adhere to the veto, from the impression left on his mind by these *opinions*, by which, to use his own expression, 'this ground was cut from under his feet,' and the question of *qualification* on which Presbyteries were to decide, limited, *as he assumed*, to doctrine, morals, and learning. The object of Lord Aberdeen's bill, which was introduced into the House of Lords in May, 1840, was precisely to restore the ground which had thus been cut from under his feet, and to give to the people the power of stating with effect, and to Presbyteries the power of finally deciding on every conceivable objection that could be stated against the suitability of the presentee for the particular charge—and this in the form of all others the least likely to be offensive to the Church, namely, by a *declaratory act*, not treating the power as a novelty introduced for the first time in order to extricate her from her difficulties, but as a principle which the Church was warranted to assert under the existing law, though, in giving effect to the principle by her act of 1834, she might have overstepped the limits of her jurisdiction.

The substance of the Bill was that any one person on the roll of communicants might state to the Presbytery '*any objection of any kind*' to the settlement of the presentee regarding his gifts and

and qualities, either generally or with reference to the particular parish; that the Presbytery were to decide on such objections, and if they were of opinion, 'due regard being had to the whole circumstances and condition of the parish and to the spiritual welfare of the people, that in respect of any of the said objections or reasons the individual presented ought not to be settled in the said parish,' they might reject the presentee, setting forth in their sentence the special ground on which their rejection had proceeded: that if satisfied on the other hand that no good objection existed against the settlement of the presentee, they should repel the objections and proceed to his farther trials:—their judgment in either case being reviewable *exclusively* by the superior ecclesiastical courts.

Let any impartial person consider the rights proposed to be recognised in the people and the Church courts by this Bill, and say if the *first impression* it leaves upon the mind be not that it gives to them too much power rather than too little? The veto law had no sympathies but with the *majority*. By this law the conscientious objections even of a *single* communicant were to receive effect. Every objection which could affect the *usefulness* of the presentee might be stated by the objector, nor were the Presbytery bound to decide upon these by themselves or in the abstract: they were entitled to do so, taking into view 'the whole circumstances and condition of the parish, and the spiritual welfare and edification of the people.' If they thought all or any of the grounds of objection good, they were entitled to sustain them; if they were satisfied they were all unfounded, to reject them. What farther power could be claimed—except the right to reject where there was *no* valid or conscientious objection of any kind stated against the settlement of the presentee; or the right to *admit* even where the Presbytery were satisfied that valid and conscientious objections had been stated?

So wide to us appears the sphere of objection thus legalised, and so ample the power given to the church courts in the matter of such objections, that we own the difficulty we feel in reconciling ourselves to this provision is the too ample discretion which it appears to leave to the Presbytery. For in truth we are at a loss to conceive what objection, having the slightest vestige of plausibility, might not under this clause be sustained by the ecclesiastical courts, whose jurisdiction would be final and exclusive. That the presentee made use of a written discourse instead of *pretending* to deliver an unpremeditated one; that his style was too refined for one congregation, too homely for another; that his manner did not come up to the exact standard of warmth and energy which the fashion of the day required; that he had not caught
precisely

precisely its conventional tone; nay the fact, that, for whatever reason, he was disagreeable to the majority of his hearers, and *therefore* not likely to be conducive to their spiritual edification;—might all be received and sustained by the Presbytery as reasons against his settlement. And if their judgment was confirmed by the superior Church Courts, however frivolous or strained those reasons might appear to be, that judgment would be conclusive against the presentee. Is this, we ask, not a tolerable extent of *liberum arbitrium*, to use the term of Dr. Chalmers, conceded to the people and to the Church?

But is there no case, it has been asked, in which a judgment pronounced by the church courts could, under Lord Aberdeen's Bill, be interfered with by the courts of law? We say, None—so long as their sentence is *not palpably and manifestly contrary to the law of the land*. Were the sentence for instance to bear that the presentee was rejected because he would not take an illegal oath, or from any similar cause, then the inherent right of every subject to protection would introduce the power of the civil courts; but in every case where the rejection proceeds upon any ground, no matter how frivolous, bearing upon the matter of qualification, we hold it to be plain, that under the exclusive right of appeal provided to the Church Courts all interference by the civil tribunals is at an end. If the Church does contemplate illegal and unconstitutional rejections, it will be difficult to maintain that the protection afforded by the civil courts is to be absolutely excluded; if she does not, their interference under this bill is impossible.

Such being the nature of the measure, it might certainly have been supposed that the opposition to it, if such there was to be, would have come from the patrons; for though embodying, as we believe correctly, the theory of the law of patronage in Scotland according to the statutes, there was no question that it imposed upon the right limitations which for a century had been unknown in practice. Every man of sense must feel that this was the real obstacle with which Lord Aberdeen might have had to contend. The Lord Chancellor in particular stated with reference to the Earl's bill that it appeared to him practically to abolish patronage, a result to which he could lend no aid or countenance. But sick of the spectacle which the country had for the last six years presented, anxious to agree to any measure, even though it narrowed their own influence, which might restore that tranquillity and good feeling between all classes of society which ecclesiastical agitation had so effectually destroyed—even this bill received from the patrons in Scotland every countenance and support.

The opposition to it came entirely from the ruling party in the Assembly.

Assembly. It was rejected by them with contempt, as unchristian, Erastian, prostrating the church at the feet of the civil power: the noble mover was assailed by some of its more zealous members as one who was endeavouring 'to depose the Redeemer from his throne,'* 'a wily politician who would sink into an unhonoured grave,' 'the bitter though unsuccessful opponent of the Church's liberty,'† and classed along with Lord Dalhousie, who had supported the measure in the House of Lords in a *first* speech of great promise, as the ideal of a bad patron! 'Spare no arrows,' was the maxim of the Scottish Reformer, and this precept at least his followers in the nineteenth century had not forgotten. And yet, Mr. Dunlop, the secretary of the non-intrusion committee, could describe the conduct of this noble patron, in a recent case of patronage and settlement of a minister, as having earned 'for himself, throughout the whole district in which the parish lies, greater respect, affection, and popularity, than even his high talents and his services to his country had previously acquired for him!‡ After rejecting the bill, and assailing with obloquy the noblemen who had lent their aid to it in the House of Lords, they resolved to proceed with the punishment of their brethren, and their opposition to the law, by adhering to the veto. They seemed determined to realise to the very letter the anticipations of their predecessors in the prophetic lines of Dryden—

'The Presbyter, puffed up with spiritual pride,
Shall on the neck of the lewd nobles ride,
His brethren damn, the civil power defy,
And parcel out republic prelacy!'

We feel no surprise that Government should not have supported Lord Aberdeen's Bill. The *settlement* of the question was probably the very last object they had in view; while, so far as these views were indicated, they opposed it, because it went too far rather than not far enough. Neither are we surprised that a large and influential body of the majority in the kirk should have been irreconcilably hostile to the Bill. To their objects, as now distinctly developed, it would in all probability have been fatal; for it would have quashed the *agitation for the repeal of patronage*, the shape which this Protean principle of 'non-intrusion' has now assumed. But by what process of reasoning Dr. Chalmers, if anxious only for an honourable and rational settlement of the question, should have brought himself to reject, and to join in the wretched clamour against Lord Aberdeen's bill, we are at a loss to conceive. The correspond-

* Correspondence, p. 64.

† Speech of Mr. D. M. Crichton. Witness August 15, 1840.

‡ Dunlop. Answer to the Dean of Faculty, p. 170.

ence between his lordship and Dr. Chalmers has been published, and after perusing that correspondence with the utmost attention we are absolutely unable to perceive on what grounds of any practical importance the parties remained at issue.

The questions under discussion appear to us to reduce themselves to these—

1. That Lord Aberdeen required that the objections, of whatever kind they might be, should at least *be stated* by the people.

2. That they should be judged of and sustained or repelled by the Presbytery according to its conscientious opinion of their validity, taking into view the whole circumstances of the case.

3. That as the judgment of the Presbytery was subject to the review of the higher Church judicatories, the Presbytery, if it rejected, should also state the grounds of its rejection.

Now to which of these propositions, which embody the whole substantive provisions of Lord Aberdeen's Bill, did Dr. Chalmers object?

1. As to the first, it might perhaps have been feared, from the line taken by him in 1833, and on subsequent occasions, that this point of the right of the people to impose a veto without assigning reasons, might, from some false notion of consistency, have been made a *sine qua non* on his part. Not so.—In his letter of 27th January, 1840, he writes, p. 16, 'We are willing that reasons should always accompany dissent.'—'The act, 1690, requires that reasons shall accompany the dissent, and to this we object not.' In a short time, indeed, he becomes a decided patron of Reasons, for on March 10, 1840, p. 41, he thus writes, 'It is a mighty check on the waywardness of the people, and against a foolish veto, that they must give their reasons, and it is a mighty barrier against a corrupt veto that the Church may decide on the motives of the resistance, if not on the reasons or grounds of the resistance.' This point then we may assume is conceded.

2. Did Dr. Chalmers persist in maintaining the principle of the veto law, that the mere negative of the people should be conclusive, and exclude the Presbyteries' power of judging in the matter? The secretaries of the non-intrusion committee, Messrs. Dunlop and Candlish, for reasons which are transparent enough, no doubt made this an indispensable condition.—Not so Dr. Chalmers: he was perfectly willing to give the power of judgment, a *liberum arbitrium*, as he styled it, to the Presbytery. (p. 16.) 'We do not say that we desire the Church to be *bound* in every instance as by a veto law to reject the presentee in respect of a dissent irrespective of the grounds, but that the Church will not abandon the power of so rejecting him *if it seem to her right*?' in other words, that she shall exercise her judgment. True, he

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adds in another passage, 'We are not willing that we should be bound to admit the presentee if the people do not make good their reasons. On the contrary, we hold ourselves *free, though not obliged*, to exclude a presentee because of the popular dislike, though not *substantiated* by express reasons—a case which *may* occur, though *not once in a hundred—I believe not once in a thousand times.*' And again, the Act, 1690, 'empowers the Presbytery to judge not on the reasons alone but on the whole affair,'—(precisely what is given, but in still stronger and more comprehensive terms by the words already quoted from Lord Aberdeen's Bill.) 'With this I think, though your lordship will now observe I am writing my individual opinion, we will and ought to be satisfied.' The absolute veto then is given up, and the right of Presbyteries to decide judicially on the whole case is admitted.

At a late stage of the correspondence (pp. 54, 55, May 12, 1840) Dr. Chalmers objects that Lord Aberdeen's Bill does not secure the *liberum arbitrium* of the presbyteries in *all* respects, since by implication it excludes their right to reject *solely* because the people dissent without reasons. Lord Aberdeen explains that his bill is simply declaratory; that the restriction of which Dr. Chalmers complained, by which presbyteries could not reject without some reason assigned, was imposed not by his bill but by the law of the land, which he did not profess to *alter*. We have already said that under Lord Aberdeen's Bill this fact of the repugnance of the majority of the congregation—though not legalised as a *substantive* ground of rejection, is recognised as one of the elements of which the presbytery might competently judge. We even think that as the bill stood, a rejection by the presbytery grounded on this—that from the inveterate reluctance felt by the whole or the greater part of the congregation to his appointment, they *conscientiously* believed his settlement there would not be conducive to the spiritual welfare of the people—would have been one which the civil courts could not have interfered to review. But be this as it may, the question in dispute between Lord Aberdeen and Dr. Chalmers, narrowed itself at all events to this; whether the presbytery should have the *power* of rejecting a presentee *where no objection was stated by others, or known to themselves—except that the majority did not like him.* This was the only point in which it was here alleged that the *liberum arbitrium* was narrowed.

3. If the presbyteries were to decide, and their judgment was to be reviewable by the superior Ecclesiastical tribunals, the statement of the grounds of rejection in the sentence followed as a matter of course: and this Dr. Chalmers does not contest.

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'There ought,' says he, 'most certainly at all times to be a ground of judgment, and that ground put into a record and stated in the face of day and with the full observation of a surrounding public.' This point also then is conceded.

4. It is true, no doubt, that though Dr. Chalmers seems to concede, to the extent now mentioned, every substantive provision which Lord Aberdeen's Bill contains, he does object to something which it omits; namely, an express exclusion of the interference of the courts of law in *any conceivable case*. Lord Aberdeen reminds him that the Assembly have already done an illegal act, and may do another, and asks whether in the case of a clear undoubted illegality committed by the Church, Dr. Chalmers means to contend 'that the State should divest itself altogether of that controul which by the law and constitution it possesses over the Established Church of the country.' (February 22nd, 1840.) 'With respect to the practical question under discussion, I beg to repeat that I would give the greatest possible latitude to the honest objections of parishes; and would recognise in presbyteries a full discretion and the most ample powers. I would carefully prevent all vexatious interference; but there must be redress somewhere for wrong committed, and acts plainly illegal can never be tolerated.' The question thus put by Lord Aberdeen was a difficult one to deal with, and accordingly Dr. Chalmers in his long reply does not deal with it at all. He does not venture to say in plain terms—though no doubt that may be implied from his silence, that even in the case of palpable and admitted illegality, there is to be no redress.

And thus then did the points of difference between the parties reduce themselves to these: 1st. The asserted *right* of the Presbytery to reject *solely* in respect of the dissent of the majority—a principle equally illegal and irrational, and a case which, practically speaking, Dr. Chalmers admitted was not likely to occur *once in a thousand times*: and 2nd. The removal of *all* control by the civil power, even where the Presbytery was guilty of an illegal and unconstitutional excess of powers!—a principle obviously subversive of all government whatever. And for these wild or dangerous chimeras, was this bill rejected, by which the Church of Scotland might have been rescued from her embarrassments—every control on presentation essential to the interests of religion, and legitimately belonging to the Church courts preserved,—the Church courts restored to their constitutional right of judgment,—and that separation between the Church and its temporalities averted, which Dr. Chalmers had lamented as fraught with the ruin of the establishment. Because one fatal 'blunder' in short had been committed by the Assembly in the outset,

outset, they seemed now resolved—with a proud and peevish obstinacy, to blunder on to the close.

‘We have no sympathy with those whose deference for the Church rests on merely civil or political considerations. But we have just as little sympathy for those who, in the spirit of defiance or of coarse and blustering independence, tell us of the prerogatives of the Church, and rather than not be constantly parading these, whether in or out of season, say they would give the State-endowments to the wind: one of the greatest moral calamities which could befall the myriads of a then churchless, and in the most emphatic sense of the term, deeply suffering population!’—Are these our sentiments? They are. But the words are those of Dr. Chalmers! *

Let us notice in passing, as a charge insinuated by Dr. Chalmers, and now repeated in Mr. Colquhoun’s late address—that the bill of Lord Aberdeen changed its character in the course of their communications with him, and became much more stringent against the Church than it had been in its original shape. Lord Aberdeen’s consistency probably requires no vindication at our hands—but to this statement we feel bound to give the fullest contradiction. Surely Mr. Colquhoun himself does not mean to say that the bill ever existed in any other form, or was ever in any respect different from that in which it was shown to Mr. Buchanan, one of the negotiators for the Church, in London. Lord Aberdeen’s letters, and his observations in Parliament on more than one occasion before introducing the bill, all pointed to one conclusion. From first to last the position taken by Lord Aberdeen was, that while he wishes to give the completest range of objection to the people, and the fullest powers of judging to the presbytery, he will make no provision for either legalising the veto, or excluding the control of the courts of law in the case of a clearly unconstitutional rejection. How Dr. Chalmers or any one after perusing his Lordship’s letter of 22nd of February, 1840, already noticed, written more than two months before the bill was introduced,—and from which his Lordship, as might be expected, never departed in the slightest degree—could state on the 27th of May, 1840, that until *three weeks* before he had expected a different bill, we own to us is inexplicable. Such at least does not appear to have been the view of the Secretary of the non-intrusion committee, Mr. Dunlop. Lord Aberdeen writing to him on the 24th April, 1840, says—‘*Such as my views were as explained to the Committee in the month of January, such they remain at this moment.*’ In the interval I have considered and discussed the merits of various projects, but reflection and

* Speech delivered in the General Assembly on the 22nd May, 1839. Glasgow, p. 10.
examination

examination have confirmed my conviction that none other would be constitutional, safe, and practicable.' To which the secretary replies (25th April, 1840), 'Your Lordship has misapprehended me in supposing that I considered your *present views to be different* from those held by your Lordship *at the date of your first communication with the Committee;*' and explains that he had alluded only to a proposal for giving more effect to 'the call,' to which Lord Aberdeen had at an interview with the Committee's deputation in London expressed himself to have been at one time favourably disposed, but which on a little reflection he had found to be impracticable. So much for the charge that the bill of Lord Aberdeen '*has not passed in the form in which it was first intended.*'

We have said that the majority of the Clergy have resolved to proceed with their defiance of the law. They have resolved to proceed with the enforcement of the Veto. At first we were disposed to think otherwise. Dr. Chalmers in his recent pamphlet thus announced *his* view of the course to be followed:—

'We may now be said certainly and conclusively to have failed in obtaining the ratification of the veto law at the hands of Parliament; and what is now the Church's proper outgoing from the position in which she of course finds herself? We have no hesitation in saying that the *first step* of such an outgoing *is to repeal the veto law.* There is no inconsistency here—the inconsistency were all on the other side in persevering with the law.'

The veto being first abandoned, he recommended that the Church should fall back upon *the call*, instructing presbyteries to '*work the non-intrusion principle*' on that footing.

Here, in the unequivocal admission that the illegal veto law must be *ante omnia* abandoned and rescinded 'on the first opportunity, that is, at the next meeting of the General Assembly,' appeared the first dawning of rational counsels since the commencement of this unhappy contest. Alas! it was speedily obscured.

An ominous silence followed the publication of the doctor's manifesto. It soon became apparent, as in the case of the *liberum arbitrium* which the non-intrusionists had contemptuously rejected, that he *could not carry his party along with him*; that they had made up their minds that the veto should *not* be repealed. The unlucky admission in his pamphlet must then be harmonised with the course now resolved upon by the majority; and accordingly at the distance of about a month appeared a letter addressed by Dr. Chalmers to *Mr. Buchanan* (what that gentleman's views as to the non-intrusion principle are will be immediately seen), intimating that he never meant that the veto should be given up *till* some other measure *equally* effectual was substituted for it. The

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chance of the veto being repealed at the next General Assembly is therefore now to depend on that Assembly agreeing to pass another measure requiring the consent of the majority to the validity of a 'call'—a measure no doubt equally stringent with the veto, *but of course equally illegal*. For no one can for a moment suppose that the courts of law would so far stultify themselves as to require the consent of the majority to the efficacy of a presentation after determining that the dissent of a majority was no bar to the settlement.

In the next place, they have made up their minds to proceed to the deposition of the suspended ministers. 'It is impossible,' says Dr. Chalmers, 'for the Church to give in without the abandonment of her most sacred prerogatives,'—'it is a matter in which we have no choice and ought to have no hesitation.'* Acting on this temperate and constitutional advice, the majority of the Assembly forthwith proceeded to the preparation of a libel or accusation against the suspended ministers with a view to their deposition: the Procurator for the Church (or legal assessor of the Assembly) suggesting that, in order to *evade* if possible the interference of the civil courts, it would be advisable to imitate the example of the House of Commons, and to suppress the fact—which was at once the justification of the parties accused and the condemnation of their accusers—that in disobeying the directions of the Ecclesiastical tribunal they had obeyed the previous judgments of the civil court. This notable advice no doubt was not followed in the libel as actually framed; which boldly charges the applications made to the Court of Session to suspend the sentence of the Church court, and to prevent its being carried into effect—as 'heinous crimes and offences, contrary to the Holy Scriptures, the Confession of Faith, and other standards of the Church'—and punishable by deposition and the highest censures of the Church; though we have little doubt that, if ever a judgment be pronounced, the Procurator's astute hint will be acted on in the framing of the sentence.

That consummation is undoubtedly not very distant. Within the last few days the sittings of the Commission of the General Assembly have taken place. The 'libels' against the suspended clergymen of Strathbogie, for obeying the Court of Session, and against Mr. Edwards, for asking the Presbytery to perform their legal duty of taking him on trials, have been found *relevant*, as it is called; that is to say, it has been decided by the Commission that if the facts are proved (these facts never having been denied) they afford grounds for the depo-

* What ought the Church and the People of Scotland to do now?—p. 50.

sition of the parties. The proof is to be adduced in March; and, as a matter of course, if not prevented by higher interference, these unfortunate clergymen will then be deposed, so far as the Church has it in her power to enforce a sentence of deposition. This resolute defiance of all law may well induce the boldest admirer of the proceedings of the dominant party to pause. On precisely the same grounds (as was pleaded on the part of the suspended ministers) might every Presbyterian Judge of the Court of Session, who had concurred in pronouncing the obnoxious sentences, be deposed from his functions as an officer-bearer or privileges as a member of the Presbyterian Church. On precisely the same grounds, if they are well founded, might and ought the *whole minority* of the General Assembly to be at one sweep suspended or deposed, because they announce their resolution of performing the statutory duty imposed upon them, and disregarding the illegal Veto Act.

The fact is, that a regularly organised and widely-spread system of intimidation is already in action against every probationer, nay, every ordained minister, of the Church of Scotland, who ventures to dissent from the arbitrary will of the majority. Is a presentee, for instance, suspected of being lukewarm in the non-intrusion cause, and yet provokingly supported by the majority of heads of families, the Church turns intrusionist at once; the Veto Act is thrown to the winds; the previously despised minority then become all important; and in the very face of their own law, as in the late case of *Dalkeith*, the most strenuous attempts are made to nullify the presentation on the ground that the presentee holds opinions different from those of the majority: a ground which even Dr. Simpson, a zealous and *most consistent* non-intrusionist, felt himself compelled to characterise as 'being the most tyrannical, inquisitorial and detestable objection ever heard of in the Church.* Detestable as it is, however, it finds, as we think, a parallel in the following:—A Mr. Duff, apparently a pious and zealous probationer, applies to the Scotch Colonial Church Committee for an appointment to one of their Missionary Churches in the Colonies. He passes his examination before the committee with distinguished approbation, and is recommended by the sub-committee for the vacant Church of St. Clements at Berbice, for which, in consequence of the death of *five former clergymen in 10 months*, it was naturally found there was no very strenuous competition. The committee in the mean time discover, not that the character, principles, zeal, or religious qualifications of the candidate, who had been thus powerfully recommended, are deficient,

* Edinburgh Courant, Nov. 12.

but that Mr. Duff had attended the church of Mr. Allardyce, one of the seven suspended ministers of Strathbogie; and on this sole ground, which, after the most shuffling attempts to evade the true ground of rejection, they were compelled to avow, the committee, by a large majority, refused to confirm the appointment of the sub-committee! What, indeed, is the cause of religion in the Colonies compared with the cause of *non-intrusion terrorism* at home? What is even the great cause of Church extension in Scotland compared with the gratification of party malignity? Look, for instance, at the recent case of Huntly. In that town there is a proved, we think we may say an admitted, abundance of Church accommodation. In the district of Kinore there is an admitted deficiency; in fact, the most extreme and pressing want of a Church. Yet the non-intrusion party, with these facts before them, appropriate 400*l.* of the Church Extension Fund to erect a new Church in Huntly, where it was not required, leaving Kinore unprovided for. And why? simply because they have determined to set up, if possible, a popular rival to the *present deservedly popular clergyman of Huntly, Mr. Walker, who has the misfortune to be one of the seven suspended ministers!*

Is it wonderful, if thus administered, that the church extension scheme of the Church of Scotland is in a course of *rapid and steady decline?*

In the report by Dr. Chalmers for 1838-39 he announced that 'the year had fallen considerably short of *each of the preceding ones.*' In that for 1839-40 he thus communicates the result:—'The present controversial state of the Church has operated most adversely, in particular on that fund known by the designation of the supplementary fund—which, *but for our unhappy divisions*, might by this time have reached, as we calculate from the actual success in a comparatively small part of Scotland, our confident anticipation twelve months ago of 140,000*l.*, but which, *because of these divisions, scarcely, if at all, exceeds the sum of 40,000*l.**—a deficit of 60,000*l.* on the Doctor's calculations, admittedly occasioned by the *divisions* in the Church!*' The

* The effect of the recently awakened spirit of innovation and contempt of all order and discipline on the religious character of the people of Scotland in general is too wide a field to be here entered upon. But the heresy and fanaticism, in particular, which have been fostered in some districts, demand a passing notice. They bring back vividly the wildest days of the fifth-monarchy men, with their strange union of speculative strictness and practical irreligion. The regular clergymen in many parishes are entirely superseded by a set of lay task-masters, assuming to themselves the title of '*the men*,' frequently of questionable moral character, but always affecting extreme sanctity, who either patronize or virtually excommunicate clergymen according to their servility or their independence. They impress on the people the duty of *not communicating or being baptized* except the minister of the parish has previously received the stamp of their approbation. They inculcate the doctrine that the ordinances of religion

The detail of these proceedings has been a tedious one ; but it will enable us to present the conclusions to which we come within a brief compass. We trust that our English readers will now agree with us as to the importance of this question, and the urgent necessity for its settlement on principles consistent with justice, with the interests of religion, and the security of government and law. How are these objects to be conciliated ? Various schemes have been proposed.

I. It is proposed that the legislature should legalise the veto. To this our answer is threefold. It is bad in itself: it would give satisfaction to no party: it would lead, by inevitable necessity, to the repeal of patronage. We need not resume the subject of the evils inherent in the veto; its injustice to the patron, its cruelty to the presentee, its malignant influence on the character of the people, and its degradation of the Clergy as a body. These have been adverted to in the outline of the debate of 1833. Even against the *intrusion* of unacceptable ministers it obviously affords no remedy, for the majority still obtrude their choice on the minority, sometimes almost equal in numbers; nay, the *male* heads of families, were they unanimous, would still obtrude their choice on the rest of the congregation. True, governments can only regard in general the voice of *majorities*; but if the question be put on that footing, does it not at once lower this right of a popular negative in the choice of a minister, from the high ground

religion are ineffectual, if not dispensed by certain commissioned officers of their own. *Not to attend the communion becomes an honourable distinction*, the mark of superior piety, the criterion of spiritual good taste. This may explain a phenomenon which at first appears a little extraordinary; namely, that in many parishes, such as that of Daviot, claiming credit for superior religious real, the whole number of communicants on the roll is found to be only ten. In some cases the number is even less. In one *extensive* parish, of Skye, remarkable for the prevalence of these extreme views, the communicants on one occasion consisted of five—the clergyman *himself*, his wife, two sisters, and the schoolmaster—while some hundreds stood by as spectators. In the whole presbytery of Skye, it appeared, by the report submitted to the General Assembly by their committee in 1839, that about 1000 persons voluntarily remained unbaptized.

The reaction of this fanatical and utterly irreligious spirit upon the independence and Christian behaviour of the ministers themselves is most lamentable. Knowing in what quarters these wild doctrines are countenanced, they tamely submit to the dictation of their lay tyrants. We shall mention merely an instance or two—not at present giving the names, though we pledge ourselves that these shall be forthcoming *when required*. Some give up their churches to popular catechists—*laymen not ordained as ministers at all*, and having no more right to preach or officiate as such than any inspired porter who might choose to step from the street into the pulpit of St. Giles's. One clergyman, to please 'the men,' is found with more than Roman stoicism *excommunicating his own wife!* Another, in the vain hope of regaining the favour of 'the men,' invites a neighbouring clergyman of a more popular character to celebrate the sacrament in his church. He accepts the invitation, and commences the proceedings by *striking the minister's name off the roll of communicants*; and the humbled minister sits a passive spectator of the sacred rite—excluded, by one who had not a vestige of right to interfere with the communion-roll, from the communion-table in his own church!

of an inflexible religious principle, to the level of any other political right to be defined and regulated by the principles of expediency?

That the veto law has proved a total failure is perhaps the only point on which all parties are agreed. This conviction was conspicuously shown in the debate on patronage in the Assembly of 1836. The minority who had always opposed it referred to the experience of the two years during which it had been in action, as fulfilling all their predictions. Oddly enough the majority concurred with them as to the fact, though they differed among themselves as to the reasons. It has worked ill, said the *vetoists*, because the patrons, instead of exercising the right of presentation, have, in the majority of instances, handed over the choice to the people. These are precisely the instances, retorted the *anti-patronage* section of the Assembly, in which it has worked *well*;—wherever it has operated as was intended, simply as a veto by the people, it has produced nothing but dissension and discontent. ‘The Veto Act,’ said Mr. Colquhoun, ‘it was said, would bring peace. He must say that it had not produced peace; and they had seen repeated proofs to the contrary.’

Would the sanction of this abortive measure, then, by the legislature, satisfy the Clergy, or the people, in whose name the privilege is demanded? Most assuredly not. The interest taken by the people in the present controversy has indeed been grievously exaggerated; but such as it is, it is directed to very different objects than a mere veto on the nomination of the patron. What they expect, and have been led by clerical agitation to consider as the right of the people, is popular election of the ministers.

What other consequence, indeed, could follow from the position in which they were placed by the Veto Act? While the right of presentation was in the patron, and the right of judgment in the presbytery, the people, possessing merely the right of objection, were placed in a just but comparatively humble position. But when presbyteries, *recording their own incompetency*, transferred the right of judgment to the people, on what grounds were the latter to be persuaded that those who were entitled to exercise an irresponsible and irreversible judgment were not just as much entitled to the initiative of presentation? What right could an obnoxious third party have to interfere in the formation of the contract between the minister and the Christian people? A patron became simply an intruder; at best a needless superfluity. Patronage must not be limited; it must be transferred to the people. Even those prominent clergymen who did not relish this conclusion found themselves obliged to yield to it, and to stimulate the agitation they had inadvertently caused. In the

progress of the question they had calculated on dropping the 'Christian people' at the first turning; but now finding it necessary to march through Coventry with them, they made up their minds rather to head than to follow the procession.

At first the real tendency of all this agitation was studiously concealed; to many, indeed, it is *possible* it may not have been obvious. The limits of credulity, and consequently of sincerity, are undefinable. The Veto Act was held forth as the conductor by which the threatened storm was to be peaceably averted from patronage; not, as it really was, the surest means of directing the lightning against it. Even yet we know we shall be told that hostility to patronage is not the *general* feeling of the Assembly; that this is but the wild theory of insulated and uninfluential individuals. We look to facts, and derive but small consolation from such a guarantee.

On the part of Mr. Dunlop and the instalment-men—a constantly increasing body in the Assembly, who, to do them justice, never professed to view the Veto Act but as a 'vantage-ground from which greater concessions might be extorted—it has all along been admitted that abolition of patronage was their object. The majority *against* the abolition of patronage greatly dropped from 1834 to 1836, while the veto was in full vigour. What is the state of the case at this moment? Sir George Sinclair, though he conceives the idea of the repeal of patronage by parliament visionary, represents its existence as a 'fatal blow to the independence of the Church;' something which, if there were the least chance of success, it would be the duty of the Church to struggle against and to subvert. Mr. Colquhoun 'would be glad if patronage were altogether abolished,' though in the *mean-time* he may be contented to take something less. These gentlemen are members of parliament, and know in what light a direct proposal for the repeal of patronage is likely to be there viewed. But Mr. MacGill Crichton, the itinerating lay orator of the Church, who is not yet a member of parliament, but 'has done well in fixing on the *country* as a more promising arena *than the parliament* for the labours of his ecclesiastical patriotism,'* recommends an instant subscription to the anti-patronage bond.† Dr. Chalmers is now satisfied 'that what Charles Fox said of the African slave-trade is true of Scottish patronage, that it is a system not to be regulated but destroyed.—*Let the question take its own swing!*'‡ Mr. Candlish, late secretary of the Non-Intrusion Committee, a gentleman who 'has a quarrel with episcopacy

* Dr. Chalmers, 'What ought the Church?' &c. p. 62.

† This document is exactly in the style of the covenants of former days.

‡ Dr. Chalmers, *ibid.*, p. 62.

altogether,

altogether, announces that patronage is contrary to the word of God: Mr. Buchanan, one of the Church's negotiators with Lord Aberdeen, following on the same side, and nothing daunted by the fact that he had himself *three* times accepted a presentation from a patron, repeats that not only is patronage contrary to the word of God, but that Providence had specially thwarted their endeavours to obtain a modification of it by the veto law, in order that the full energies of the Church might be directed towards the total extinction of the evil.* 'It is earthly, sensual, devilish,' adds Mr. Cunningham, winding up the discussion with characteristic mildness.† Abolition of patronage, in short, is now the general *watchword*, from the consistent *head* of the party, Dr. Chalmers, who, with an '*elasticity of sentiment*,'—to use his own description of himself—for which even we were not prepared, bids God-speed in 1840 to the measure which in 1833 he seems to have regarded as a national pest; to the consistent *tail* of the party, the newly-appointed presentee to Falkland, who pockets the presentation of Mr. Tyndal Bruce with the one hand while he signs the anti-patronage bond with the other! No doubt the procurator for the Church, with a desperate gallantry, 'which gives us wonder great as our content,' heads a kind of forlorn hope against the increasing columns of the movement; but with the '*absolute shall*' of Mr. Dunlop and the abolitionists on one side, and the '*laissez faire*' of Dr. Chalmers and the concessionists on the other, what is even he among so many?

What then would the enactment of the veto law do to satisfy those who had in view these more sweeping changes? About as much as the proposal to extend the elective franchise to Leeds or Manchester would have done to satisfy those who had fixed their hearts on the reform bill. Humbly but earnestly, therefore, we say, let not parliament legalise the veto, or its equivalent, the necessity of a call by a majority of the people.

II. Are we then to go farther, and, in hopes of allaying excitement, abolish patronage?

To our English readers we need hardly say this cannot be a Scotch question. If the abolition of patronage in Scotland is to be rested on grounds of positive scriptural precept, or even on its necessity for the spiritual and moral well-being of the people, these principles must be of general application; for it is very plain, to use the words of Lord Moncreiff, 'that if there be any

* 'Providence is manifestly HEDGING US UP to this point [abolition of patronage], as the only safe course left to the Church to pursue. She has already and often tried to obtain a settlement of her difficulties by taking a middle course, but she was defeated. Providence is now pointing out to us the real source of the evil.'

† Witness, Wednesday, August 14, 1840.

authority against the law of patronage in the Bible, that must be equally effectual with regard to England as to Scotland, and indeed with regard to every country in Christendom ;'* while, even if resting merely on religious expediency, there cannot long be one law for England and another for Scotland.

Let us see then what, according to the opinion of the friends of the Presbyterian Church, would be the result in Scotland of the abolition of patronage, and the transference of the whole right to the people or to the Presbyteries ; and in order not to multiply citations, we shall confine ourselves chiefly to the evidence of Lord Moncreiff before the committee in 1834.

The argument, that patronage is *anti-scriptural*, we dismiss in the words of his lordship in the debate of 1836 in the Assembly : ' I do not reason with any gentleman who maintains that there is anything in the word of God to regulate this matter.' That part of the case is indeed so plain, that we are not aware that *any* one of the witnesses examined before the committee attempted to rest his opposition to patronage on any such grounds. And we would recommend to the advocates of anti-patronage, on the ground of its anti-scriptural character, particularly those who have accepted *three* consecutive presentations from patrons, inwardly to digest the following remark of Dr. Simpson, the Clerk of the General Assembly, and a warm friend to the veto, in the debate in 1836 : ' A clergyman who should say that patronage was contrary to the word of God, and yet hold a living under patronage, believing it to be contrary to God's word, would do what was *dishonourable and sinful*.' If they entertain any further doubt on the subject, let them follow the plain and honest advice of another *non-intrusionist*, Mr. Lewis Rose. ' If they came in by the wrong door, let them just walk out, and come in again, *if they can, by the right one*, and then sensible men will believe them to be single hearted.'†

Passing, then, to the question of the abolition of patronage as one of expediency, we think everything proves the correctness of Lord Moncreiff's conclusion, ' I am of opinion, I must say, upon very deliberate, very anxious, and very sincere deliberation and reflection, that it is not expedient.'

And here let us advert for a moment to one delusion which appears to be studiously circulated on this subject, and by which a popular agitation in its favour is sought to be evoked. The people are told that *patronage* is to be abolished ; and that this is

* Report on Patronage, Q. 1330.

† We recommend Mr. Rose's 'Humble Attempt,' &c., named in our list, to most serious attention.

to be accomplished by repealing the obnoxious act of 1712,* and falling back on the revolution settlement of 1690.

What then? Would that abolish patronage, or bestow popular election on the people? Not in the least. The act 1690 (which, be it observed, provided full *compensation* to the patron) vested the patronage in the *heritors* (landowners) and *kirk-session* (a term for which no exact English equivalent can be found, but which in substance corresponds with the English churchwardens). It gave to the people no right but that of objecting. Its operation was simply an *extended patronage*. In many cases the extension was trifling:—three or four heritors might possess the whole lands within the parish; nay, if more numerous, *they* might also form the majority, or the whole, of the kirk-session. In some, as where the patronage is in the hands of corporate bodies, it might even narrow instead of increasing the number of those in whom its exercise was vested. Is this the settlement which *the people* have been led to expect as recognising their Christian privileges: a patronage divided between the landed interest and the kirk-session?

The truth is, that, search the statute-book through, the movement party will never lay their hands on one act which confers or recognises *popular election*. Repeal the revolution settlement—they must retire upon the act 1592, by which the right of the patron, and the obligation of presbyteries to admit his presentee, are expressly recognised. Repeal backward, even to the act 1567, the original declaration on the subject, and still lay-patronage is found in full vigour.

Once, and once only, was lay-patronage abolished within this country; and mark the time! On the 30th of January, 1649, Charles I. laid his head upon the block in Whitehall. *On the same day, the Commission of the General Assembly adopted a petition to Parliament for the abolition of patronage* (prepared by Rutherford, Livingstone, Guthrie, and Gillespie, four of the most violent of the party of the Remonstrants), which resulted in the act of 9th March, 1649.†

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* This act has very frequently, but very erroneously, in the course of this discussion been called the act of 1711. It did not pass the House of Commons till 7th April, 1712: it went through the Lords on 12th April; was sent down, with some amendments, to the Commons, who agreed to them on the 14th; and it did not receive the royal assent till 22nd May, 1712.

† It has been maintained that the Scottish Covenanters at this time, republican as their principles were, so far from countenancing the murder of the King, strongly disapproved of that atrocious act. We find it difficult to reconcile this view with the conduct of the General Assembly. The execution of Charles was announced to the Assembly on the 6th February, by the following dry epistle from their commissioners in London:—

‘Right Reverend and Honorable,—This day, about two of the clock in the afternoon, his Majesty was brought out at the window of the balcony of the Banqueting-house

We presume we are not bound to recognise as an act of parliament a measure passed while no parliament could be said to exist—while all law and order was in abeyance; and long since blotted from the statute-book with the other acts of the great rebellion. And yet even in this revolutionary period it *is* remarkable that the initiative of presentation was not given to the people at large, even when the whole matter was put into the power of the Presbyterian Church. The act of 1649, while it abolished lay patronage, left it to the Church itself to say on whom the right was to be conferred. On whom then did the Church bestow the right? On the people in general?—on communicants?—on male heads of families? No. The General Assembly, by its directory of 1649, vested the right in the kirk-session, and not in the congregation, with this further most important proviso, that, ‘where a congregation was *disaffected and malignant*, the Presbytery was to provide them with a minister,’ against whom no objection of the congregation was to be allowed. Any one who knows the meaning given to these words at the time, viz., that they embraced all who favoured the engagement of 1648, or hesitated to give an unqualified adherence to the principles and policy of the dominant party, will easily perceive in how many cases the Presbyteries thus retained the appointment in their own hands. The truth is plainly this: it was the object of the act of parliament to wrest the patronage from the patrons; it was the object of the act of Assembly *not to give them to the people*, but to vest them in the church courts. And such we believe to be truly the aim of the majority of the Assembly at the present moment.

The repeal of the act 1712, and the revival of the act 1690, then, would not even materially *enlarge* the right of the people. It would substitute a certain number of landed proprietors for one patron, and it would increase the power of Presbyteries through their influence over kirk-sessions, but it would still leave the people exactly where they are, in the place of objectors bound to assign a reason for refusing the call.

But assuming the very improbable hypothesis that the act 1690, if revived, would satisfy the people, what would be its prac-

house at Whitehall, near which a stage was set by, and his head struck off with an axe; wherewith we hold it our duty to acquaint you; and *so being in haste we shall say no more at this time*, but that we remain your affectionate friends to serve you.

‘Covent-Garden, the 30th January, 1649.

‘LOTHIAN.

‘J. CHIESLIE.”

The force of *coolness* could no further go; and this business-like announcement is received and entered in the minutes of the Assembly, without one word of comment, one expression of pity or regret!—See MS. Records of the Commission of the General Assembly, 1649.

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tical effect on their interests and those of religion? It is well known that the preamble of the act 1712 alludes to the great heats and dissensions which had arisen under the act 1690. The truth of this statement has been questioned, and Sir Henry Moncreiff expressed an opinion that on the whole the settlements under it had been 'harmonious.' But Lord Moncreiff, with that candour which forms a conspicuous part of his character, has admitted (Evidence on Patronage, Q. 1327) that he had some cause to doubt the correctness of his father's view, and that he had been informed 'that, on a strict inquiry, it may appear that there was more dissension in the settlement of ministers at that time than had been supposed.' And certainly the doubt was well founded, for it appeared from the evidence of Dr. Lee and Dr. Cook*—who had carefully examined the original records, which Sir Henry *had not done*—that anything less creditable than the state of matters under the act 1690 could not well be imagined. The *Rabbling Act* passed by Parliament in 1698, with reference to the riots attending *settlements of ministers*, in itself speaks volumes; but improper practices to obtain calls, perpetual attempts to remove popular ministers from one parish to another, in which the party seeking and the party opposing were heard *pro* and *con*; conflicting calls,† where one part of the electors chose one party and the other another, each claiming to be the legal majority, and obliged to resort to the superior courts for the determination of the question; the appointment not unfrequently falling to the Presbytery *from the impossibility of bringing the people to unite*; complaints that many parishes were left destitute of ministers, and *that even in large towns like Edinburgh and Glasgow; many settlements, like that of Benholm in 1710, of Old Deer in 1711, and of Dull in 1712,‡ attended with rioting and great violence, the Presbyteries being obstructed by an armed rabble, and several of their members beaten and wounded: hosts of persons brought to trial before the Criminal Court for obstructing settlements—every element in short which could poison the minds of the people and injure the cause of sound religion seemed to be combined in the working of the act 1690.* We are not surprised therefore that Lord Moncreiff, who even from the first stated that he could not

* Dr. Cook, 2221. Dr. Lee, 2723, 2742, 3025-29.

† The records of Assembly, from 1690 to 1702, are lost—but an inference as to the number of disputed settlements during that period may be drawn from the fact mentioned by Dr. Cook, that twenty or thirty cases of disputed settlements came before the Assembly in the period from 1702 to 1712. And Dr. Lee explains that, besides these, a great many which came before the provincial synods were settled there without reaching the Assembly.

‡ In both these latter cases the matter came before the Court of Justiciary. In the case of Benholm in 1710, twenty-four persons appear to have been indicted, and the riot was of the most serious character.

say the arrangement would be a good one in the present state of Scotland, having studied the question with the advantages of the additional light derived from this evidence, should have significantly observed in the debate of 1836, after mentioning that the act 1690 did not *abolish* patronage, but transferred it to the heritors and elders—‘Whether that has been a useful mode of appointing ministers may safely be left to the experience of those who are acquainted with such cases.’

Would the matter be in better hands if left to the Presbytery? Lord Moncreiff expresses himself thus with regard to that proposal:—

“It seems to be enough to state that I conceive it *impossible* that any plan for giving the power of appointment to Presbyteries would be satisfactory to the public.”*—“Whatever others may think, I am of opinion that nothing would have been more dangerous to Scotland than that the presentations to parishes should be vested in the church courts.”†

Indeed on the impolicy and inexpediency of vesting patronage in the Church Courts, *ALL the witnesses examined before the Committee were agreed.*

If then the initiative ought not to be given either to the kirk-session and the heritors as under the act 1690, nor vested in the Presbytery, ought it to be transferred to *the people*? Would popular election of ministers, the boon which the people have really been led to expect by all this agitation, be a benefit to Scotland?

Here again, and for the last time, let us quote Lord Moncreiff:—

“Under *any* definition of that mode of appointment which I have yet heard, it would be full of danger to the best interests, and perhaps to the existence of the Church of Scotland. In the first place, I think that it is altogether wrong in principle. We cannot transfer to this peculiar and very sacred subject rules or principles which may be sound and right in mere matters of civil politics. A man who is to be appointed a minister of religion for a particular parish is not to be placed there to represent the opinions or the interests or the views of the person over whom he is set as minister: quite the reverse. He is placed there under the sanction of the most solemn oaths to teach the people what they ought to think and what they ought to do, and therefore though I hold, and shall presently have occasion to state more particularly, that the people ought to be consulted in the matter, I think that nothing can be more obvious than that in principle in the first instance it is not the people who should determine by selection who ought to be their minister. In the second place, as far as my information goes, I hold that popular election of a minister generally, and when it is to be extended to every parish within the whole range of Scotland, has

* Evidence on Patronage, 1833.

† Debate of 1836.

a tendency which must in a greater number of instances take effect to excite the worst passions of our nature and to breed endless confusion in many of the parish in which it may be exercised.”—Again—“If therefore a system of popular election is now to be introduced at this period of the history of the Church, and of the country after the Presbyterian Church has existed for 250 years or more, it must be introduced as a system which can be nothing else but a speculative experiment, and that in the most important of all the institutions of the country. This alone appears to me to be an insurmountable objection to it; for, whatever others may think, I hold that the Church of Scotland is *not in a decayed or falling state, but on the contrary that before these agitations on this subject began lately to be raised, it was, and I think it still is, in a very stable and prosperous condition, notwithstanding all the defects that may be imputed to it.*” (Q. 1336.) “Upon the whole, it would be fraught with great danger to the interests and even to the existence of the Church of Scotland.” “I object to the abolition of the law of patronage, because I have seen no scheme or plan for the appointment of ministers to be put in its place which is not encompassed with the greatest difficulties, and likely to be productive of far greater evils, and probably many of which would come into immediate operation, than the law of patronage as it stands.””

These are the words of truth and soberness. We will not weary our readers with further citations; suffice it to say, that Dr. Simpson, Dr. P. Macfarlane, Dr. Macgill, Mr. Bell, the procurator for the Church—the great majority, in short, of the witnesses on the popular side—were hostile to the proposal of popular election, even under any of its modifications.

What member of the Church of Scotland indeed must not feel the difficulty of dealing with the very pertinent but most perplexing question anticipated by Lord Moncreiff.—‘Supposing that all were done which is asked, what answer could be made if the Government, or the heritors of Scotland’—(many of whom—we believe a majority in fact—are not members of the Church of Scotland at all)—‘were to say to the Church—*Well, if you are so very independent that you reject the statutes on which you have stood for centuries, as being contrary to your constitution, why should you not find the means of support also from the people, with whom, or with yourselves, you insist that all the powers of appointing to the benefices shall rest?*’—(Q. 1341.)

Thus, then, the transference of patronage either to the people, or to the church courts, or its division between the heritors and elders, are all equally repudiated by the best friends of the Church, as impracticable or dangerous—injurious to the character of the people and the moral influence of the Church, if not subversive of its very existence.

III.—What course then remains? We say—to preserve patronage—

tronage—to secure by legislative declaration the proper check upon its exercise—to provide every fair and reasonable security that the interests of the people and of religion shall be consulted in the choice; but that being done, to enforce, if necessary, obedience to the law.

These objects, we have already said, appear to us to be secured by Lord Aberdeen's bill. It preserves the civil rights of the patron, but subjects it to limitations also recognised by law, and necessary to prevent its abuse. It hedges it round on all sides. Not only must the patron select a licentiate of the Church—in regard to whom, in granting the licence, the Church may previously establish any standard, however high, of learning, moral propriety, Christian doctrine, ability for the office of the ministry, which she pleases:—but it subjects his presentee to a second trial, with the people as objectors and the Presbytery as judges. It prevents at the same time the injustice which would be done to pious and conscientious licentiates, by subjecting them to the mere will or caprice of the people, without the check afforded by the publication of the grounds of objection. It extinguishes those scenes of intrigue, cabal, and excitement to which the veto law gave rise, and by which the whole character of the people of Scotland would soon be irreparably injured. And finally, by allowing every conceivable objection to the usefulness of the presentee to be stated by the people, and given effect to by the Church courts, it affords as ample security against the intrusion of unworthy presentees upon reluctant congregations as human laws can give, consistently with the avoidance of the opposite extreme of cruel, capricious, and irreligious rejections. It leaves the matter, as rightly explained by Sir George Clerk, in the debate in the Assembly of 1840, in this position,* that 'Wherever a Presbytery can lay their hand on their hearts, and say that, under all the circumstances of this parish, this presentee ought not to be placed there—they have the power under this act to prevent his induction.'

Can more in justice or reason be demanded? While the Church courts act *fairly* and conscientiously under it, and reject on any ground of qualification, the interference of the civil courts is absolutely excluded: they can interpose only, as we have already said, in a case of rejection on a plainly illegal and unconstitutional ground. Surely immunity from such interference in such a case cannot well be contended for; surely it cannot well be maintained at the present day that the Church of Scotland is to be the only body on which the state may confer rights, but cannot impose obligations; and that her Church courts are to be

* Report, 1840, p. 140.

the only tribunals in the empire where wrong may be wrought without a remedy.

There are persons who calmly tell us that the most solemn Act of the legislature, if not in accordance with the views of the majority of the Scottish Clergy, would be disobeyed. But recklessly as this body has hitherto acted, we are not of that opinion. In the theory of the constitution, no doubt, the interpretation put upon acts of parliament by the courts of law constitutes the law, and is equally entitled to obedience with the most express and recent enactment; but we can conceive that in practice it speaks with far less effect and authority than the *present* voice of the legislature directed to the case in hand, and unequivocally defining the Church's rights and its obligations. To the legislature the Church has always professed to appeal from the supposed error of the courts of law; and we will not contemplate the possibility that its voice, if now distinctly uttered, will be disregarded; or that men of conscience and right feeling will continue to place themselves in the anomalous and unseemly position of accepting from the State its temporalities, and refusing to fulfil the conditions on which they are given. Their choice must now be made. If it be to sever their connexion with the Church, we shall regret their retirement; but if that event should arrive, we have no fear that their places will be worthily filled. Successors will be found to them, as conspicuous for piety, energy, and learning; as ready to vindicate within their sphere the privilege and jurisdiction of the Church; but who feel also that while the Church remains an Established Church, *her absolute independence of the law is a dream.*

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- ART. VIII.—1. *England's Threatened War with the World.* 1840. pp. 25.
2. *Progress and present Position of Russia in the East.* 1838. pp. 151.
3. *Mehemet Ali—Lord Palmerston—Russia—and France.* By William Cargill, Esq. London and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 1840. pp. 96.
4. *Proposed Impeachment of Lord Palmerston. Reports of Two Public Meetings held at Carlisle and Newcastle-upon-Tyne upon the Foreign Relations of the Country and the Collusive and Treasonable Concert asserted to exist between the Foreign Minister and Russia.* Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 1840. pp. 37.
5. *Reasons for demanding Investigation into the Charges against Lord*

Lord Palmerston. By R. Monteith, Esq. Glasgow. 1840. pp. 19.

6. *Cairo, Petra, and Damascus, in 1839, with Remarks on the Government of Mehemet Ali, and on the present Position of Syria.* By John G. Kinnear, Esq. 1841. pp. 348.

7. *The Life of Mehemet Ali.* London. 1841. pp. 96.

THE foremost principle of foreign policy professed by the Whig ministry on its formation, and especially and personally by their recent proselyte Lord Palmerston, was NON-INTERVENTION. It was indeed this principle, asserted—however inconsistently with all the antecedents of his public life—by Lord Palmerston, while in opposition to the Duke of Wellington's administration in 1829-30, that afforded the only excuse—slight as it was—for his junction with the Whigs, and the only pretence for placing him in the department of Foreign Affairs: yet from the hour that the profession and pledge against *intervention* raised him to the foreign office, his whole proceedings have been *intervention*—nothing but *intervention*—*intervention* too in its least justifiable forms, and for the most unjustifiable objects—in Holland—in Portugal—in Spain—in the East—wherever, in short, his inconsistency could find a crevice to intrude or insinuate itself. We will not waste time in repeating what we have before stated of the effect of his unjust and impolitic interventions in Holland and Portugal, which have rendered the British name not only unpopular but odious in these two countries, our oldest and most natural allies; but we cannot omit to note that the withdrawal of the British squadron from Portugal was the signal for fresh insurrections and reviving anarchy in that distracted country—the seeds of which were sown by the revolutionary interference of England.

But in Spain his measures have been marked with still deeper stains and more flagrant failure. We will not dwell either on the personal inconsistency or the national impolicy of Lord Palmerston's original interference in this matter, nor on the detestable spirit in which the war in Biscay was fomented and carried on. These have been sufficiently exposed, and it would be a disagreeable, and, unfortunately, superfluous task to insist on the folly and disgrace of the whole course of those proceedings; but some circumstances have occurred since we last adverted to this subject which require notice both to complete the history and to exhibit the crowning result of Lord Palmerston's Peninsular policy.

When the expulsion of Don Carlos was at last effected—not by the British blood and treasure so idly wasted in Biscay—but by the murderous treachery of Maroto—the triumph of Queen

Christina

Christina was hailed as the triumph of Lord Palmerston; and our Queen was made, in Lord Melbourne's speech from the throne, 11th of August, 1840,

'to congratulate parliament upon the termination of the civil war in Spain: the objects for which the quadruple engagements of 1834 were contracted *have now been accomplished.*'

And it has since appeared (in the newspapers of the 14th Sept.) that on the same 11th of August the Duke of Sussex, as acting Grand Master of the Order of the Bath, addressed an official letter, communicating to Espartero Duke de la Victoria, that our Queen had conferred upon 'His Excellency'

'the Grand Cross of that most honourable military Order as a mark of her *high esteem for your person*, and as a pledge of her approbation of *your LOYAL CONDUCT TO YOUR SOVEREIGN.*'

To which his Royal Highness adds an inflated personal panegyric on Espartero, which would be worth quoting if the matter were not too grave for laughter. But while the ministry, the parliament, and the Queen of England were thus celebrating the *triumph of Queen Christina*, the *loyal* Espartero, on or about, we believe, the *very* same 11th August, had, under colour of a change of ministry, virtually usurped the dictatorship of Spain, and after a series of dark and bloody intrigues and tumults, he eventually forced the '*beloved Christina*' to imitate her rival Don Carlos in seeking by a hasty flight her personal safety; and on her abdication Espartero has possessed himself of the person of the infant queen, and of the sovereign powers of the State!

Now, if those most unreasonable and unseasonable panegyrics and honours showered on Espartero had been the mere result of Lord Palmerston's ignorance of the state of Spain and of his ill-luck in having his assertions and his expectations so suddenly and so scandalously disappointed, it would have been sufficiently unfortunate; but the real state of the case is still more deplorable. At least *three weeks* before our Queen was advised to congratulate her parliament on the tranquillity of Spain, and to reward the *loyalty* of Espartero as the author of that tranquillity, with a British honour, it was well known that *tranquillity was not restored*, and that Espartero was machinating the overthrow of the Queen Regent's authority. In the last days of *June*, the Regent had found her position at Madrid so difficult that she was induced by the advice, as it seems, and at all events by the influence, of Espartero,* to remove with her infant daughters to Barcelona, where Espartero was concentrating his army, and where her person

* The Spanish journals assign other personal and not reputable motives for this fatal journey, which, however, if true at all, must have been very subordinate.

and authority would be safe under his protection—‘an imprudent step’—says the French paper *La Presse*, which is supposed to speak the opinions of Louis Philippe—‘but one for which she ought not to be too hastily blamed, because Espartero had up to this time professed the most entire devotion (*dévouement*) to the royal authority in general, and especially to the person of the Queen Regent.’ However he soon threw off this mask—his appearance in Barcelona was the signal of tumult and massacre, got up to intimidate the Queen: for a time she resisted—Espartero then affected to resign—the crisis became still more perilous, and the Queen was at length forced to submit after a series of outrage and horrors which excited the indignation of all Europe, except the neighbourhood of St. James’s Park. Now, observe what the organ of the Tuileries says under the date of the 24th July:—

‘Thus has Espartero overthrown the reputation he had acquired by terminating the *civil war*—which he has now revived for his own behoof. He overthrows in one hour the fruit of three years of conservative policy. *Spain has relapsed into anarchy.* Espartero perhaps flattered himself that he should act the part of *Buonaparte* on the 18th *Brumaire*; but he is not of the stuff of which Napoleons are made, and he has only played that of *Sergeant Garcia* at *La Granja*. The tumults at Barcelona and *La Granja* have the same features—the Queen Regent has been subjected to actual restraint—she has been *personally outraged*, and by the very man whom she herself had raised to be *generallissimo* of her armies. These tumults, half military, half popular, which have thus subjugated the Queen, have been organised by *Linange*, Chief of Espartero’s staff. It is *he*—this leader of the agitators, this “*dme damnée*” of the *English party*—who has thus perilled, and now directs, the destinies of Spain!’—*La Presse*, 24th July, 1840.

These shocking events, frightful in their details and atrocious in their object, were known, we see, throughout Europe on the 24th July. It was known that the Queen had been *personally outraged*—intimidated, and in fact deposed—it was known that not merely civil war, but *anarchy* was revived—it was known these disasters were produced by *Espartero*—it was known that they were (however absurdly) attributed to *English influence*—and yet with all this before their eyes and sounding in their ears, the English ministry more than a fortnight after the arrival of the intelligence of the revolution of Barcelona—things having grown, if possible, worse in the interval—put into the official mouth of her Majesty the mendacious allusion to the tranquillity of Spain, and sent Espartero, in a false and fulsome rigmorole panegyric, the Grand Cross of the Bath, as a reward for his *fidelity to the Sovereign* whom he had just insulted, betrayed, and deposed.

Queen

Queen Christina herself excites little sympathy; neither her public nor her private character are entitled to much esteem—but her regency was the main pivot of Lord Palmerston's Spanish policy—a chief object of the Quadruple Alliance. She was our ally, and more than that, our creature. Lord Palmerston would have been better justified in *intervening* for her protection than he was in forming the Quadruple Alliance to support her accession—but he not only does nothing of that sort, but chooses the moment of rebellion against her to honour and exalt the rebel; and, adding insult to injury—to reward the successful rebel for his imaginary *loyalty* to the Sovereign he had just deposed. We have already hinted that we consider as quite absurd the French suspicion that England had something to do with the intrigues of Linage and Espartero—'tis impossible:—but it is not at all surprising that this hypothesis, besides being universally believed in *France*, should also have received no slight degree of credit throughout Europe from the extraordinary—the unprecedented—the unjustifiable blunder—for we hope it was no worse—of sending at that particular juncture our highest military honour, the Red Riband, to Espartero, as if it were expressly and literally designed—

‘to face the garment of rebellion

With some fine colour.’—

Such then is the result of Lord Palmerston's policy—such is the triumphant termination of the Quadruple Alliance. The ex-Regent is in France—her poor little daughters—one ten and one eight years old—are miserable prisoners—like the children of Edward, without relation or friend, in the hands of the usurping faction—Espartero is dictator where his army happens to be quartered; and of the rest of Spain, anarchy is lord.

But while Lord Palmerston was so mischievously active in violating the old law of nations and disorganising the political, moral, and social condition of the Peninsular monarchies, his apathy on points which fell within the legitimate scope of his duty, and really required his diligence, was equally remarkable. He permitted the China question to grow to a height for which there was no solution but the sword. He permitted the commercial treaty with France to linger till the growing misunderstanding between the two governments on the affairs of the East seems to have adjourned it *sine die*: he has suspended the American boundary question until the accumulation and gravity of our difficulties in Europe have given to the obstinacy and ambition of our antagonists a more confident tone, and, as they hope, a stronger position. These three great objects, vitally affecting our own interests and the peace of the whole globe,

have been, as far as we are informed, blindly and obstinately neglected or postponed, while Lord Palmerston must have known—at least every one else knew—that a crisis was approaching which might render their solution extremely difficult if not altogether hopeless. But what was an arrangement with China, or a French treaty of commerce, or the accommodation of our differences with the United States, compared with the importance of expelling Don Carlos and decorating Don Baldomero Espartero?

While these things were going on in the Peninsula, and those other more important matters were *not* going on in China, France, and America, a storm was brewing in Egypt and Syria, which from small beginnings grew to a magnitude which threatened—we hope we may speak of this danger in the past tense—the peace of at least the European and Levantine world. In this affair Lord Palmerston seems to us to have exhibited the same tardiness in applying timely remedies, and the same precipitancy in adopting violent courses which have generally characterised his administration.

We are not, as will be seen more fully in the course of our observations, amongst those, few we believe in number, who disapprove of the general policy which England has adopted in the questions between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali, and still less do we belong to the more numerous and noisy sect which has produced the majority of the pamphlets whose titles we have prefixed to this article, who talk of Lord Palmerston as '*a tool of Russia, and a traitor to England.*' We hesitate, in hearing and reading these extravagant declamations, whether to attribute them to madness or to malice—they are probably a mixture of both. But one of our complaints against Lord Palmerston is, that he himself was the creator of this very mischief; and however much our taste and our justice may be offended by the rabid fury of his adversaries, we cannot much sympathise with him personally who is only doomed '*sentire canum fera facta suorum,*'—and to be hunted by a pack which he had himself trained for purposes almost as unjustifiable. Our readers have not forgotten Lord Palmerston's indiscreet and worse than indiscreet patronage of Mr. Urquhart—a gentleman adopted by his Lordship into the diplomatic service, on no other recommendation that we could ever discover than his denunciations of Russian ambition, perfidy, and so forth, and the publication, in a sort of periodical pamphlet called the *Portfolio*, of a series of diplomatic papers which, whether genuine or false, were all intended to bring discredit and obloquy on the Russian government.*

* See *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxii, p. 458.

It becomes a minister to receive with attention and to weigh with care all the information that may be offered him, and to employ talents, wherever they may be found, in such a direction as may be most useful to the public service; but while he watches foreign powers with vigilance, or even with jealousy, he should still do so with a certain courtesy, and, above all, with a careful respect to the dignity of his own station and the character of his own country. Now the patronage of the Portfolio outraged all diplomatic courtesy, but still worse was the appointment of this volunteer antagonist of Russia, *per saltum*, to the important rank of Secretary of Embassy; and, worst of all, the placing him in that character, with, we believe, the additional distinction of *Chargé des Affaires*, at *Constantinople*—the principal scene and object, as he alleged, of the hostile manœuvres and intrigues imputed to Russia. Can any man, we will not say acquainted with the forms of diplomacy, but of ordinary common sense, doubt that Russia would have been justified in considering this appointment under all its circumstances as an insult, as a proof that the English minister adopted what she would call the calumnies of the individual traveller, and had sent him back to Constantinople in a public character in order to give those calumnies consistence and effect?

For the argument, we care not whether they were truths or calumnies—in either case the appointment of Mr. Urquhart was a gratuitous and puerile insult, which, if Russia had really any sinister designs, would have facilitated their execution. She however bore, as far as we know, in silence probably not unmixed with contempt, this poor bravado—foreseeing, probably, if she be so miraculously clear-sighted as the Urquhartites represent, that it would eventually recoil on its authors. She was not mistaken. Mr. Urquhart soon quarrelled with his ambassador, and consequently with the Foreign Office, and was recalled; and he has ever since, in his own writings and those of a clique of crazy partisans, been railing at Russia and Lord Palmerston, and Lord Palmerston and Russia, till at length, by dint of exaggeration of statements, misrepresentation of facts, and a general confusion of ideas and language, they have almost driven us into the conviction that Russia is the most innocent and innocuous of powers, and Lord Palmerston the most discreet and patriotic of ministers. It would be wholly beneath the office of rational criticism to examine the detail of the numerous pamphlets which have issued from this party, in none of which is there any novelty but the title-page, the rest of the pamphlet being filled by the same commonplaces of the deep perfidy, the insatiable ambition, the monstrous aggrandisement of Russia, under the connivance—

the encouragement—and, in short, the *treasonable* accomplicity of Lord Palmerston. Each gives us the same maps of the world to delineate the progressive encroachments of Russia—each gives us the same statistical table to show the enormous increase of her population—and each endeavours to terrify us with visions of a gigantic futurity, in which Russia, like Noah's flood, is to overflow the whole habitable world. We know not whether the Urquhartites are aware that these terrific tables and accusatory maps are by no means an original idea of the author of 'The Progress of Russia in the East,' from whom they have successively borrowed them—nor was *Russia* the bugbear against which this system of statistical indictment was first essayed. The French had long before employed the same kind of geographical and arithmetical tactics to demonstrate the perfidy, the ambition, and the gigantic aggrandisement of *England*. We have before us one of these bills of indictment against England published in Paris during the early days of the Restoration, and often repeated, in which all that Messrs. Urquhart, Cargil, and Co. can allege Russia to have swallowed, are but *penny buns* compared with what England is accused of having voraciously devoured out of the common inheritance of mankind. New Holland at one side of the globe and the north-west of the American continent on the other, each in extent almost as large as Europe itself—the boundless tracts of South Africa—the wide Polynesian region—and, most important of all, our vast and still growing Indian empire—afford, we assure these gentlemen, a very serious set-off against their Russian statistics. Even while we are writing, we find our government erecting into a British colony the islands of New Zealand, which happen to be the exact antipodes of the British Isles—to which we had not even the *primâ facie* title of discovery, and which in point of extent are larger than the United Kingdom. Have these gentlemen, who are so indignant with the Russian invasion of Circassia and Khiva, not heard of our operations in Cabool and Afghanistan? Do those who complain so loudly of finding Russian agents at the court of Persia forget that they were so found by British agents sent on a similar errand; and that when England complained to Russia of the presence and proceedings of these agents, the latter might—instead of replying, as Count Nesselrode did, in a friendly and conciliatory tone—have answered, '*Sister, sister—where did you find the bodkin?*'

We throw out these hints, because we think it right that those itinerant demagogues, who have been preaching a crusade against Russia in our great towns and usurping into their own hands the proper functions of her Majesty's government, and thereby endangering

dangering the peace of the world, and, in fact, our own colonial empire, should be made aware—or at least that the less informed public, which might otherwise become their dupes, should be made aware—that there are two sides to those questions, and that such declamations are liable to be retorted with an effect the very opposite of what they are intended to produce. The plain truth is, that whenever, from local circumstances, civilisation comes in contact with barbarism, war inevitably ensues, and civilisation thinks itself justified, and in some cases is really forced in self-defence, to make successive acquisitions of territory; and when two powers have begun, like England and Russia, on opposite sides of a great cake, like central India, and have eaten their way into the vicinity of each other, there will be jealousy and apprehensions, and each will be inclined to think the other an *interloper*, who is, in fact, only an *imitator*. So it is with France in Africa—so it will probably be, by and by, between the United States of America and their neighbours on both the north-west and the south-west; so between Peru and the Brazils; so between Chili and the Argentine republic—whenever the respective parties shall find on their frontier a cause of alarm, or an opportunity of consolidation. Let us be assured that such results, though they may be modified, delayed, or accelerated by the accident of moderation or ambition in individual rulers, are essentially attributable, not to the wiles or weakness of a Nesselrode or a Palmerston, but to the necessity of things and to the passions and interests implanted in human nature. It is, as it were, the *original sin* of political society, and, like the effects of the original sin of the first man on his individual descendants, is to be deplored, checked, corrected, and, if possible, punished; but then that nation only which is wholly guiltless can be justified in *throwing the first stone*.

We know not how many of these Urquhartite meetings may have been held—we believe they have been numerous—but it will suffice for our purpose to notice two, of the proceedings of which a printed report is before us,—one at Carlisle on the 22nd, and one at Newcastle on the 24th August last. In both cases the principal performer was a Mr. Charles Attwood, who seems to have made a tour of agitation against Lord Palmerston personally, or, as is expressed by a ministerial paper which affects to take his lordship's part, 'going about the country in order to demand the *judicial slaughter* of an old man *sixty years of age*,'—a form of deprecation—an appeal *ad misericordiam*—which, we are satisfied, was never suggested (as Mr. Attwood seems to suppose) by Lord Palmerston himself—his Lordship would not, we suspect, have

have *exaggerated his own age*, nor even admitted that *sixty* was the climacteric of political incapacity. The question, as propounded to the men of Carlisle by Mr. Attwood, is—

‘Whether England and the men of England shall be sold as *slaves to a foreign power*—to the foulest and most cruel tyranny ever established by the sword upon the earth. The tyranny that destroyed Poland is arming itself to the *destruction of England*, and finds, as we believe, *a traitor in the English cabinet* to barter away the English crown and English nation.’—p. 4.

And then, after enumerating everything that Lord Palmerston has done, or omitted to do, for the last ten years; whether with Russia or against it; whether with France or against it; in Spain, in America, in Persia, in China, in Sweden, in Italy, in Austria—and to be sure a most strange catalogue of blunders, inconsistencies, and misconduct it is—he concludes that all has been done in treacherous *collusion with Russia*; and that even his lordship’s impolitic and insulting conduct towards that power was but a deep *finesse*, prompted by her and executed by him, to blind the people of England, till Russia should find it convenient to invade us, and extinguish our name and liberties together!

Then came a Mr. Hanson, who assured the meeting that—
‘the power by which they should bring Lord Palmerston to justice as a *traitor*, would give them freedom.’—p. 15.

Next a Mr. Cardo exhorted the meeting to demand—

‘an investigation into the conduct of the minister, who, himself, being an agent of Russia, and a *traitor to his country*, was employed in promoting a scheme which, if successful, would banish the last hope of liberty from the land.’—pp. 16, 17.

And, after several other speeches, a resolution was passed
‘unanimously, and with loud cheering’—

‘that this meeting perceives with alarm and indignation the interruption of friendly relations between this country and France: that we consider this interruption to have been brought about by the *treasonable agency of our foreign minister*, in concert with Russia, the secret and common enemy of both countries: that we regard it as the more dangerous, as being accompanied with an open alliance with that secret foe, whose machinations in almost every region of the globe that foreign minister has been for years, ostensibly or pretendedly, engaged in endeavours to counteract: that we view this alienation of our friends, and alliance with our foe, as equally opposed to the national sympathies, interests, and character, and injurious to the cause of freedom and civilization: that we disclaim all participation in the *ungenerous insult which has been offered to the brave French people*, whom we esteem,

esteem, and to a minister who has ever been the advocate of British alliance: and that we view with astonishment and resentment the conduct of the leaders of the two factions, and of both Houses of Parliament, in allowing the existence of such a state of things without detection of its cause; in receiving its denunciation without investigation, and in abandoning their posts and separating at a crisis which has been prepared by treason for the destruction of the country."—p. 16.

This farce having been played at Carlisle on Saturday, the chief performers proceed, like a company of strolling players, to Newcastle, where they repeated it on Monday, with little variation, but with one or two notable accessories. The mayor of Newcastle had been invited to summon the meeting, to which he replied—

‘Gentlemen,

‘Newcastle, 20th August, 1840.

‘I have deemed it right to comply with the requisition you put into my hands, by appointing a meeting of the inhabitants of this town to be held on Monday next, at twelve o’clock at noon. At the same time I must inform you that, being of opinion that such a meeting can be productive of no public good, *it is not my intention to be present at it.*

‘I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

‘To Messrs. Attwood, Doubleday, and Gray.’

‘JOHN CARR, Mayor.’

We cannot understand why the mayor should have ‘deemed it right’ to call a meeting which could, he thought, be productive of no good; but surely, having by his authority assembled a public meeting, his authority ought to have been present in his own person to ensure the preservation of order and the public peace. No man—above all a magistrate—has a right to collect a large body of people, and then run away from the responsibility of the consequences. We notice this to show the disorganised state of our internal government, in which magistrates are equally afraid to resist what they know to be wrong, or to do what they must know to be their duty. On this occasion, a Mr. Doubleday, one of the itinerants it seems, made a long speech, in which he said—

‘I hereby declare my conviction that Lord Palmerston is a *traitor*, and ought to be impeached; and, if found guilty before a tribunal of his country, *his head ought to roll upon the scaffold.*—(“Hear, hear.”) I am sure Mr. Frost was found guilty upon less conclusive evidence.—(“Hear,” and cries of “Shame.”) I have told you that Lord Palmerston is a traitor, and I think him one. *I happen to know that this man was, a few years ago, as poor as a person called a lord could well be conceived to be,—that he was hunted about, and had half-a-dozen executions in his house at once,—and now, without any visible cause, without any visible means of making a better livelihood, this man has suddenly become rich, has paid all his debts, and is* living

living upon the fat of the land. What rational conclusion can one come to but that he is enabled to *do this by means of Russian gold?*”*

He then proceeds :

‘ Lord Palmerston may, if he chooscs, make war upon France for himself, and for the corrupt, imbecile, and degraded cabinet by which he is upheld ; and for the degraded persons, whether the Duke of Wellington or Lord Melbourne, who support him. He may make war for them ; but I stand here to say, that, by the living God, he shall not make war for me—(applause). We are told of the Russian fleet, with 40,000 men on board, who might land here within a week. I say, France has also a fleet, into which she could put 40,000 men, and land them in this country, in as short a time. And I here speak for myself, and say, that if it comes to this alternative—if I have to choose between M. Thiers and a French army, and Lord Palmerston and an army of Russians—my mind is made up, and I will join M. Thiers and the French : and I say, further, if that French army, under such circumstances, enters the mouth of the Tyne to-morrow, I at least will not lift a hand in hostility. This is my determination, *Gentlemen* (!) : what is yours ? Whether would you prefer the French or the Russians ?—(loud cries of “ The French,” “ The French.”) Would you, in such a case, lift your hands in hostility to France ?—(“ No,” “ No.”) Are you unanimous ?—(“ Yes, yes : put it to the vote.”) If you are, hold up your hands.—(Here a forest of hands were raised immediately, amidst loud cheers and shouts of “ The French,” “ The French.”) *Gentlemen*, I thank you sincerely, from the bottom of my heart, for the noble and generous feeling that you have displayed. You may depend on this, *these cheers will be heard at Paris* ; and that show of hands will teach M. Thiers, and the brave and democratic people of France, which way the wind sets in the North of England—(loud cheering).’—p. 35.

We need make no detailed comment upon this abominable trash ; we shall only say that, utterly contemptible in itself, it is very important as an illustration of the policy of a ministry which encourages these sort of public meetings, and of the retribution which is sure to fall on them for it. But Lord Palmerston is himself peculiarly responsible for it : he may thank himself for being the object, because his indiscretion has been the original cause, of these disgraceful scenes. The speaker took care to let him know from what quiver the poisoned weapon was taken—that the arrow was feathered from his own wing. Mr. Doubleday,

* This calumny is so impudently asserted, and must reach so many people who know nothing about the matter, that it is as well to say that Lord Palmerston’s paternal fortune was suitable to his rank and station—that he is a kind and improving landlord of considerable estates in Ireland, and that, except from any increase produced by such improvements, he is certainly not a richer man than when he entered political life three-and-thirty years ago. Lord Palmerston’s public conduct is open to much and severe criticism, but no one who knows anything about him would doubt his personal honour.

in the opening of the extraordinary harangue we have quoted, stated—

‘ Since the acts of Lord Palmerston have been more completely developed, I have seen circumstances which point directly at treason. I must confess that when I first became acquainted with Mr. Urquhart—having been led to regard him as an Ultra-Tory—I entertained some distrust of his intentions. I thought he might have had a private quarrel with Lord Palmerston—that Lord Palmerston had been the cause of his dismissal from a high office—and I could not help having a suspicion that Mr. Urquhart had been influenced by a private and improper resentment. But when I came to talk confidentially to him, and to read his writings with that attention which, from their great talent, as well as the importance of the subject itself, was due to them, my opinion changed; and I am bound to tell you that I consider Mr. Urquhart not only one of the *most honest*, but one of the *ablest of men*.’—p. 33.

Mr. Attwood’s encomium on this new political leader was still more extravagant: we select a few passages of his harangue at Carlisle:—

‘ Let me now gratify myself by naming *that great man* whose follower I am proud to call myself. We owe the knowledge, indispensable to safety, to the genius of Mr. Urquhart. . . . I have found in this man that which I have found in none besides—a capacity of intellect and purity of virtue, in *which he stands alone amidst the present generation of mankind*. I therefore, and not I alone, regard him as a man whose mission it is to save, and what is more, to renovate his country. We regard him with a confidence and veneration as a leader, for the success of whose sublime and holy aims we would willingly jeopardise every future prospect of personal advantage; sacrifice every scheme of private happiness, every consideration of fortune, *and even life*. . . . (Cheers.) . . . I tell you of a man—and hereafter judge me if I tell you so untruly—I speak to you, I say, of a man who *has not his equal amongst living men*! . . . I am willing to pledge my existence for the truth of all the views I have derived from him, who seems to me to have been sent to realise bright visions of despairing patriotism, for years indulged in vain; of one who is to be *our country’s saviour*!’ (Applause.)—*Ib.* pp. 14, 15.

Risum teneatis!—but, alas! ’tis no matter for mirth—the ambassadors of this ‘great man,’ ‘this saviour of England,’ created by Lord Palmerston—like a Frankenstein, out of nothing, to be his persecutor and plague—his ambassadors, we say, did actually proceed to Paris with those and similar resolutions, which would be treason if they were not nonsense, and there were entertained at a *public dinner of thirteen persons*, at which M. Odillon Barrot, the leader (after M. Thiers) of the French radical party, presided. Some respectable persons of that party who were said to have attended, publicly denied their concurrence; and we believe that the embassy

embassy was appreciated at its true value, and produced as little sensation at Paris as the previous proceedings had done in England: but if the result exhibited the personal insignificance of Mr. Urquhart and his sect, it has not the less proved both the extreme impropriety and folly of Lord Palmerston in having been the original fountain of the mischief, and—which is of much more serious importance—the morbid, the treasonable disposition of that portion of the public mind which could for a moment countenance and concur in such extravagances. Who can answer for the internal or international tranquillity of countries in the relative position of France and England if such meetings as those at Carlisle and Newcastle are to be tolerated, and that the Attwoods, the Cardos, and the Doubledays are to be the self-constituted internuncios of nations? Lord Palmerston may in his private character despise such calumnies, but the Secretary of State, responsible for good order at home and for the national character abroad, ought not to truckle to such agitators—or rather the ministry to which he belongs ought not to have placed itself in so abject a dependence on the mob, that they dare not resent, nor even notice, such outrages on decency, on law, and on truth—on private character, and on national honour. So false is it, that *'il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte*,—a proverb made by a people without consciences. The Roman poet was a better moralist: the first step of dastardly compliance is but too easy; it is the return to a *higher air* that is difficult.

We now arrive at the consideration of the serious events with which these impertinent obscurities of Newcastle and Carlisle—gnats on the chariot-wheels of Europe—have presumed to mix themselves—the troubles in the Levant. The question, to be understood, must be taken from its origin. Before we can apply the principles of international law to the case, we must see who Mehemet Ali is, and what he wants, and why *his* pretensions have the effect of agitating the world.

Mehemet Ali was born in 1769, of obscure—we might say, unknown parentage, at Cavalla, a town in Roumelia, at the head of the Egean, and therefore a subject of the Porte. Taken into the family of the governor of the town, he showed talents and address, acquired favour, made a good marriage, and established himself—we almost hesitate to say whence sprang the fortunes of this person, who is made the cause or the pretence of so great and fearful a crisis—he established himself as a *tobacconist*, by which he made, we are told, a large and rapid fortune. We notice the humble beginning of Mehemet, because, though it raises his personal character, it very much weakens his political pretensions.

pretensions. It is one thing to maintain and extend an ancient and substantial power which has roots in the country, but it is quite another to endeavour to bolster up a temporary authority, which, as from nothing it sprang, will probably return to nothing. On Buonaparte's invasion of Egypt, Mehemet Ali was abstracted from his commercial occupations, and became *second* in command of the contingents which his native town sent to the Ottoman army. The *first* was the governor's son, who, soon sickening of the climate of Egypt and probably of the conflict with the French, left the Cavalliotte force in the hands of Mehemet; who speedily distinguished himself in the arts both of war and of peace; and, on the expulsion of the French, acquired a substantive authority in the country to which he had so lately come a subordinate adventurer. Those who have not read the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, or who read them only as the fables of Scheherezade, and not as what they are—an accurate picture of Eastern manners,—can hardly comprehend the sudden elevations of Oriental life, whether under the *Shahs*, the *Caliphs*, or the *Porte*. But so it is;—and Mehemet Ali soon became so important and so formidable in Egypt, that the Porte thought it prudent to remove him thence, by what seemed the immense favour of promoting him to the Pachalik of Salonike, in his native province. We need not detail the various arts of fraud and force by which Mehemet evaded this invidious advancement, but, after a long struggle, the nominal Pacha of Salonike was reluctantly recognised by the Porte as its Pacha of Egypt. He held, however, a divided authority with the Mamelukes, an extraordinary class—we cannot call them race—of whom Mehemet determined to disembarass himself; and in whose extinction, had it been operated by less atrocious means, humanity would have rejoiced. But it was no moral feeling that determined Mehemet to extirpate the Mameluke dynasty: their destruction was the deep and cold-blooded calculation of his insatiable ambition; and he accomplished it by one of the most treacherous and execrable massacres that pollute the annals of even Eastern atrocity. In all history, ancient or modern, we do not recollect any single instance of so wholesale, and, in its personal circumstances, so detestable a murder as this, by which Mehemet Ali finally and completely usurped into his own hands the government of Egypt. He still, however, professed himself a vassal of the Porte, paid his tribute, and was not unwilling to serve the Sultan—but rather as a military auxiliary than as a tributary vassal—in enterprises which flattered his ambition or might tend to consolidate his power.

He was first employed against the Wahabees, a religious sect which had seized upon the city of Mecca, and whom the

Porte

Porte regarded in the doubly odious light of heretics and rebels. The war was tedious; Mehemet's desire to finish it was long doubtful; but at last his celebrated son Ibrahim Pacha, who then laid the foundation of his military reputation, defeated the enemy in the field, took their towns, and effectually subdued the *military* insurrection—though it is said that the *religious* heresy still exists and waits but a favourable opportunity for breaking out anew. Next came the disturbances in Greece, and Mehemet Ali—obedient to the Porte whenever some work of blood and destruction was to be done, and then only—sent a large and powerful army into the Morea, again under Ibrahim, where they maintained for nearly seven years a series of desultory, but destructive, hostilities, in which, though Ibrahim increased his personal fame, no great or honourable feats of legitimate war are to be traced, and the chief trophies were the burning of towns, the destruction of harvests, and the slaughter of women and children. In short, Ibrahim rendered himself the terror and the scourge of Greece, and would probably have become its master, had not the European powers—coming to a resolution to arrest that bloody and bootless system of hostility—forced Mehemet Ali to recall his army, and established that puny and ridiculous anomaly called the Kingdom of Greece. Mehemet Ali, a kind of Buonaparte in his own way, was now embarrassed what to do with his army, which was so disproportionate to anything else but his ambition, that it reached at one time, we are informed, to 80,000 men: but the island of Candia, stirred up by the example of Greece, having made some efforts at independence, Mehemet undertook to reduce the insurgents: the European powers, however,—particularly England and France,—again intervened to prevent further bloodshed: under their mediation an arrangement was effected, and the Egyptian troops again returned home; where Mehemet, not knowing how else to employ them, undertook a war of conquest into the regions of the Upper Nile, where he met with considerable losses, and was finally obliged to retreat.

During all these events the Pacha himself remained in Egypt: and there the exigencies of his position and his own natural shrewdness directed him to the policy—which, indeed, all *usurpers*, in all times and countries, have adopted—of making himself popular, both with his subjects and with foreign powers; and of strengthening his vicarious authority by the introduction of European arts, a seeming adoption of European ideas, and a cunning flattery of individual travellers or visitors whom he thought likely to direct the current of European opinion in his favour. He imported steam-engines, talked of railroads, affected

to adopt Adam Smith's principles of trade; and protected the conveyance of mails: he invited civil engineers from Birmingham, and military engineers from Paris; he flattered the French by giving them the Luxor obelisque, which they have erected with great pride and expense in the principal *Place* of their metropolis, and he offered Cleopatra's Needle to the English, which we, with more pride, or perhaps, to say the truth, with more economy, thought proper to decline. In short, the old tobacco-merchant—the persecutor of the Wahabees—the murderer of the Mamelukes—the desolater of Greece—the mighty Nimrod of the '*Chasse aux Negres*'—one of the most ruthless despots that ever trampled on the besotted and doomed population of Egypt, became by degrees an *Augustus*, an *Alfred*—a patron of arts and sciences—a political economist—a day-star of civil and religious liberty, rising in the East to enlighten mankind, and to revive, with all the additional grace and force of modern civilization, the ancient empire of Sesostris from the Nile to the Tanais.

Early in 1832 the Pacha, either not knowing how to employ an army so disproportionate to the nature of his position, or stimulated by the success of the revolutionary movements in Europe, thought it a favourable moment to make war upon the sovereign whom he had so lately served, and whose vassal he still professed to be. Mr. Kinnear, a recent traveller, and, like most travellers, a little biassed in favour of Mehemet, but a sensible, and on the whole a fair witness, thus states the pretence of this rebellion:—

'The weakness of the Pachas of Syria, and the supineness of the government at Constantinople, were sufficiently favourable for the designs of Mehemet Ali; but additional circumstances arose, which enabled him to *put in execution his project of seizing on the sovereignty of Syria*. A number of Jannisaries had taken refuge in the cities of Damascus and Aleppo; and when it was known that Mehemet Selim, the Grand Vizier, who had been so actively instrumental in the destruction of their body, had been appointed to the pachalic of Damascus, Mehemet Ali found ready and powerful adherents, not only in the proscribed Jannisaries, but in the fanatic populace and their leaders, who regarded them as martyrs to the cause of religion. The new Pacha was massacred amid the popular tumult which arose on his arrival at Damascus; and Mehemet Ali, taking advantage of the excitement in Syria, and the supineness of the government at Constantinople, marched a large body of Bedawee cavalry across the Desert from Egypt, and invested Acre.

'A personal quarrel with Abdallah, Pacha of Acre, was the publicly-avowed pretext for this invasion; but there can be no doubt that it was but the first step towards the accomplishment of a *long-meditated design* to seize on the government of Syria.'—*Kinnear*, pp. 317, 318.

Acre, thus invested by the Bedaweens, and attacked by a fleet under

under Ibrahim, fell after a siege of eight months. Ibrahim then pushed forward—routed all the forces opposed to him—passed the defiles of the Taurus in December, 1832—utterly defeated the Turkish army on the plains of Konieh, far in the interior of Asia Minor, and advanced to Kutaya, but a few days' march from Constantinople; and every one must then have seen, as the Porte itself did, that it was no longer a question of the possession of Syria, but of the tenure of the Ottoman throne itself.

Let us here pause for a moment to observe that the Turkish empire, in its origin a military power, and which not more than 150 years ago was still the terror of Europe, had gradually fallen—(from obvious causes, the chief of which was, that when a power, whose force is movement and enthusiasm, becomes stationary and tranquil, it loses the mainspring of its strength)—had fallen, we say, almost under the *tutelage* of its neighbours:—but being in its modern character the least aggressive of nations, though occupying the most important position, political, commercial, and physical, on the face of the globe, it has become a European interest to *keep her on her legs*, in order that she may maintain the feeble police of the Dardanelles, and occupy with her tranquil and contented ignorance and an empty parade of innocuous force, the station which, in more active hands, would be dangerous to the established equilibrium of Europe. It is well known that *Catharine the Great*—a great woman is always a very wicked or a very foolish one, and generally both—had set her heart on extending her dominions to Constantinople, and making it the central seat of her empire:—a silly project, which would have ruined St. Petersburg and injured Moscow, and inevitably produced the division and destruction of the vast empire which it was meant to consolidate; and we incline to believe—in spite of all the routine speculations and declamations of the journalists and pamphleteers of Europe—that the successors of Catharine, and their wise and prudent ministers, have been long verging towards the same opinion as to Constantinople and the Turkish provinces that surround it. Nor does the notorious and admitted anxiety of the successive administrations of Russia to extend themselves first to the Black and Caspian Seas, and subsequently *along* them, invalidate this hypothesis: all the great rivers of central Russia—the *arteries* of the empire—run to the Black and the Caspian Seas; and without a safe and secure entrance and exit for its wants and its productions, that large portion of the globe—that greatest and most important part of the Russian empire—must necessarily remain in a state of isolated barbarism. We beg our readers to recollect that the waters on which Moscow itself stands fall ultimately into—the Black Sea? No, not even into the Black Sea!

Sea! but—into the Caspian; and can any one be so prejudiced as to deny that it was the natural right, nay, the bounden duty, of Russia, to secure for the vast regions washed by these magnificent waters a free passage to the great highways of mankind. Let us be fair—let us be rational. Can any man in his senses contemplate a state of things in this island of Britain, in which, after the introduction of civilisation and commerce, a barbarous tribe of Trinobantes, possessing the mouth of the Thames, should have had the power of closing that great estuary against the interior of England?—Who objected to the American acquisition of the mouths of the Mississippi?—Who can reasonably complain that Russia feels the same want, and adopts the same principle?

Russia, if she has common sense and the instinct of her own security, ought not to desire the possession of Constantinople. She approached it in the war of 1829, and she had a fair belligerent right to do so: but not less, we believe, from her own moderation than from the general feeling of the powers of Europe to preserve as long as possible the integrity of the Turkish empire, her victorious advance was arrested by the treaty of Adrianople, and the Mussulman was left, and is now maintained—like Switzerland—an impotent but plausible stop-gap against more formidable candidates for his commanding position.

The treaty of Adrianople had scarcely relieved Turkey from the danger of the northern invasion when she found herself still more formidably assailed by her own vassal from the south. We say more formidably, because Russian invasion could only have occupied the European provinces, and that subject to European discussion, and, probably, to a successful *veto*; while the success of Mehemet Ali affected the whole Asiatic as well as the European empire, and without affording the same grounds for European opposition.

It may be very plausibly argued, and the theory has some striking points, that, the general object being the strengthening the Turkish empire, the best policy would have been to have allowed Mehemet Ali 'the *strong man*' to have placed himself on that throne, in whose powerful and experienced hands the whole empire—Egypt, Syria, Arabia, Asia Minor, and Turkey—would have been re-united, and the Mahometan name and power would have been restored to its pristine vigour and ancient limits. 'The Ottoman throne,' it may be further said, 'was founded by arms—the right of succession has been always vague and irregular, and generally decided by military force. Of what importance was it whether the Moslem who should occupy that throne spelled his name *Mahmoud* or *Mehemet*? There would therefore have been no serious, and, above all, no unusual infraction of the Ottoman practice

practice of succession, and we should then have had a real and effective Turkish empire, and a powerful barrier to *all* European ambition in that quarter.' All this is, as we have suggested, plausible—but it is no more. In the first place, such an arrangement would have wanted the main and most essential conditions of stability—right and justice: but, moreover, Mehemet Ali was not of the class within which, even by the latitude of the Turkish practice of succession, a sultan could be chosen. We need not trouble our readers with details of Mussulman law—but the fact is notorious, the adventurer Mehemet Ali never could have been legitimated in the eyes of the Turkish people. Besides, he was a mere adventurer, and now an *aged* one: what was to happen after him? What he himself had done his vassals might do; and we should perhaps have had pretenders from every province; and the result would probably have been the dissolution and eventual partition of the empire from internal discord. But suppose this could have been otherwise; suppose the '*strong man*' enthroned at Constantinople, and the empire restored under his auspices to all its pristine strength—would the chances of tranquillity in Europe be much improved by such a neighbour?—a bold, ambitious, powerful, and barbarous people, which might have again subjugated Greece—again hermetically closed the Dardanelles and the whole Levant against European influence of all sorts—which might again have buccaneered the Mediterranean, and attacked Russia at Odessa and in the Crimea—which might have again besieged Vienna—purchasing the connivance or even the assistance of France in all these enterprises *by the cession of the*—as it would then be—*distant and comparatively unimportant province of EGYPT!*

But though we believe that the general ambition of Russia, and particularly her immediate designs on Turkey, have been much exaggerated, we have on more than one occasion shown that her position is such as to justify a jealous, though not offensive, vigilance—for the purpose of anticipating and preventing every opportunity of aggression on her part; but particularly such as might constitute, not only in her own eyes but in those of unbiassed judges, a plausible *casus interventionis*—forced, as it were, upon her by her own interests, as well as those of Europe in general. Now, the probability of such a *casus* was obvious from the moment Mehemet had invaded Syria—it became certain when he passed the Taurus—imminent after the battle of Konieh, and was fully accomplished when Ibrahim had advanced to Kutaya on his march to Constantinople. Could it be expected that Russia, with her fleets and her armies at hand, should look calmly on, and allow the rebel to seize the imperial city? *Then indeed,*

indeed, would journalists and pamphleteers have charged—and even soberer statesmen might have suspected—her of having instigated the original revolt, and of having destroyed the Turkish empire for the immediate aggrandisement of the Pacha, but ultimately and certainly for her own. Here, therefore, was a case clear in its ultimate tendencies, though gradual in its steps, which invited—which imperiously required—as the designs of Mehemet successively developed themselves—the guardian influence of the Western powers. What did the English ministry?—We, assuredly, do not, like the Urquhart sect, impute to Lord Palmerston anything like corrupt contrivance, or even connivance, with Russia; and the secrecy of diplomatic communications leaves us in the dark as to what he may have *said* or *written*—but we know that he *did*—*nothing*! And we collect from the scanty papers which he laid before Parliament in 1839—*seven years after*—that our minister at Constantinople had no instructions either towards averting or alleviating the danger of the Porte, and that the pressing representations of the Sultan met in him a cold and impotent auditor, who professed his own ‘private’ and personal sympathies, but who had no official authority to interfere.

But Lord Palmerston’s quiescence was not the mere apathy of ignorance. It appears that in the preceding October—before the passage of the Taurus, and long before the fatal fight of Konieh—the Sultan had distinctly apprised England of his danger, and solicited her assistance towards arresting the irruption of the Pacha. These are Lord Palmerston’s own admissions.

‘Viscount Palmerston said “it was true that such a demand had been made in the course of last *August* [a misprint for *autumn*] by the Porte, before it had applied to Russia for assistance. The application that had been made to this country on the part of the Porte was for maritime assistance, and his Majesty’s government, *from the nature of circumstances*, had not thought fit to grant the application.”’—*Parl. Deb.*, Aug. 1833.

What the nature of those ‘*circumstances*’ were his Lordship did not explain; it certainly could not have been anything like a principle of *non-intervention*—for in a subsequent debate his Lordship added the following surprising explanation:—

‘He was reported to have said on a late occasion that that request had been made in the month of *August* of last year—he said, however, in *autumn* last year. In fact it was in the month of October that the application was made. Without giving any very detailed explanation of the matter, he would only remind the House, that when we were embarking in *naval operations in the North Sea, and on the coast of Holland*, and were under the necessity of keeping up another *naval*

force on the coast of Portugal, it would have been impossible to have sent to the Mediterranean such a squadron as would have served the purpose of the Porte, and at the same time would have comported with the naval dignity of Great Britain; and as *Parliament was not then sitting*, Government could not acquiesce in the request made by the Sultan.—*Part. Deb.*, 28 Aug., 1833.

We have already given our opinion that the intervention in Holland and Portugal was as unjust and mischievous as an interference for Turkey would have been proper and salutary; but we need not insist on that, because Lord Palmerston does not ground his refusal on the principle of non-intervention:—*that* would have been, at the moment, rather too bad—but on the *impossibility*, from the want of *naval means*, of compliance,—an excuse, we are sorry to say, disgraceful, if it had been true, but more so as *it was not*. We need hardly refer to what has been *since* done to show that it was not *impossible* for the first maritime power in the world to have shown a squadron on the coast of Syria—even then we had eighteen or twenty pendants in the Mediterranean—and the operations in the ‘North Sea’ were terminated before Ibrahim had advanced to Kutaya. The Sultan, moreover, had a large fleet; Mehemet Ali but a small one: and what was wanted was therefore, not mere material force, but the moral effect of the English flag, to have told Mehemet Ali by that awful signal which he could not have misunderstood, and durst not have disobeyed,—‘*Thou shalt come no further!*’ The grounds, therefore, on which Lord Palmerston rested his defence on this point are, we are sorry to be obliged to say, worse than *frivolous*. Nor can we suppose any secret difficulty arising out of the feeling of foreign powers. Lord Palmerston’s explanation does not mention any such obstacle; besides, France was at that time (autumn, 1832) in no condition, and, we believe, in no disposition, to have taken an open part with Mehemet Ali, or to have quarrelled with an interference on our part to save Constantinople from the Pacha on the one hand, or from Russia on the other. But even if she had then shown the wayward temper which she has since exhibited, it would have been only an additional reason why this menacing crisis should have been terminated as soon as possible. From Russia, Lord Palmerston would have received not opposition, but, as he himself fairly confessed, encouragement and support:—

‘He (Lord Palmerston) could assure the honourable member that, if any persons imagined that among other motives which influenced the conduct of his Majesty’s government there was anything like a threat on the part of Russia, they were entirely mistaken. On the contrary, it was but justice that he should state that, so far from Russia having expressed

expressed any jealousy as to England's granting that assistance, the Russian ambassador officially communicated to him (Lord Palmerston), while the request was still under consideration, that he had learned such an application had been made, and that, from the interest taken by Russia in the maintenance and preservation of the Turkish empire, it would afford satisfaction if they [the English Government] could find themselves able to comply with the request.'—*Par. Deb.*, 29th August.

The Sultan, thus abandoned by England, because she had not so much as a single sloop-of-war to spare, and pressed almost in his very residence by the advanced posts of Ibrahim, was reduced to the painful alternative of soliciting, at 'his utmost need' (2nd Feb. 1833), the protection of Russia. Russia acceded; and a fleet in the Bosphorus, and 20,000 men on the Asiatic side of the strait, interposed between it and Ibrahim, induced the Pasha, who had till then been deaf to all proposals, to listen to overtures made by the Porte through the French ambassador, Admiral Roussin, *seconded*—we cannot say *supported*—in the most vague, feeble, and desponding tone by the British *Chargé-des-affaires*; and at length an arrangement was made, on terms exorbitantly favourable to Mehmet Ali, granting him, in addition to Egypt and Arabia, the government of Syria and of Candia, and even the province of Adana in Asia Minor—which commands the passage of the Taurus, and thereby secured to him, whenever he should see a favourable opportunity, the road to Constantinople. Though this humiliating escape from his immediate danger had been arranged chiefly through the mediation of the French ambassador, the Sultan felt that it was the aid of the Russians that had really saved him from still more disastrous results; he clearly saw that from France and England, who had been forward to advise these fatal sacrifices, he had nothing to expect in any future emergency; and that Russia, dangerous as her alliance might eventually be, was his best, and indeed his only resource. This produced (July, 1833) the celebrated treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, which has been not unaptly described in a single phrase, that it gave Russia *the exclusive protectorate of the Porte*. Great outcries were raised against the ambition of Russia in obtaining this treaty; but let us look impartially at all the circumstances. Turkey had pressed for British protection—Russia had joined in that request—England refused to interfere, except to invite the Sultan, as the jailor did Master Barnardine, 'to go forth to be executed'—France also advised submission, and assisted to make it. How then was it possible that the Porte and Russia, thus isolated—thus left to themselves—should not have consulted their own mutual interests—the Porte its safety, and Russia her influence—by some such treaty as that of Unkiar Skelessi?—We

will not debate whether such a treaty was reasonable, or politic,—it was *inevitable*; and it was, as far as we know—and what we know is from his own lips—Lord Palmerston himself who had created that necessity.

One of the pretences under which France, and the few persons in the rest of Europe who take part with Mehemet Ali, attempt to justify their favourable disposition towards him, is his ‘enlightened government,’ and the vast improvements which he has made in the condition of all his subjects. We admit that the political tranquillity of the provinces—the interior police—the protection of strangers—the facilities of commercial relations, can be better established and maintained by a single despot, who has all affairs under his own eye and all power in his own hand, than by the delegated and desultory authority of the old Turkish Pachas—Paris was much quieter under Buonaparte than under Louis Philippe. But Mehemet’s administration of Syria has been the most cruel and calamitous that can be conceived, and frequent insurrections, excited by intolerable oppression and punished by the most frightful atrocities, are indisputable evidence that humanity and real civilization have gained nothing, and have nothing to gain, from the success of Mehemet Ali.

We have no official documents to explain what may have passed upon this *Eastern question* between the settlement, as it is miscalled, of 1833, and the beginning of 1838; but many circumstances should have convinced Lord Palmerston that the arrangement of 1833 could not be permanent, and that it was of great importance to arrive *as soon as possible* at some definitive solution of a difficulty which every day’s delay served to increase and complicate. We have certain unofficial—but, we have no reason to doubt, substantially accurate—statements, that so early as 1835 Mehemet Ali opened to England, France, and Austria his real design of erecting his vicarious authority as a vassal of the Porte into an independent and hereditary sovereignty; and that this overture, then decidedly rejected by England, was renewed towards the close of 1836 (*Life of Mohamed Ali*, p. 39) with no better success. We have no means of knowing the precise truth of these statements, and still less the circumstances by which the alleged overtures may have been preceded or followed,—but we must say that a heavy responsibility weighs on Lord Palmerston to give some sufficient reason why those audacious pretensions, if really advanced in 1835, were not at once *extinguished*, but, on the contrary, permitted to remain festering and inflaming till, in July, 1840, they required—*immedicabile vulnus, ense recidendum*—the last fatal remedy of the sword. But we do know, from the papers already laid before parliament, that in the beginning of 1838, at
latest

latest, Lord Palmerston was apprised of the Pacha's ambitious projects to disturb the *status quo*:—

‘Viscount Palmerston to Colonel Campbell, British Consul at Alexandria.

‘Sir,

‘Foreign Office, February 6, 1838.

‘With reference to your despatch of the 27th December, 1837, from which it appears that the Pacha of Egypt is exerting himself to increase his army in Syria, I have to direct you to state to the Pacha, that you are instructed to warn him against the evil consequences which will result to himself, if he recommences an attack upon any part of the Sultan's forces. You will also represent to the Pacha that his extensive conscription, his active military preparations, and his concentration of troops in Syria, are all calculated to excite great distrust as to his intentions with respect to the Porte.’—*Par. Pap.* 1839.

Again:—

‘Viscount Palmerston to Colonel Campbell.

‘Sir,

‘Foreign Office, March 29, 1838.

‘With reference to your despatch of the 7th February, reporting the assurances, given to you by Mehemet Ali, that he had not the most remote view of conquest on any part of the Sultan's territory, beyond the limits of his own government—[*was not this a notorious falsehood?*—]I have to instruct you to state to Mehemet Ali that you have been ordered by your government seriously to warn him of the consequences to himself which will follow any attempt on his part to extend his authority, by force of arms, in any direction.

‘I have further to instruct you specially to state to the Pacha that the frightful atrocities committed in Syria by his troops, under the pretext of enforcing the conscription, have produced in all Europe the most unfavourable and painful impression.’—*Par. Pap.* 1839.

We request our readers' attention to this last paragraph; its importance will be seen presently.

And again:—

‘Viscount Palmerston to Colonel Campbell.

‘Foreign Office, June 9, 1838.

‘I have to acquaint you that reports have reached her Majesty's Government from various quarters, tending to show that the Pacha of Egypt has it in contemplation to throw off his allegiance to the Sultan, and to declare himself independent. The Pacha may have been led to imagine that Great Britain would view with passive acquiescence such a proceeding on his part; and as it is of the utmost importance that no illusion should exist in the mind of the Pacha, upon a matter so pregnant with serious consequences to himself, you are instructed to lose no time in dispelling any error under which the Pacha may labour, as to the course which Great Britain would take in any conflict which might arise between him and the Sultan upon such a ground.’—*Par. Pap.* 1839.

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We lay no stress, as others of Lord Palmerston's critics do, on the *vagueness* of the menace denounced against Mehemet Ali in these instructions—stronger and plainer language might perhaps have been better, but the menace was still sufficiently clear; and what we complain of is Lord Palmerston's subsequent delay in giving it effect. *Suaviter in modo* is good policy only when you are resolved on the *fortiter in re*; for, after all these reiterated warnings and hypothetical menaces, Colonel Campbell informs Lord Palmerston that

'the intended realisation by Mehemet Ali of *his long-meditated plan* to declare his independence has at length been unequivocally communicated by him both to M. Cochelet, the Consul-General of France, and myself.'—25 May, 1838. *Par. Pap.* 1839.

And this is followed by all the details of the communication, which established, in the clearest terms, that the Pacha's resolution was maturely formed and would be steadily pursued. Here, then, was the very *casus* to which Lord Palmerston had directed so many minatory warnings,—and what did he *do*?—*Nothing*! But he wrote an expostulatory despatch, which certainly was as little suited to the dignity of England as it was to the real state of affairs. It sets out with a declamatory and puerile panegyric on Mehemet Ali, involving an almost direct *retraction* of the important passage in the despatch of the 29th March to which we directed the notice of our readers; instead of being reproached with the '*frightful atrocities which have produced in ALL EUROPE the most unfavourable and painful impressions*,' the Pacha is now flatteringly told—

'With respect to his own fame, he ought to recollect that, if he *has hitherto risen progressively in the esteem of the nations of Europe*, it has been in consequence of the pains he has taken to *establish the authority of the law among the people whom he has governed*, and by reason of his successful exertions to *give the ascendancy to justice in all the transactions between man and man*.'—*Par. Pap.*, 1839.

And then Lord Palmerston proceeds to argue, in a style that might have been very proper in the beginning of the correspondence, but was now quite out of season, how very much it would be for the Pacha's own honour and comfort to be so good as to adopt his Lordship's kind advice:—'tis true that, in the course of the despatch, his Lordship states, in strong terms, that which ought rather to have been exhibited to the Pacha by the appearance of the allied fleets off Alexandria—

'Her Majesty's Government at once, and decidedly, pronounce the successful execution of the attempt to be impossible; and its inevitable consequence to be RUIN to the Pacha; because they know that the conflict which must necessarily be brought on by such an attempt would

would not be between the Pacha and the Sultan single-handed, but between the Pacha and the Sultan *aided and supported by ALL the Powers of Europe.*—*Par. Pap.*, 1839.

But this very important paragraph is, to be sure, a little attenuated by what follows:—

‘If he, the Pacha, should unfortunately proceed to execute his announced intentions, and if hostilities should (as they indisputably would) break out thereupon between the Sultan and the Pacha, the Pacha must *expect to find Great Britain taking part with the Sultan*, in order to obtain redress for so flagrant a wrong done to the Sultan, and for the purpose of *preventing the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire*; and the Pacha would fatally deceive himself if he were to suppose that any *jealousies among the Powers of Europe* would prevent those Powers from affording to the Sultan, under such circumstances, every assistance which might be necessary for the purpose of upholding, enforcing, and vindicating his just and legitimate rights.’—*Par. Pap.*, 1839.

This allusion to the ‘*jealousies amongst the Powers of Europe*’ was certainly not adroit: but the whole despatch, read altogether, is a substantial declaration by Lord Palmerston, on his official responsibility, ‘*that ALL the powers were bonâ fide and firmly united in support of the Sultan; and ready, unanimously, to effect the utter ‘RUIN’ of the Pacha, if he should persist in his intentions.*’ The Pacha *did* persist: he boldly and unequivocally announced his persistence (*Par. Paper*, 11th Aug. 1838). What was done?—*Nothing!* Here, again, Lord Palmerston has a heavy account to render.

But worse remains.

Lord Palmerston had repeatedly *pledged* himself that *all* the Powers, and England especially, would, if the Sultan and Mehemet Ali should come into hostile collision, take an active part with the Sultan. Well, these parties *did* come into hostile collision; and what did Lord Palmerston to redeem these pledges?—*Nothing!* And on the 25th of June the army of the Sultan, with which all the powers of Europe were pledged to co-operate, was, after a skirmish rather than a fight, at Nezib, in a couple of hours utterly annihilated; and on the 14th July the Sultan’s fleet was carried off, by the treachery of its commanders, into the ports of the Pacha, passing through the fleet of France, which seemed to look with favour on the treachery, and close to that of England, which more modestly shut its eyes, that it might not see it; and this British fleet, thus playing at *bo-peep* with the honour of England and the safety of Turkey, was of at least equal force with that which has since sufficed for the late glorious operations in Syria.

At this inauspicious moment Sultan Mahmoud died (30 June) and was succeeded by a child. In the midst of these complicated disasters, what, again, did Lord Palmerston do?—*Nothing!* But the ministers of the Five Powers poured the following consolation of balmy words into the bleeding wounds of Turkey:—

‘The Undersigned have this morning received instructions from their respective Governments, in virtue of which they have the honour to inform the Sublime Porte that *agreement* [accord] *between the Five Powers upon the Eastern question is ensured*, and to invite the Porte to suspend any final determination without their concurrence, awaiting the result of the *interest* which those Powers feel for the Porte.

Constantinople, July 27, 1839.

(Signed)

BARON DE STURMER.

BARON ROUSSIN.

PONSONBY.

COUNT DE KENIGSMARCK.

A. BOUTENEFF.

—*Par. Pap.*, 1839.

The Porte, having lost, in spite of the guarantee and pledges of these magnanimous allies, her army and her fleet, and two-thirds of her empire, and being, in fact, prostrate and paralysed, and incapable of motion, is kindly invited to lie still, and to await the result of the *interest* these powers feel for her recovery. The real meaning however of this advice was, that the Porte should not, in the first moments of dismay, enter into any negotiation with the victorious Pacha. This is important; because it pledged France, as well as the other powers, to oppose any direct arrangement between the Porte and the Pacha—a result which she afterwards most unwarrantably tried to accomplish. But what *did* Lord Palmerston in consequence of this new engagement?—*Nothing!* And so, as far as we are informed, affairs remained for twelve months; when, all of a sudden, we find that the agreement between the great Powers on the Eastern question, the assurance of which was testified under their respective hands, never existed at all; and that the two greatest of the Powers, instead of going to war with Mehemet Ali, for the protection of their ally the Sultan, were going to war with each other,—nobody—and, least of all, Lord Palmerston—could clearly make out why or wherefore.

Such is the surface, and, as far as the official papers go, the interior, of our diplomacy on the Eastern Question, and assuredly a more miserable detail of unaccountable delays, gross inconsistencies, and lamentable failures, never was exhibited. We do not presume to say that particular portions of it may not be capable of explanation or extenuation, but it seems to us to involve several flagrant and important *contradictions* which never can be reconciled. Here, however, and without any vain attempt to guess

guess at what possible defence Lord Palmerston may be able to make, we shall leave this part of the case. The debates in parliament and the publication of the *whole* process of the negotiation, must soon enable the public to judge, on full evidence, a cause which, in its present state, does seem to bear most heavily on the noble Lord and his colleagues.

We now arrive at what has become the most important part of the subject—our difference with France; on which, however, we hasten at the outset to express our conviction that there is not a sober, reasonable, and *considerate* mind in France any more than in England and Europe at large, which can doubt that the French ministry was—from beginning to end—in fact and in argument—in the letter and in the spirit—in judgment and in temper—absolutely and altogether *in the wrong*; and we cannot but express our surprise and regret at finding so large a portion (not so large, however, we hope, as it seems) of our neighbours so unjust to us and *to themselves* as to look for offence where none could be intended; and to imagine that we, people of at least common sense, could ever fail to acknowledge and appreciate the high station and influence of France in the civilised world. We had hoped that twenty-five years of friendly intercourse had made us better acquainted, and that the impressions created by the fury of the Revolution and the fraud of Buonaparte had faded before the light of truth: that is, we trust, the case with a large portion of France, but there is we fear a larger, at least a louder, portion, who from ignorance and passion and personal restlessness, but still more from political and religious prejudices, are prone to seize every pretence, however flimsy or false, of showing their *enmity to England*!—a lamentable and unworthy weakness as regards France herself, and one we fairly, but in all civility, tell her, which will not increase her physical power, and will very much tend to diminish her moral influence. We are for peace with all the world, and above all with our neighbours; but if she is resolved to pick a quarrel with us, *God defend the right*!—and we shall be glad that she puts it on such absurd, such irrational, and such—to herself—humiliating grounds. We never have entertained a wish, nor dreamed that we had the power, of humiliating that great nation; but, as Dr. Johnson said that no author was ever written down but by himself, let that great nation take care that she does not by violence, injustice, and folly, humiliate herself.

Though our readers are, we doubt not, well nigh weary of the altercations between Lord Palmerston and M. Thiers, and the French and English press, yet we feel it to be necessary to recapitulate the main points of the case, and the rather, because we hope to be able to do so with more *ensemble* than we have yet seen

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it treated. We must begin by repeating that there is wanting to a *full* understanding of the whole subject one main element. We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the negotiations between the European powers and Mehemet Ali, nor between the European powers themselves, from the original revolt of the Pacha in 1832, down to 1838, from which date the explanations afforded by the recent memorandums of Lord Palmerston and M. Thiers, and the more recent discussions in the French Chambers, take up and explain the general course of the affair. It is obvious that all these earlier proceedings must be very important—for they only can explain why the arrangement was so long delayed, and why such exorbitantly favourable terms were subsequently, and even recently, offered to the *rebel*—why a congress, professing for its sole object the integrity of the Turkish empire, should have at one time consented to convey over to Mehemet Ali its most important provinces—the very provinces that were the original bone of contention.

There appear to the common sense of mankind, on the surface of the affair, but two reasonable courses—either absolute non-intervention, in which case the Sultan and the vassal would have fought it out, and Europe would have recognised the conqueror as the sovereign of the Levant—OR, as was certainly the more humane and generous policy as regarded the East, and the safest for the peace of Europe itself, to have said *at once* to the Pacha, ‘You shall return to the *status quo ante bellum*, your natural allegiance, and to the administration of that portion of the Ottoman empire in which you have made yourself an honourable name and a great power, and where you will find abundant employment for your time and your talents, and become a benefactor, instead of a devastator, of the Eastern world.’ Why *one*, but, above all, why the *latter*, of these, the only obvious courses, was not adopted, we have not the slightest information; yet our readers see that this is the point on which the whole transaction originally turned. We suspect, from their common silence, that neither the French nor English ministers think that an explanation on this point would be favourable to their respective cases; and we more than suspect that the secret but real cause was the *ulterior designs of France upon Egypt*, which the French ministers did not quite venture to avow, and which the English minister is ashamed at not having at once boldly grappled with. Leaving then, as we needs must, the earlier stages of the discussion to future, official, and parliamentary explanation, we shall proceed to state the case from the documents that we possess.

We have seen, by Lord Palmerston’s despatches to Col. Campbell, that in 1838 the allies were all agreed to make common

mon cause against Mehemet Ali if he should force on a collision with the Sultan. It does not appear, nor could we expect to find in despatches of that class, what the ulterior intention of the Powers were; but it is obvious that, having determined on hostilities, they must have been prepared to pursue them to any extremities to which the obstinacy of the Pacha might drive them. We therefore conclude that in 1838 France must have *professed* her readiness to *coerce* the Pasha, if it should become necessary, an engagement which we believe she might safely have made; for we have no doubt that she was the real instigator of the Pacha's proceedings, and that without her encouragement he never would have driven matters to extremities.

We have seen that after the battle of Nezib the Five Powers volunteered to declare to the Porte, in the celebrated note (already given), dated 27th July, 1839, that they had come to 'a perfect agreement (*accord*) on the Eastern Question.' Such a note could not of course state the details of that *accord*, but we have a distinct explanation of it in Lord Palmerston's speech (6th August, 1840).

'We had been negotiating with France for the last twelve months on the general principle of maintaining the *independence of the Turkish empire under its existing dynasty*. There had been no difference whatever between the governments on these points. The French government had declared *that* in the most unequivocal manner. As early as last July *France had spontaneously declared* to the other Four Powers of Europe that she considered the maintenance of the *INTEGRITY and independence of the Turkish empire, under its present dynasty*, as essential to the preservation of the peace of Europe, and that she *was determined to oppose, by all her means of action and by all her influence, any combination to subvert it*.'

And this is proved by a dispatch of Marshal Soult's, and subsequently confirmed by still more solemn evidence.

The Queen of England stated in her speech from the Throne, 27th August, 1839:—

'The same concord which brought these intricate questions [the Belgic affairs] to a peaceful termination prevails with regard to the affairs of the Levant. The *Five Powers are alike determined* to uphold the *independence and INTEGRITY* of the Ottoman empire; and I trust this union will ensure a satisfactory settlement of matters which are of the deepest importance to Europe.'

The King of France too, in opening the next Session of his Chambers (23rd December), made a similar declaration:—

'Our flag, in concert with that of Great Britain, and faithful to the spirit of that union, always so advantageous to the interests of both countries, has *watched over the independence and immediate safety* of the Ottoman Empire.—[a rather loose watch they had kept when they allowed

allowed Mehemet to seize Syria by force, and the fleet by treachery]—Our policy is always to ensure the preservation of the INTEGRITY of that empire, whose *existence is so necessary* to the maintenance of general peace.’

Here, we should have thought, whatever obscurity or doubts might overhang the earlier part of the discussion, we had now arrived at daylight—the clear principle of ‘the *independence* and INTEGRITY of the Ottoman empire’ distinctly laid down, and a solemn *determination* to give it effect: but that was not the object of France; she had no sooner agreed to this principle than she set about embarrassing and evading its execution. She probably had consented to it because she had no *avowable* excuse for refusing, and was afraid that the real motive of her reluctance—what M. Thiers has since with so much *naïveté* called ‘the *national instinct of France towards Egypt*’—should be suspected; but she promised herself an escape from the engagement by delay and intrigue; and, they failing, she has not been ashamed to deny the plain and obvious meaning of the word ‘*integrity*.’—‘*Integrity*,’ says France, ‘*meant integrity as against Russian interference*,’—*not as against the Pacha’s pretensions*; ‘*against the temporary danger*, and not against ‘*territorial dismemberment*.’ Could it be believed that this wretched quibble is the whole and sole basis of M. Thiers’ defence in his celebrated reply of the 3rd October to Lord Palmerston’s Memorandum of the 31st August? and he further adds that ‘*all the powers so understood it*.’ It seems quite supererogative to argue such a question; but as it is the whole point of M. Thiers’ case, we will throw away two or three observations upon it. First, the word *integrity* has and can have but one meaning, *territorial integrity*, which was threatened from one quarter only—the Pacha! What France or any of the other Powers may have feared from *Russia* was clearly not immediate invasion, but interference and influence under the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, and that was provided against in the word ‘*independence*.’ The ‘*independence and integrity of the Turkish empire under the present dynasty*’ meant, therefore, 1st, *independence* of any special influence or protection of any one power—Russia, or France, or England, or Austria; 2ndly, the *integrity* of the limits and authority of the Turkish empire against Mehemet’s *territorial aggressions* and local usurpations; and 3rdly, the preservation of the *existing dynasty* to the exclusion of any design Mehemet might have of becoming Sultan himself. These three objects are clearly met by the respective terms of the agreement; two of them—the ‘*independence*’ and the ‘*existing dynasty*’—were precautionary words against future risks, but the immediate, and pressing, and main, and, *practically speaking*, *only* object of the engagement was to meet

meet the immediate and pressing exigency—the political pretensions and territorial usurpations of Mehemet Ali; and we appeal to the common sense of all mankind whether the terms of the agreement, or the state of affairs in which it was framed, admit of any other possible construction. France, therefore, not only acted with bad faith, but now endeavours to excuse herself by a miserable ‘quibble.’

This is not merely *our* conjecture; nor has Lord Palmerston done more than civilly leave it to be inferred from the notorious facts; but it is the direct and honest assertion and charge against his own ministers, of a French gentleman of high rank, character, and talents—the *Duke de Valmy*, deputy of the *Haute Garonne*. He, even at the first outbreak, when all the rest of France appeared frenzied by the revolutionary press of M. Thiers, published his opinion on the question, which, with great good sense and candour, put the matter on its right footing, and with singular sagacity anticipated the assertions of Lord Palmerston and the admissions of M. Thiers in their subsequent communications. We shall extract a few passages from this remarkable paper, not only because it is ably executed, but because the evidence of such a man as M. de Valmy is in this case less liable to suspicion of bias than ours could be.

After stating the *note* of the 27th July, 1839, and the passages from the two royal speeches as given above, the Duke proceeds—

‘Why do these declarations form the main prop of foreign cabinets? Because they have always acted up and spoken to the like purport. Why do they show our weakness? Because we have *not been faithful to our declarations, and at the present time they may be brought in evidence against us*. I am aware that, following the example of the ministry of the 12th of May [M. Molé’s], there is still a discussion upon the meaning of the word ‘*integrity*.’ But we can admit no *quibbling* to be resorted to respecting the fate of empires; and it would no doubt suffice to appeal to the good sense of Admiral Roussin [the ambassador who had signed the *note*], to be very soon convinced that he did not understand ‘the *integrity* of the Ottoman empire’ otherwise than the ambassadors with whom he signed the act of the 27th of July. In any case it cannot be supposed that a diplomatic note can be signed without previously being satisfied as to the meaning of the words conveyed in the said act.’

The Duke might have added, that the same word *integrity* was repeated in all the French diplomatic papers and, six months later, in the *King’s speech*, without any attempt to give it any different or restricted meaning; and indeed the King’s speech goes further to contradict M. Thiers’ *quibble*, for it distinguishes between the *present danger of the Sultan*, and the *ulterior danger to the integrity of the empire*; but M. de Valmy then goes on
to

to explain the real cause of these attempts to *quibble* away plain words:—

‘The truth is, that, whilst our ambassador adhered to the declaration of the 27th of July, the policy of the French *cabinet* was *turning round*. Mehemet Ali, who knows the secrets of our civilization, and the influence of the press on the proceedings of the government, knew how to dazzle and enchant the principal organs of public opinion, and, seconded by them, he *brought the cabinet to espouse his pretensions on Syria, the Taurus, and the district of Adana*. Admiral Roussin was recalled and sacrificed to the Pacha of Egypt, for having declared that the Pacha had outraged France, and that the first opportunity ought to be seized to punish his insolence, by depriving him, in concert with the other powers, of the provinces which he had conquered. This, we all remember, was followed by certain public manifestations in favour of the Pacha.’

The Duke then proceeds to show how the French ministry pursued the tortuous policy they had adopted, and his statements have been verified to the letter by M. Thiers’ recent speeches:—

‘It was expected that the alliance which had been contracted for the last ten years with the cabinet of London, and the advantages which had resulted therefrom, would impose upon it a duty not to separate from us in the Oriental question. It was thought that it was only necessary to *gain time in order to sow dissension in the Conference*. It was with that view, as it has been avowed since, that *M. Sebastiani sought the assistance of a Turkish plenipotentiary in London*.

‘*Notwithstanding all those intrigues, unworthy of a great nation*, the conference in London pursued the work which had been commenced by the note of the 27th of July; nor could it be otherwise. The powers, which, after mature deliberation, had taken as a basis of their compact the *integrity* of the Ottoman empire, could not consistently revoke such a determination. Such inconsistency could not be expected.’

The Duke next shows that M. Thiers imagined that *his* professed addiction to what was called ‘the English alliance’ would enable him to obtain a further *delay*; and, with it, the further chance of sowing dissensions between the powers; and so confident, so presumptuous was he—‘so deceived,’ the Duke de Valmy hints, ‘by the reports of a *secret agent* who held language opposite to that of M. Guizot,’—that his official journal on the 13th July, only two days before the signature of the treaty, expressed ‘the satisfaction of the French cabinet at the state of the Eastern negotiations.’

And here M. de Valmy indicates a small but very important stimulant of all the commotion that ensued—M. Thiers’ *amour-propre* was hurt!—

‘The President of the Council was completely astounded at such an unexpected *coup de main*, and replied by an appeal to arms!’

And

And then the Duke asks whether M. Thiers' call *to arms* was 'on his part a serious manifestation, having for object the defence of a national policy—an European interest in the Eastern question? or was it but a measure *ab irato* for the purpose of dissimulating a false position and a retrograde proceeding?'

And he goes on to prove that there is not a shadow of consistency or common sense in M. Thiers' professed policy as to the East—that, in fact, he had no policy at all (since clearly confirmed by his own speeches), and that the commotion he excited in France was a mixture of personal pique at his own failure and of party tactics to cover his retreat.

We hear of the enlightened times in which we live—of the torrents of light with which the press irradiates the public mind—and, above all, of the journalism which makes France one great *école normale* of political philosophy; but, alas! we defy the annals of ignorance to produce an instance of so general, so deep, and so utterly causeless a delusion as M. Thiers and his partisans lately spread over France—a delusion which we know not that any man in France except the Duke de Valmy, or any newspaper but the *Presse*, have ventured boldly and frankly to expose—of which, even such men as Lamartine and Guizot seem to think it prudent to raise the corners only by degrees, as light is admitted gradually and with precautions, into the cell of a convalescent maniac.

The first outcry was, that France was *insulted*, and that her honour required the reparation of *blood*. Lord Palmerston—and we applaud his conduct in this conjuncture; it was unusual, but it was prudent and dignified; a departure from diplomatic reserve and a concession to public feeling, which one who feels himself clearly in the right can afford to make—Lord Palmerston, we say, took an early opportunity of making a statement in parliament, so true, and yet so conciliatory, that, except by a few *énergumènes*, who are absolutely incurable, the charge of *insult* is, we believe, entirely abandoned. But then it was said that France was isolated—expelled—from the congress of nations. Lord Palmerston again destroyed that pretence: his memorandum of the 31st August showed that France was not *expelled*, but had, contrary to the wishes and earnest entreaties of her allies, withdrawn herself;—that if she was isolated, it was that, like a sulky child, she had *put herself into a corner* because her associates would not allow her to have everything her own way; and that, in fact, concessions had been offered in the desire of appeasing her waywardness, which we do not hesitate to say would, if adopted, have defeated the main object: in fact the real blame imputable to the allies was the strenuous humility with which they endeavoured

endeavoured to satisfy the caprices of one who had from the beginning resolved not to be satisfied.

This pretence, of France's having been offensively isolated, having also failed, some other must be looked for to justify all the recent indignation; for few were bold enough to confess, with the Duke of Valmy, that the said indignation was absolutely and entirely groundless. The third edition, then, of the grievance of France was, that the powers, on signing the treaty, without apprising her of the actual time and place of signature, and giving her a final option of acceding to it, had been guilty of a '*mauvais procédé*'—a want of courtesy. 'This is so mitigated, so small a charge, that in other circumstances it would be wholly unworthy of notice; but as it has become the concentrated essence of the French grievance, and as it has received the countenance of such a man as M. Guizot, who, infinitely to his honour, helped to dissipate the former delusions,—it may be proper to say a few words on a subject which has thus received an extrinsic importance.

In the first place, we are glad to see in this complaint an admission that the treaty of the 15th July is not only fair and proper in itself, but that it accords with the principles in which France had concurred in the earlier stage of the negotiations; for had it been otherwise, it would have been a '*très mauvais procédé*'—in fact it would have been a direct insult—to have supposed that France, on such a sudden summons, would have signed a treaty repugnant to her feelings and contrary to her declared principles: when, therefore, she *complains* that the treaty was not offered to her acceptance, it is an admission that the treaty is such as the allies might reasonably have supposed she could have accepted with honour.

But if France should deny this inference, she makes her case still weaker; for would it not be a '*bien plus mauvais procédé*' to have suddenly called her into the Conference, and said, 'Here is a treaty, in the preparation of which you declined to take any part. We have, in defiance of your objections, persisted in preparing it. You have been no party to the reasonings, discussions, mutual concessions, and amicable explanations, of which it is the result; but we are about to sign it; and we have sent for you to ask you—will you now sign it, without alteration or delay—yes or no?' France would have rejected with indignation so insolent a proposition; and we should have heard from her something more forcible, as well as more just, than a querulous complaint about '*mauvais procédés*.'

But even if the four Powers could have imagined that such an option could at such a time have been made, by any forms,
palatable

palatable to France, there were other reasons connected with the success of the measure itself which would naturally have prevented it. France professed to have withdrawn herself from the affair out of regard to the interests of Mehemet Ali, whom she affected—on what pretence we know not—to take under her special protection; and can it be supposed that the Powers had not discovered ‘the intrigues unworthy a great nation,’ as M. de Valmy justly calls them, by which France had endeavoured to delay and embarrass the completion of the treaty? Could they be ignorant of M. Thiers’ secret communications with Mehemet Ali? of his busy anxiety and unscrupulous efforts to defeat the object of the four Powers? Was it not clear that the success of the treaty would mainly depend on the celerity of its execution; and that prudence and humanity both required that Mehemet Ali should have as little opportunity as possible of making his resistance more desperate and calamitous? What would have been thought of the common sense, the sincerity of the allies, if they had communicated to France, one hour before it was necessary, information which she would have instantly conveyed to Mehemet Ali, and of which she would, no doubt, have availed herself in every possible way towards defeating the success of the treaty? Has not M. Thiers confessed that the moment he did hear of the treaty he employed the French telegraph to apprise Mehemet Ali? and did he not boast ‘*que par une heureuse circonstance le télégraphe avait sauvé la flotte du Pacha?*’—(Speech 25th Nov.)—The boast, like others of M. Thiers’ *fanfarronnades*, was unfounded; the French telegraph did *not* save the *stolen* fleet; but M. Thiers’ attempt to defeat the allies is not the less indisputable. The four Powers seem to have shown great—too great—anxiety to satisfy even the unreasonable wishes of France; but that they should commit suicide to please M. Thiers was rather too much to expect. If Lord Palmerston can make as good a defence for the long delay in coming to this arrangement as he may for not having afforded France a new chance of defeating it, he will come out of the Eastern affair with more credit than he ever has out of any other.

As we have noticed this last charge chiefly out of respect to its having been produced by M. Guizot, and subsequently adopted—when he felt everything else slipping from under him—by M. Thiers, we beg leave to say that we do not measure M. Guizot by the scale of this *moyen échappatoire*, which is a mere flimsy pretence—not even a plausibility. M. Guizot is a man of genius, patriotism, and worth—but his situation is peculiar—he was ambassador; he could not in *honour*—which, after all,

is, under the present system of mankind, a more sacred guide even than *honesty* itself—have abandoned the cause of his principal, still less that of his country; he must make *some* excuse—he could not say she was *insulted*, for that would have been a *lie*, and (*pace* Sir Henry Wootton) a man of honour, even though an ambassador, must not *lie*. Neither could he say that France had been *isolated*, for that was absurd, and a man of genius, though an ambassador, will not disgrace himself by an absurdity. He had only then to adopt the expedient of complaining of something undefinable either by honour or genius—and he hit on a '*mauvais procédé*'—for manners and forms are purely conventional, and a *mauvais procédé* is that which any party may choose to think so; and undoubtedly M. Thiers must have thought it a *mauvais procédé* on the part of his friend Lord Palmerston to allow him, on the 13th July, officially and publicly to congratulate himself and the world that he had settled the Eastern question, when, on the 15th of July, was to appear the *éclatant* proof that he had settled nothing and unsettled everything; and that he was the deepest of all dupes, a presumptuous and self-made one.

Before we close this, which may be called the *formal* part of the question, we must observe that so long ago as *August* the Duke de Valmy hinted at a '*secret agent*,' whose information M. Thiers had preferred to M. Guizot's; and in one of M. Thiers' recent speeches he has had what we should call the ungenerous frankness of saying that the late Lord *Holland* (who had died in the interval between the rupture and the speech) had always *taken the part of France* in the English cabinet. The words are remarkable:—

'Not only have we found sympathies in the English nation' [*Double-day, Cardo, and Co.*], 'but even in the *English Cabinet* I can praise one man—for he is dead—who did not fear to *support our cause*, and to pronounce that *we were in the right*.'—*Speech, 25th Nov.*

Of this, whether true or false, most indecorous imputation—and, if true, most ungrateful betrayal of confidence—we are sorry to be obliged to express our opinion that, however *mauvais* M. Thiers' *procédé* may be in divulging the fact, the fact itself is probably too true. Lord Holland did, we know, talk very extravagant (to say the least of it) nonsense on this subject; and we can easily believe that his sentiments may have been repeated, though we hope not authoritatively communicated, to the *French*—at that moment become the *hostile*—minister. *We* should never have thought of alluding, *after Lord Holland's death*, to the strange reports of his indiscretion which reached us at the time; but when M. Thiers promulgates the encouragement he received

received from that English cabinet minister as an ingredient in his detestable attempt to excite a war against England, the fact is too curious, too important, and we believe we may say too unique, not to be recorded in every account of the transaction. If the friends of Lord Holland can give the lie to M. Thiers it is their most sacred duty to do so. We hope they may—we fear they cannot!

But we now arrive at the more serious and substantial question, what really is all this agitation about? *cui bono*? Why are the two most Western nations of Europe to be embroiled in exasperating controversies, and overwhelmed with enormous expenses, and subjected to accumulated taxation, to say nothing of other inappreciable risks, because the Pacha of Egypt revolts against the Sultan of Constantinople?

The first and obvious reason is the jealousy which the rest of Europe has that Russia should, from the danger of the Porte, have an opportunity of aggrandising herself in that quarter. For our own parts, unpopular as it may be, we hesitate not to say that we have little fear of Russia—she is a great power, but she is not so great as she appears. Her limbs are too large for her muscles; and we believe that she would be weaker and less formidable, if she were so ill advised as to possess herself of Constantinople, than she is at this hour. She is already unwieldy; any considerable increase of territory would render her unmanageable. For her own sake then, as well as for that of the rest of Europe, it is desirable to maintain the Sultan at Constantinople; and as the Sultan's empire is not so much one of territory as of religion, his power can be maintained only by preserving to him the supremacy of the adjacent *Mahometan* world. It was really a relief to the Porte to be freed from the laborious and feverish custody of Christian Greece; and if Egypt were to become Christian to-morrow, we should say, for the sake of both parties, emancipate her immediately; but with what possible justice can we profess to maintain the *integrity* of Turkey, which must always mean the *integrity* of the Mahometan empire—while we would lop off from her the best portions of the Mahometan people—Syria, Arabia, and Egypt? We do not forget that there are Christians in Syria, but they are at present in no proportion to make an exception to the general rule. And Mehemet Ali, for whom it is proposed to subtract these great provinces from the Ottoman sovereignty, is not only a Mussulman but a Turk. Preserve then, we say—humbly echoing the determinations solemnly promulgated from the thrones of England and France,—preserve 'the *INTEGRITY* of the Ottoman empire under its present dynasty;'

it is justice, it is policy; on that point all mankind are, at least *in terms*, agreed. But, as we have seen, the French choose to have a strange notion of their own as to the import of the word *integrity*. The Turkish empire consists of five great divisions, which may be denominated European, Asiatic, Syrian, Arabian, and Egyptian. It is determined to preserve the *integrity* of this empire; and the French scheme for doing so is to lop off from it the Egyptian, Arabian, Syrian, and part of the Asiatic branches, and that part precisely of the Asiatic branch which opens the rest of Asiatic, and eventually of European, Turkey to a Syrian invader. Again we say we cannot argue such a question—*il saute aux yeux*.

What, then, can have blinded a clever and clear-sighted people like the French to the gross absurdity of such a scheme? The answer is, they are not blinded at all; they see its absurdity as clearly, and feel its impracticability as strongly, as we do, and have never contemplated any such result. But the unfortunate leaven of Buonaparte, their innate hatred of England, and their anxiety to thwart any object which they fancy we may have, are fermenting in their hearts, and create—to quote again M. Thiers' important confession—a *national instinct* towards Egypt. Thence they fancy that England is vulnerable eastward; and there they suppose, or affect to suppose, that England wishes to establish herself. *Papæ!* England has no more desire for *Egypt* than she has for *Switzerland* or *Piedmont*: she wishes for good roads through them all, with a sufficient local police, and she does not care a fig in whose governing hands they are;—always excepting France, who longs for Egypt, with the *avowed* object of injuring her. In any other respect, so far as English interests are concerned, France would be as welcome to Egypt as to Algiers: and if we were enemies of France—if we could, by her late outbreak of frenzied hostility, be driven to form a wish to her detriment—we should be glad to see her embarrassed with both Egypt and Algiers,—two *cancers* instead of one. But we have no such wishes. We respect the power, we admire the talents, we love the social qualities, of France,—though not, certainly, of that turbulent and unprincipled mob which calls itself *la Jeune France*; we rejoice in her prosperity; we acknowledge—and, if our aid were needed in a just quarrel, would assist to vindicate—her high and influential position in Europe. Can she ask us for more of sympathy and respect than we have always expressed and shown towards her; and never more than during the recent agitation, when all her unjust imputations, her violence, her calumnies, her scurrilities, have not provoked from the English press or people one retaliatory word,—though retaliatory words would

would not have been wanting if we were not too proud and too much in the right to condescend to scold?

This French folly about Egypt—and never, we believe, was there a greater—has been, as we have before hinted, the real motive of all their proceedings. What care they about Mehemet Ali—who made his first reputation by opposing them? How are they the better or the worse for his holding Egypt, or Egypt and Syria, *héréditaire* or *viagère*? What is it to them more than to us?—Nothing at all, if their professions were sincere. But they dream of establishing themselves in Egypt. Mehemet Ali is seventy-two years of age: his possession cannot be long. If Egypt be now re-attached to the Turkish Empire, under the mediation and *guarantee of all the powers of Europe*, and particularly if France herself were to join in the arrangement, there was an end of her prospect of possessing herself of the country, either at Mehemet's decease, or at any other early period. She therefore withdrew herself from the possibility of being implicated in any such guarantee, and has exerted her utmost arts, both of intrigue and intimidation, to prevent the other powers from erecting that barrier to her ambitious designs.

Lord Palmerston has been blamed by some who approve the rest of his recent conduct in this affair and who are sincerely anxious for the maintenance of peace, because, after M. Guizot's accession to office, he renewed his altercation with the French Government by replying (2nd November) to a note which M. Thiers had addressed, on the 8th October, to Lord Granville, and which reply might tend to embarrass the new minister by reviving a controversy which seemed terminated by M. Thiers' retirement. Those who make this objection have not looked accurately at the case. They have perhaps confounded M. Thiers' general *reply* to Lord Palmerston, dated 3rd October, to which was added a *postscript*, dated 8th October (neither of which we admit required any answer), with the *note* from M. Thiers to Lord Granville, dated also 8th October, which it was absolutely impossible that Lord Palmerston could leave unacknowledged—not only from courtesy, but from its intrinsic and extrinsic importance. *First*, this *note* of the 8th October was the first professed exposition of the views of France, and while it affected to adhere to the reasonings and inferences of M. Thiers' former despatches, it was in fact a new view of the case—a French ultimatum, consenting to leave the question of *Syria* to be determined by the fate of war, but laying down as a *casus belli* any attempt to dispossess Mehemet Ali of Egypt. *Secondly*, this note was *adopted* by M. Guizot and the New Ministry as the basis of their policy; and, on both those grounds, it was indispensable that the English Government should

meet

meet it as the new and final proposition on which the affair must thenceforward stand. Lord Palmerston's reply, therefore, of the 2nd November was unavoidable, and it was executed, as it seems to us (and as, indeed, the French confess), with considerable ability, and with so much moderation that frankness was, in some degree, sacrificed to the desire of enabling the new French Government to arrange the difficulty without appearing to abandon M. Thiers' position. Lord Palmerston expresses great satisfaction at being able to see in this note a full admission, on the part of France, of the principle of preserving the *integrity* of the Turkish Empire—the main point, as he observes, and to which all details are subordinate objects for ulterior arrangement. He takes no direct notice of the *casus belli* to arise out of an attack upon Egypt, but treats 'the deposition or pardon of the Pacha as a matter for the consideration of the *Sultan*, as between him and his vassal, in which no European power has any right to interfere, except in the way of *advice*.' And it soon became known that the advice of the Four Powers to the Porte was that it should not insist on the actual deposition of Mehemet from the pachalik of Egypt. Thus Lord Palmerston's note would rather fortify than embarrass the new French Cabinet, by enabling them to conclude the affair in the spirit of M. Thiers' own ultimatum. But let us further add our conviction that M. Guizot neither needs nor wishes for the aid of foreign diplomacy: he stands on his own high character, on his patriotism, on his honest views of the past proceedings, the present state, and the future prospects of France. He is the minister of a new and better policy in France, and cannot, we hope, be weakened or embarrassed because Lord Palmerston does not choose to submit in silence to the tergiversations and quibbles of M. Thiers.

Another somewhat similar point has arisen in this affair. M. Thiers, after all his bluster, has been obliged to admit that there was no insult either intended or offered to France; but he says France, having gone so far, requires a '*concession quelconque*,' to save her honour. What! M. Thiers picks a quarrel about, as he asserts, great national interests and delicate points of national honour, and finding, at last, that he has outwitted himself, he humbly asks for a '*concession quelconque*,' no matter what, to soothe his *amour-propre*. We really wonder that France, susceptible as she is, and laudably so, on points of honour, does not herself resent such a proposal. Is her dignity—the dignity of a great and powerful people—to be satisfied if offended, or gratified where there was no offence, by an empty and ridiculous '*concession quelconque*?' No—if we had done France the slightest injury—if even we had involuntarily offered her

her the most trifling offence,—we should readily and frankly make any adequate reparation or apology; but where there has *confessedly* been neither injury nor offence, it is puerile, it is ridiculous, to ask for a vague '*concession quelconque*,' which though but a mean gratification to the vanity of the receiver, would be a serious disgrace to the power that should be so weak as to give it. We notice this point because the recent explosion in France, and what we still more wonder at and regret, the colour of the debates in her Chambers, prove a spirit of captious jealousy, which, *for the future peace of the world*, ought not to be indulged and encouraged. It is not safe in private life, and still less amongst nations, to accustom unreasonable and hot-tempered people to feel that they can obtain whatever they happen to wish for, by flying into a passion. England has shown—we trust, to the satisfaction of Europe—assuredly to the approbation of her own conscience—how well we can keep our temper under severe provocation; but for the future quiet of our lives, we must endeavour to convince our irascible neighbours that wanton provocations and appeals '*ab irato*,' as M. de Valmy calls them, are not the modes by which anything can be obtained from us; and that honour as well as policy will be best consulted by civiler manners and a more friendly spirit—of both of which we have given, and trust we shall continue to give, a laudable example.

But even if M. Thiers' proposition could be taken to mean a concession, not to France but, to Mehemet, we ask, first, what right has France to put herself forward to make personal terms for the Pacha? She professes that she has no secret alliance with him, nor indeed can she have any legitimate engagement, because she admits that he is not a substantive power, however she may wish to make him one, with a view of unmaking him by-and-by; nor can the other Powers, with truth or in honour, admit that France has any more claim than each of themselves to affect any peculiar interest for the Pacha.

But the higher and more substantial questions are, does the public safety admit that Mehemet should have better terms? and does his conduct deserve that he should have any terms at all? We will answer the last question first, and that by a decided negative—Mehemet Ali *deserves* no favour; and the sentence of destitution from the government of Egypt, lately pronounced by the Porte, was fully warranted by his incorrigible insubordination. Let us recollect, first, what he originally was—by what unjustifiable means he *raised* himself to be a *vassal* of the Porte—by what bloody services he distinguished himself in that character—that it is only recently
that

that he has ventured to pretend to any other rank—that when such pretensions were formally advanced, they were formally and decidedly rejected by *all* the Powers—that England (acting at that time, we must presume, in concert with all her allies, including France) ‘warned’ him repeatedly and solemnly of ‘*the serious consequences*,’—and still more pointedly ‘*of the evil consequences*,’—and at length of ‘*the utter ruin*’—that would ‘*result to himself*’ from pursuing his ambitious projects:—all that was disregarded—and the war in Syria was renewed, and thousands of lives have been lost, and frightful miseries inflicted on those unhappy but interesting countries, solely by the usurper’s malignant obstinacy. Is political equity—are the rights of humanity to have no jurisdiction over such reiterated and impudent disregard of the duties of allegiance, the warnings of friendship, and the menaces of justice? The treaty of the 15th July dealt with this matter with great—with *extreme* leniency: it offered him, if the offer should be accepted within ten days, the *hereditary* possession of *Egypt* and the *south of Syria*, including the *Pachalik of Acre* for his life;—but if this too liberal proposition should not be so accepted, then it offered him, if accepted within ten further days, the hereditary government of Egypt, alone, without any portion of Syria: if the Pacha should refuse both these successive ‘ultimatums’ the Powers engaged themselves to make *war* upon him, and his ulterior fate was committed to the chances of the war which he should thus have obstinately provoked. He has provoked it; and the blood of England, gloriously shed, and the blood of his own countrymen, wantonly spilt at Beyrout, and Sidon, and Acre, cries for vengeance against the barbarous cause of so much mischief. But the bloodshed is not all,—*that* may seem in some degree palliated by the courage displayed and the glory achieved,—but the finances* both of France and England have been enormously charged, and, we fear, seriously embarrassed, by his proceedings; and the peaceable people of both countries must pay for his ambition. There is not a poor cottage in the west nor in the east of Europe into which his flagrant injustice will not have intruded itself, in the shape of increased taxation, to meet the enormous expenses which he has caused. And now, we ask, does not the deplorable waste of all this blood and treasure demand some vengeance on

* The French finance minister has laid before the Chambers an account of the expense incurred by M. Thiers’ armaments, &c., amounting to 839,000,000 francs, or near 34,000,000*l.* sterling—an almost incredible sum; but it includes that *absurd and dangerous* scheme,—which Louis Philippe took advantage of the national frenzy to pass—the fortification of Paris, which seems to us as inconsistent with military spirit as it is with constitutional liberty, and will, we think, turn out to be the greatest blunder Louis Philippe has made.

its guilty author? No man in Europe, except some Frenchman influenced with passion and party, will deny the abstract justice of deposing Mehemet Ali from a power he had so fatally abused, and that he has richly merited the sentence thus pronounced against him.

But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that the complications of international jealousies and interests do too often require that rigid justice should be tempered by political expediency; and if the feelings of France (unreasonable as we may think them) can be calmed and conciliated, and if the peace of Europe can be preserved, by a *concession* to the extent of leaving to the guilty Pacha his *status quo* in Egypt, we shall be glad, in the general interests of humanity, if his immediate submission shall justify the Porte and the European Powers in consenting to such an arrangement. *That is a concession*—and indeed, as far as we can at present see, the only concession which can be now made consistently with the honour of the belligerent powers, and the future safety of the Levantine people. God grant that the peace of the world may be secured by a *sacrifice* reconcilable only with strict justice and sound policy by the great and *transcendent* importance of the object for which it is made!

Even while we write these lines we learn that these generous terms have been offered to Mehemet Ali, and by him accepted, and that, therefore, the ostensible motive of any immediate rupture with our neighbours is happily removed; and we most devoutly hope that the agitation so mischievously excited in France may be allayed by the selfish prudence of the king, and the patriotism of the honestest and, we believe, the ablest ministry that he has ever yet called to his councils. But let not the lesson of the last few months be lost upon us. Let us not forget that we found, in the late crisis, neither good will nor even good manners,—not a friend—not an apologist,—no, not one—in any part or party of that country. The few—the very few—who were forced by their reason or their conscience to pronounce M. Thiers in the wrong, had never the moral courage of admitting England to be in the right. The Duke de Valmy, with all his good sense and talents, was obliged to consult the prejudices of his constituents by winding up his address with a denunciation of the '*ambition of England*;' and the *Presse*, the only newspaper that took the side of peace, was forced to propitiate its subscribers by vague tirades against the '*habile perfidie de l'Angleterre*.' We had, it seems, so cleverly concealed our *perfidy* that the able writer in the *Presse* did not know where to find it; but, like a good Frenchman, he could admit no doubt

at all of its secret existence. All the rest of France was one wild cry against us,—radicals, republicans, royalists, *juste milieu*, *parti prêtre*, *savans*, soldiers, sailors, shopkeepers,—every individual seemed to fear that his own patriotism would be suspected if he did not denounce and execrate England, and abjure in the most violent terms the English alliance.

As an example of the degree to which this hatred is felt and avowed, we need only take the speech pronounced on the 3rd of December by M. Jaubert, once a Doctrinaire, a friend and follower of M. Guizot, and who, when the latter accepted the embassy to London, became a member of M. Thiers' cabinet. From such a man one would expect moderation both in ideas and language. Now, what says he? M. Berryer, the *legitimist* leader, had made a violent and foolish speech, in which, intending to talk bitterly and contemptuously of the English nation, he called it, in the phrase of the old chronicles, '*l'Anglais*'—'*the Englishman*.' M. Jaubert seized on the expression, and exclaimed—

'I repeat it,—the *Englishman*! I am happy to adopt from the honourable M. Berryer that expression of our *ancient hatred* against England.'—*Speech*, 3rd December.

Again :—

'This *English alliance*, which has lasted ten years, and has been so highly applauded as conducive to the interests of philosophy, humanity, and society—well, I don't at all agree in these cosmopolite sentiments. In spite of my passage through the Doctrinaire school, I still feel, in their full force, those *national sentiments* with which I was inspired in the days of the *Emperor*!'—*Ibid*.

And again :—

'Our causes of complaint against England have been accumulating for twenty-five years. At last comes this *direct outrage*; and we now find ourselves face to face with our *ancient enemy*! Ah, we have a *long score to wipe off with her*! For my part, I humbly confess that I am impatient for the day of *vengeance*.'—*Ibid*.

This from a man bred in the most rational and moderate school of French politics, and a member of the recent *Cabinet*, which *professed*, up to the moment it was turned out, that its main principle was the *English alliance*!

Hear, also, the voice of a simple and generally somniferous bard, M. Casimir Delavigne, a special *protégé* of *Louis Philippe's*, who awakens from his elegiac dozings to sound a point of war against *tyrannous, implacable, cruel, and perfidious* England. He is describing the days of his youth spent at the town of Havre.

'ALORS j'étais enfant, et toutefois mon âme
Bondissait dans mon sein d'un généreux courroux ;

Je

Je sentais de la haine y fermenter la flamme.
 Enfant, j'aimais la France et d'un amour jaloux ;
 J'aimais du port natal l'appareil militaire ;
 J'aimais les noirs canons gardiens de ses abords ;
 Enfant, j'aimais la France : aimer la France ALORS,
 C'était détester l'Angleterre !

Que disaient nos marins, lui demandant raison
 De sa tyrannie éternelle,
 Quand leurs deux poings fermés menaçaient l'horizon ?
 Que murmuraient les vents quand ils me parlaient d'elle
 Ennemie implacable, alliée infidèle !
 On citait ses sermens de parjures suivis,
 Les trésors du commerce en pleine paix ravis,
 Aussi bien que sa foi, sa cruauté punique :
 Témoins ces prisonniers ensevelis vingt ans,
 Et vingt ans dévorés dans des cachots flottans
 Par la liberté britannique !

—Delavigne, *Messeniennes*.

And a favourable critic observes, upon this tirade, that 'M. Casimir Delavigne could not better prove his personal devotion and gratitude to the *House of Orleans* than in thus joining the public cry against the perfidy of England.' They forget that ALORS the *House of Orleans* was living under the hospitable protection of that same 'perfidious England ;'—not in a *cachot flottant*, but in a good house at Twickenham ; and that Louis Philippe was eagerly soliciting a command in the allied armies against the person whom he then styled 'the Corsican usurper'—but whose bones he is now canonising.

The Presse, which we have quoted so frequently because it has been the most rational of the journals, and is besides supposed to be the organ of the king, formally announces the complete rupture of the '*English Alliance*,' and congratulates France on the complete and unanimous abjuration which she has made of that false and mischievous vision.

This paroxysm of fury, having no real cause, and, now, not even an excuse, will probably subside : but let us not persuade ourselves that either of the two great parties that divide the French people can ever forgive us—the one our early recognition of Louis Philippe, and the other—WATERLOO !

Nor can we say that we much regret this renunciation on the part of France, of what they call the '*English alliance*,' though we do very much the temper and spirit in which it is made. We always thought the '*French alliance*' an unsure and hollow trust, that is, in the *special* meaning that has been lately given to the term. Close intimacies, which are not based on some public engagement, and referable to some known standard, are the most dangerous
 and

and precarious of all connexions between nations as between individuals. The more patient of the two parties is expected to bear everything, and is thanked for nothing; and the closeness of the intimacy only affords more frequent occasions for bickerings and reproaches. Let us have *amity* with France,—sincere and open, and, if possible, solid,—such as we have, or ought to have, with Russia, or Prussia, or Austria; but no such secret and undefined obligations as would estrange us from the collective policy of the rest of Europe, and, after all, end, on the very first untoward accident or occasion, in a similar, or perhaps a still worse, explosion of hostility than we have lately witnessed, and, as we hope, happily and honourably escaped.

On the other hand, let us with equal care avoid doing anything which may give offence, or even umbrage. Let us endeavour to allay the jealous susceptibility of our neighbours, by good manners in all our proceedings, and good faith in all our engagements. And this leads us to a final remark on the Eastern question.

The French whole press and all French statesmen affect to fear—or indeed may be really apprehensive—that England has some separate interest in these discussions—that she has some latent design on Egypt or on Syria. We think we may venture to deny, in the fullest and most formal manner, on the part of the British nation, any such unworthy, and indeed preposterous, views: and we exceedingly regret that one—and we hope but one—respectable English journal should have indiscreetly given the colour of its authority to such an imputation—by suggesting that England, as the recompence of the blood and treasure she has spent in the contest, should retain possession of Acre, and some other points in the Levant. We believe the Government and people of England will utterly repudiate any such selfish, and worse than selfish, proposition. England wants nothing in the Levant but what she hopes to enjoy *in common with all mankind*,—friendly relations, safe intercourse, and a general and mutual civility and protection to persons and property.

There is, however, one point on which she and all Christian people feel so especial an interest that it deserves to be particularly noticed,—*our* holy city of Jerusalem. Let the European powers, as a return for their exertions, stipulate that—however Syria may be otherwise administered—there shall henceforward be, for all the world, a free access to, and safe residence within, the city of Jerusalem—a place sanctified to us all by reverential recollections, by holy associations, and by pious hopes. If—which we trust might not be the case—any pledge or guarantee for this object be necessary;—if, for instance, the Porte itself, aware of her own condition,

condition, should fear that she has not the power to maintain an adequate police in Palestine by her own means; and if the occupation of St. Jean d'Acre by a European power should be thought necessary to insure free access to the Holy Land,—let it be committed to the care—not of *England*; God forbid! but—if she will accept the trust—to that of *Austria*; a power of whose guardianship no one could be jealous, and on whose good faith all could rely.* But let us rather hope that the Porte, by undertaking itself this interesting office, will avoid any derogation, however slight, from its territorial integrity.

To conclude:—If Mehemet Ali and France have been encouraged in their opposition to the general wishes of Europe by the hope of any serious difference of opinion in England on these subjects, they are egregiously mistaken. A dozen of crazy agitators may deceive half a dozen ignorant mobs, and may carry to Paris the empty nonsense of their congratulation and encouragement—to be disregarded there as they have been despised at home: but the great majority of the wealth, intelligence, and weight of the people of England—the Conservative party—will be found ready to support even their political adversaries, when they have—however reluctantly and *unintentionally*—blundered into a right course. The Conservative party will be always true to its Conservative principles. It accepts the Reform Bill in England, and the July revolution in France, as *des faits accomplis*, to use M. Guizot's own expression:—what is done is done—and the Conservatives in both countries have now no other duty but to endeavour to *improve* the existing circumstances—*quicquid corrigere est nefas*—to the advancement of private happiness and public prosperity, to the progress of civilisation and light, and particularly to the first indispensable condition of all civilisation and prosperity—universal peace.

In England, the Conservatives will never attack their adversaries through the public interests, nor attempt to embarrass them on questions in which they have supported, however inconsistently and feebly, a national and rational policy. They will seek their increase of strength where they found its original elements—in honest means—in the patriotic industry of their representatives in the Legislature—and in zeal and activity at the registry and in the corporations. They well know that *there* lie the legal and legitimate springs of their future and not distant success. They will prepare themselves against the agitation of new reform bills, which will be produced when their adversaries shall have found that the old

* It would, we hope, be no serious objection that the Emperor of Austria now takes, we believe in common with the Kings of Naples and Sardinia, the nominal title of *King of Jerusalem*.

ones have failed to answer their private purposes ; and they will endeavour to consolidate and protect all existing institutions—even the Reform and Municipal Bills—against the wickedness and folly of unscrupulous men, who will seek to destroy their own work as soon as they find it insufficient to accomplish their own ends—who *reformed* before, and will try to *reform* again—not for the sake of real *reform*, but for the miserable conveniences of a party and a disreputable and powerless tenure of place.

The Conservatives may well congratulate themselves on their great, their growing, and speedily triumphant force, increasing honourably and rapidly, in despite of the influence of the most corrupt of governments, and without the personal predilections of a misinformed and misguided court.

NOTE.—In our last Number it was inadvertently stated that Mr. Christian was *Vinerian* law professor at Oxford ; in truth he was *Downing* law professor at Cambridge.

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*History of Scotland.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq.
Vol. VII. Edinburgh. 1840. pp. 471.

THE industry to trace and discover historical documents is seldom found united with the talent to condense and employ them. It is not always the same hand that can draw forth the metal from the mine and smelt away the dross. We have seen in France, during the last century, innumerable narratives, like Voltaire's, clear, lively, and ingenious, but constructed from the fancy rather than from facts. We have seen, in our own time and country, men who deem they have done good service in printing, without selection, barrowful after barrowful and cartload after cartload of unwieldy records. Yet it is only this rare combination in one mind of patient research, with perspicuous deduction, that can constitute the character or deserve the praise of an Historian.

In both these respects we think that high praise is due to Mr. Tytler. Not content with a careful study of the printed authorities, he has searched through many collections of manuscripts, and, above all, that great storehouse of our history, the State-Paper Office. His labours in this field have been rewarded with an ample harvest. But he has not employed these fruits of his labours merely as a dry antiquarian,—as a 'word-catcher that lives on syllables,—but has applied them with singular sagacity and judgment to the facts already known or the doubts hitherto remaining. Nor has he fallen, unless in few cases, into the common error of ascribing undue importance and value to his own discoveries. From the whole he has derived a narrative, clear, vigorous, and graphic in its style, accurate and trustworthy in its statements. His candour and love of truth are conspicuous in every page; he has not been drawn aside by any favourite theory or preconceived opinion, and he has dealt out justice to all with a firm and unsparing hand.

It is therefore with great satisfaction that we hail the appearance of Mr. Tytler's seventh volume. One more will complete the work, which, we venture to predict, will then become, and long remain, the standard history of Scotland.

The seventh volume, now before us, comprises the most
VOL. LXVII. NO. CXXXIV. x brilliant,

brilliant, but also by far the most difficult, portion of Mr. Tytler's undertaking,—the reign of the ill-fated Mary after her marriage with Darnley. No period of any history has been the scene of more fierce and stubborn controversies; over none have prejudice and passion cast a deeper veil. Considering the host of documents that have already appeared in print on this short but eventful period, and how eagerly most collections have been ransacked again and again by rival writers, we should scarcely have supposed that there remained any fresh materials to discover. Again, when we looked to the pertinacity with which almost every inch of the ground has been fought, it seemed probable that any new historian must be constantly arrested and turned aside from his path to engage in some thorny debate. Yet, to our surprise, Mr. Tytler's labours have succeeded in eliciting many new and important facts even from this exhausted field; and he has threaded his way amidst the surrounding controversies, never heedless of their arguments, never blind to their lights, yet always remembering that his own object is, and ought to be, a narrative, not a dissertation.

We must confess, however, that we are not quite pleased with the conclusion to which Mr. Tytler at length arrives: 'It is difficult,' says he, 'to draw any certain conclusion as to the probability of Mary's guilt or innocence in the murder of her husband. . . . Upon the whole, it appears to me that, in the present state of the controversy, we are really not in possession of sufficient evidence to enable any impartial inquirer to come to an absolute decision.' It appears to us, on the contrary, that Mr. Tytler's own labours have done much to resolve such doubts, and will appear far more conclusive to others than they have done to himself. We do not see any reason for leaving the mind under what Mr. Tytler proceeds to call 'this painful and unsatisfying impression.' The documents on this controversy are, perhaps, more ample than on any other disputed point in history; and the time has come when there is no longer any political object in perverting them. No longer is it attempted to serve an exiled family by proving that no Stuart could possibly do wrong. No longer is it deemed the best proof of loyalty to the reigning House of Hanover to heap insults and invectives on one of its own lineal ancestors. In short, if we forbear to judge, the fault, as we conceive, lies no longer in the deficiency of information, nor yet in the prevalence of party.

In this conviction we will endeavour, however imperfectly, yet as the result of a careful study of the question, to supply the gap left by Mr. Tytler, or rather, as jurors, to decide upon the evidence he has so ably laid before us. Our view of the subject will probably

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be alike displeasing to both of the extreme parties,—to the vehement accusers, and to the vehement admirers, of Queen Mary,—to those who would brand her as a murderess, and to those who would enshrine her as a martyr. We think, however, that an intermediate judgment will be found to combine, in a remarkable degree, nearly all the valid arguments that both parties have put forward. But, amidst this tangled web of controversies, and with Mr. Tytler's new lights to apply to them, our only clear course will be, in the first place, to recapitulate the leading events, as we believe them to have happened, even at the hazard of repeating many facts already known to the reader.

The misfortunes of Mary began even with her earliest days. The news of her birth, at Linlithgow, (December 8, 1542*) found the King, her father, secluded in the lonely palace of Falkland, and dying of a broken heart. He was weighed down to the grave by the untimely loss of his two sons, and, more recently, the disgraceful rout of his army. For whole days he would sit in gloomy silence, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, sometimes dropping his arms listlessly by his side, and sometimes convulsively striking them upon his heart, as if he sought to tear from out his breast the load of grief which oppressed it. Thus sunk into despair, he received the messenger from his Queen without welcome, and the news of a daughter's birth without pleasure: but his thoughts wandered back to the times of old, when the daughter of the Bruce had brought his ancestor the kingdom for her dowry, and he exclaimed, with mournful forebodings, 'It came with a girl, and it will go with a girl!' A few of his more favoured counsellors and servants stood around his couch: after some space the dying monarch stretched out his hand for them to kiss, and, casting upon them his last look of placid affection, turned round upon his pillow and expired. He was aged only thirty years, and his infant daughter and successor only six days.

Six years pass, and the infant Queen becomes transferred, for safe custody and for future marriage, to France. Twelve years more, and we find her again embarking for her native land, with all the hopes for which she had left it, already blighted,—her youthful husband, Francis the Second, having sunk under a languishing disease, during which she had watched over him with devoted care and affection,—and she now returning to encounter, at scarcely yet eighteen, the stormy factions of her own northern realm. Warm-hearted and confiding, her most eager

* We may observe that Mr. Tytler is not always sufficiently careful in giving the dates, except where he decides any controversy respecting them. Neither the dates of Queen Mary's birth, nor of King James's death, for instance, are to be found in his pages.

desire at this time was for the friendship and alliance of Elizabeth. In her own words to the ambassador of England,—‘There are more reasons to persuade to amity between Elizabeth, my good sister, and myself than between any two princes in Christendom. We are both in one isle, both of one language, both the nearest kinswoman that each other hath, and both Queens.’* Far different were Elizabeth’s designs. Not merely did she refuse the passport which Mary sought, but sent some ships of war with secret instructions to intercept her on her voyage. Mary’s reply to Throckmorton, when she found the safe conduct withheld, was affecting, and, as Mr. Tytler observes, seemed almost to shadow forth her future fate:

‘If,’ said she, ‘my preparations were not so much advanced as they are, peradventure the Queen’s, your mistress’s, unkindness might stay my voyage, but now I am determined to adventure the matter, whatsoever come of it. I trust the wind will be so favourable as I shall not need to come on the coast of England: and if I do, then, Monsieur l’Ambassadeur, the Queen, your mistress, shall have me in her hands to do her will of me; and if she be so hard-hearted as to desire my end, she may then do her pleasure, and make sacrifice of me: peradventure that casualty might be better for me than to live. In this matter God’s will be fulfilled.’†

Notwithstanding these—let us use a Scottish word in speaking of a Scottish Queen—‘ower true’ forebodings of evil, and lingering regrets, Mary, having taken leave of her uncles of Guise, embarked at Calais and proceeded on her voyage. It has often been related how, until the night, she never ceased to look upon the lessening shores of France—how she commanded a couch to be spread for her on deck—how at sunrise she eagerly sought another parting glance before the coast finally faded from her sight—how sadly she bade adieu to that cherished country where her early love lay buried, and where her remaining affections were enshrined. ‘Farewell, France,’ she said, ‘beloved France, I shall never see thee more!’ Soon after this sprung up a favourable breeze to waft her on her voyage: a still more auspicious fog screened her galley from the notice of the English ships, and enabled her to arrive in safety; although Brantôme, who was one of the gentlemen attending her, most ungratefully denounces *le brouillard* as a fitting emblem—*de son royaume brouillé, brouillon et malplaisant!*‡

On the 19th of August, 1561, Mary landed at Leith, amidst the rude attempts at state, but sincere rejoicings of her people.

* Sir N. Throckmorton and the Earl of Bedford to the Council, Feb. 26, 1561.

† Keith, p. 176. Tytler, vol. vi., p. 273.

‡ Brantôme, *Œuvres*, vol. ii. p. 142. Ed. 1740.

May not then her thoughts have wandered back, as ours do now, to recall how, at the same port, five-and-twenty years before, another Queen of Scotland had landed—Madeline of France, the bride of King James—how, on descending from the ship, Madeline had knelt down upon the shore, and taking up some of the sand kissed it with deep emotion, while she implored a blessing upon her new country and her beloved husband! * Madeline was young and fair as herself—her steps as buoyant, and her hopes as bright. But Madeline was more happy than Mary. Only a few weeks from her landing she expired—with no doubtful fame—no blighted affections—no violent and ignominious death!

‘Whom the gods love die young, was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this—
The death of friends—and that which slays even more,
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is
Besides mere breath.’

Never was young sovereign hailed in more beautiful verse than Buchanan prepared for Mary—never was poetical prophecy worse fulfilled than that of his

‘*Nympha Caledoniæ quæ nunc feliciter oræ
Missa per innumeros sceptrâ tueris avos!*’

We shall not pause to examine in detail the four first years of her administration. It seems admitted that her general conduct in this period was distinguished both by sense and spirit. Amidst the fearful elements she was called to rule—cruelty and revenge, oppression and corruption, in every form—all the fierce and lawless passions of a dark age, which had been not softened or subdued, but only taught dissimulation and treachery by frequent intercourse with more polished nations—amidst these, how hard, how apparently hopeless, the task of a youthful Queen, already denounced as a papist and a stranger! Her beauty and accomplishments, indeed, made a favourable impression on her subjects. ‘May God save that sweet face!’ was the cry as she rode in procession to the parliament; ‘she speaks as properly as the best orator amongst them!’ But the more austere preachers of the ‘Evangile’ frowned—and taught their flocks to frown—on the foreign ‘idolatress.’ Although, on her landing, she had issued a proclamation promising to maintain the Protestant form of worship which she found established—although she had scrupulously fulfilled this promise—she could not easily obtain for herself the same freedom of conscience that she granted. ‘I mean,’ she had said even while yet in France, ‘to constrain none

* See Mr. Tytler’s History, vol. v. p. 257.

of my subjects, but would wish they were all as I am; and I trust that they shall have no support to constrain me.* Loud and fierce, however, were now the clamours against the celebration of mass in her own private chapel:—

‘It was even argued by Knox,’ observes Mr. Tytler, ‘that the Jews were more tolerable in their tenets than the Romish Church; he would rather see, he said, ten thousand French soldiers in Scotland than suffer a single mass. And when the Master of Lindsay, a furious zealot, heard that it was about to be celebrated, he buckled on his harness, assembled his followers, and rushing into the court of the palace, shouted aloud that the priests should die the death. The Lord James, however, opposed this violence, placed himself at the door of the chapel, overawed the multitude, and preserved the lives of the chaplains who officiated: for which he was bitterly and ironically attacked by Knox.’

Nearly four years from her landing (July 29, 1565) was solemnised the Queen's second marriage with Lord Darnley. At the altar Mary appeared in deep mourning; and it was remarked by the superstitious that it was the same dress which she had worn on the melancholy day of her late husband's obsequies. She was now in her twenty-third year, and it needed but little of courtly exaggeration to declare her the most lovely woman of Europe. Her matchless beauty of person and bewitching grace of manner are warmly extolled by her partisans, and reluctantly acknowledged by her enemies. Her taste for all the fine arts and accomplishments, and her skill in several, especially poetry and music, were never denied; though sometimes, by the Puritans, charged on her as crimes. On her character there is no such unanimity. So far as we may judge it from her proceedings up to this time, it appears warm, generous, and confiding; but with each of these qualities carried to a faulty extreme. Impatient of contradiction, as a sovereign from her cradle, her warmth often impelled her beyond all prudent bounds, and rendered her heedless of advice and incapable of judgment. Her generosity was seldom tempered by caution; and her confidence once granted was credulous and unguarded. ‘It was Mary's weakness,’ says Mr. Tytler, speaking of her in 1564, ‘to be hurried away by the predominating influence of some one feeling and object.’† And we find her on most occasions act or speak from the impulse of the moment, instead of firm resolve and unswerving principle. On the whole, we may pronounce her, according to the words of Robertson, ‘an agreeable woman rather than a great Queen:’ and, in both respects, we may add, the very opposite to her ‘good sister’ of England.

Lord Darnley, who henceforth took the title of King Henry,

* Keith, p. 167.

† Vol. vi. p. 373.

was the eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, and his mother, next to Mary herself, the nearest in succession to the throne of England. He was now scarcely nineteen years of age, of a tall and graceful stature, and of outward graces and accomplishments, but utterly wanting, as it proved, in good qualities, both of head and heart. Not many months elapsed ere he began to show ingratitude to the Queen; he became addicted to drunkenness and other low debauchery, in pursuit of which he forsook her company, and even in public treated her with harshness and disrespect.* He openly aspired to the 'Crown matrimonial'—implying an equal share with the Queen in the government; and by a strange but not uncommon combination, the more incapable he showed himself of wielding power, the more eager he appeared to grasp it. But it is very remarkable that even before the marriage had been solemnised he had so far aggrieved many of the nobles by his insolence, that they already began to mutter amongst themselves vague threats of his assassination. This appears from a secret letter of the English ambassador, which we owe to Mr. Tytler's researches in the State-Paper Office:—

'His (Darnley's) pride is intolerable, his words not to be borne, but where no man dare speak again. He spareth not also, in token of his manhood, to let some blows fly where he knoweth that they will be taken. Such passions, such furies, as I hear say that sometimes he will be in, is hard to believe. When they have said all, and thought what they can, they find nothing but that God must send him a short end, or themselves a miserable life. To see so many in hazard as now stand in danger of life, land, and goods, it is great pity to think. Only to remedy this mischief, he must be taken away, or such as he hateth find good support.'†

Darnley, however unfit to lead any of the factions, was sometimes found by them an useful tool, and always an easy dupe. The Queen had at this time for her foreign secretary a Milanese, named David Riccio, who had lately risen from an humble station into high Court favour, and therefore, we need not add, made numerous enemies. The Protestant party, above all, were justly and reasonably alarmed at the rapid rise of this zealous adherent—and perhaps, as they said, secret pensioner—of Rome, at the very moment when a league was forming on the continent for the utter

* Among other fragments of verse in Mary's handwriting on the leaves of her Missal now at St. Petersburg, there is this stanza, which a recent traveller, Mr. Venables, transcribes (p. 300):—

'Un coeur que l'outrage martire,
Par un mepris ou d'un refus,
A le pouvoir de faire dire
Je ne suis pas ce que ie fus—*Maria*.'

† Letter of Randolph, dated June 3, 1565, and addressed, Mr. Tytler in one place says, to Cecil (vol. vi. p. 402), in another place, to Leicester (p. 403). But this is of little importance.

suppression of their faith,—a league which Mary, at this juncture, was most unwisely and most unwarrantably induced to sign. Moreover, Riccio's own head had been turned by his sudden elevation; and he began to assume, in his dress, equipage, and establishment, a lofty state wholly unsuited to his rank. His enemies now persuaded Darnley that Riccio was the only obstacle between himself and the 'Crown matrimonial:' but not satisfied with this motive, or not finding it sufficient to stir the King, they artfully instilled into his mind the absurd delusion that this Italian—*homme assez âgé, laid, morne et malplaisant*, as he is described by one of his acquaintance*—had supplanted him in the affections of the Queen. It seems needless to vindicate Mary from a charge which is now, we believe, on all hands acknowledged as a calumny. But Darnley, blinded with ambition and anger, eagerly entered into a project for the assassination of the foreign favourite, and, according to the ferocious custom of the times, signed two 'Bands,' or covenants for mutual assistance in that object, with several of the opposite cabal,—with the Earl of Morton, then Chancellor of the kingdom,—with the Lord Ruthven,—with the Queen's own secretary, Maitland of Lethington,—nay, even with her illegitimate brother, the Lord James, lately created by her favour Earl of Murray. This last nobleman had a few months back been exiled for rebellion, and, while still in England, unscrupulously entered the conspiracy as an opening for his return. Even John Knox, the great founder of the Reformed Church in Scotland, was often suspected—and now, we fear, is proved by Mr. Tytler—to have previously known and approved this scheme of murder.† The foul deed was accordingly perpetrated

* Blackwood, p. 74; and William Tytler's Dissertation, vol. ii., p. 6. Ed. 1790.

† The main proof against Knox is a letter from the English agent Randolph, which Mr. Tytler has found in the State-Paper Office. Randolph, as Mr. Tytler has shown, was previously well acquainted with the conspiracy and trusted by the conspirators. On the 21st of March, writing from Berwick, he sent to Cecil a secret list of 'such as were consenting to the death of David;' and the two last names in this list are 'John Knox, John Craig, preachers.' It is true that these two names do not appear in a subsequent list sent on the 27th of March. But this subsequent list was addressed, not to Cecil, but to the whole Council: by the time it was sent Morton and Ruthven had already arrived at Berwick; and by that time also, as we learn from Morton and Ruthven's own letter to the English Court, 'Some Papists have bruited that these our proceedings have been at the instigation of the Ministers of Scotland;'—a rumour which it might have afforded their enemies a triumph to confirm. We must likewise bear in mind, that, according to Knox's avowed principles, the Roman Catholics were worse idolaters than the nations of Canaan, and that the texts in the Old Testament for putting these idolaters to death are still binding under the Christian dispensation. Nor did Knox confine this supposed duty to magistrates or men in power alone. He has himself recorded a conversation which he had with Queen Mary in 1563, when he urged the laws against idolatry: 'these,' he said, 'it was the duty of princes to execute; if they failed to do so others must do it for them. Elias did not spare Jezebel's prophets and Baal's priests, although King Achab stood by. Phinehas was no magistrate,'

perpetrated on the 9th of March, 1566; and we will give it in Mr. Tytler's own words, as a sample of his clear and interesting narrative :

' On Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, when it was dark, the Earls of Morton and Lindsay, with a hundred and fifty men, bearing torches and weapons, occupied the court of the palace of Holyrood, seized the gates without resistance, and closed them against all but their own friends. At this moment Mary was at supper in a small closet or cabinet which entered from her bed-chamber. She was attended by the Countess of Argyle, the commendator of Holyrood, Beaton, master of the household, Arthur Erskine, captain of the guard, and her secretary, Riccio. The bed-chamber communicated by a secret turnpike stair with the King's apartment below, to which the conspirators had been admitted; and Darnley, ascending this stair, threw up the arras which concealed its opening in the wall, entered the little apartment where Mary sat, and casting his arm fondly round her waist, seated himself beside her at table. A minute had scarcely passed when Ruthven, clad in complete armour, abruptly broke in. This man had just risen from a sick bed: his features were sunk and pale from disease, his voice hollow, and his whole appearance haggard and terrible. Mary, who was now seven months gone with child, started up in terror, commanding him to be gone; but, ere the words were uttered, torches gleamed in the outer room, a confused noise of voices and weapons was heard, and the next moment George Douglas, Car of Faudonside, and other conspirators, rushed into the closet.

' Ruthven now drew his dagger, and, calling out that their business was with Riccio, made an effort to seize him, whilst this miserable victim, springing behind the Queen, clung by her gown, and, in his broken language, called out, "Giustizia, giustizia! sauve ma vie, Madame, sauve ma vie." All was now uproar and confusion; and, though Mary earnestly implored them to have mercy, they were deaf to her entreaties, the table and lights were thrown down, Riccio was stabbed by Douglas over the Queen's shoulder, Car of Faudonside, one of the most ferocious of the conspirators, held a pistol to her breast, and while she shrieked with terror, their bleeding victim was torn from her knees, and dragged, amidst shouts and execrations, through the Queen's bed-room to the entrance of the presence-chamber. Here Morton and his men rushed upon him, and buried their daggers in his body. So eager and reckless were they in their ferocity, that, in the struggle to get at him, they wounded one another; nor did they think the work complete till the body was mangled by fifty-six wounds, and left in a pool of blood, with the King's dagger sticking in it, to show, as was afterwards alleged, that he had sanctioned the murder.

' Nothing can more strongly show the ferocious manners of the times

trate,' &c.—Knox, p. 353, and Tytler's History, vol. vi. p. 326. On such erroneous principles it is evident that the murder of Riccio would be perfectly justifiable; and Knox's own language, in afterwards referring to it, was that of triumph, rejoicing, and implied approval. This is admitted by his biographer, Dr. Macrie. (*Life*, edited by Dr. Crichton, p. 253.)

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than an incident which now occurred. Ruthven, faint from sickness, and reeking from the scene of blood, staggered into the Queen's cabinet, where Mary still stood distracted and in terror of her life. Here he threw himself upon a seat, called for a cup of wine, and, being reproached for the cruelty of his conduct, not only vindicated himself and his associates, but plunged a new dagger into the heart of the unhappy Queen, by declaring that her husband had advised the whole. She was then ignorant of the completion of the murder; but suddenly one of her ladies rushed into the room, and cried out that their victim was slain. "And is it so?" said Mary; "then farewell tears; we must now think of revenge." . . .

'Thus ended all hope of rescue: but although baffled in this attempt, secluded even from her women, trembling, and justly fearing for her life, the Queen's courage and presence of mind did not forsake her. She remonstrated with her husband; she even condescended to reason with Ruthven, who replied in rude and upbraiding terms, and at last, exhausted with this effort, she would have sunk down, had they not called for her ladies, and left her to repose. Next morning all the horrors of her condition broke fully upon her; she was a prisoner in the hands of a band of assassins; they were led by her husband, who watched all her motions,—he had already assumed the Royal power,—she was virtually dethroned; who could tell what dark purposes might not be meditated against her person. These thoughts agitated her to excess, and threw her into a fever, in which she imagined the ferocious Ruthven was coming to murder her, and shrieking out that she was abandoned by all, she was threatened with miscarriage. The piteous sight revived Darnley's affection; her gentlewomen were admitted, and the danger passed away. Yet so strong was the suspicion with which she was guarded, that no lady was allowed to pass "muffled" from the Queen's chamber.'—vol. vii. p. 34-39.

It is well known how soon and how ably Mary availed herself of the rising pity or returning affection of Darnley. She represented to him that he was surrendering himself a tool into the hands of her enemies and his own. If they had belied her honour,—if they had periled her life, and that of her unborn infant, would he believe that when he alone stood between them and their ambition they would hesitate to destroy him also? Won over by her arguments, Darnley became alarmed at the consequences of the murder to himself: he sought shelter in the usual resource of a weak mind—a falsehood; he denied all previous connexion with the conspiracy; and consented to betray his friends as readily as he had before his consort. To lull suspicion, the Queen retired to rest that night; and the conspirators who guarded the palace, deeming all safe, betook themselves to the house of Morton, their accomplice. There they met the Earl of Murray, who, with the other banished lords, had rode into Edinburgh, according to their appointment, the evening after
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the murder, and with him they agreed to imprison their sovereign in Stirling Castle, and compel her, by threats of death, to surrender the crown to Darnley, under whose name the sceptre would be wielded by themselves. But at midnight Mary rose, threw herself upon a fleet horse, and fled to Dunbar, accompanied only by the King and one attendant. The news of her escape flew through the land; on to her rescue thronged her nobles, headed by the Earl of Bothwell, whose domains lay in that corner of the kingdom, and by his brother-in-law, the Earl of Huntly; a multitude of their retainers gathered in arms, and in a few days she could advance against the capital, at the head of eight thousand men. As she approached, the conspirators scattered hither and thither in the utmost alarm. Morton and Ruthven, and others, sought refuge in England, and Lethington hastened towards the mountain recesses of Athol. The more artful Murray had the skill to conceal his participation, and to profess his abhorrence of the crime. So little did Mary suspect his share in the transaction, that even at the first, when she heard of his arrival, she had instantly sent for him, and thrown herself into his arms, in an agony of tears, exclaiming, 'If my brother had been here, he never would have suffered me to have been thus cruelly handled!' Even now she appears not to have been undeceived. She extended to him her forgiveness of his former rebellion, and even exerted herself to compose an old feud between him and the heads of the opposite party, Bothwell and Huntly.

For Darnley, he not only disclosed the names and denounced the deed of his former friends, but busied himself in bringing them to justice. Such conduct incensed them to the utmost; and they retaliated by laying before the Queen the 'Bands,' or covenants, proving that the King had been one main instrument of the conspiracy against her. 'Can we wonder,' says Mr. Tytler, 'that her heart was almost broken by the discovery; that—to use the words of Melvil—she should have loudly lamented the King's folly and unthankfulness; that she was compelled to withdraw from him all confidence; and in solitary bitterness to act entirely for herself?'

Such violent shocks and sorrows could not fail to impair the Queen's health; and there seemed great reason to fear that she might not survive her approaching child-birth. Her mind had become haunted with a feverish dread that Morton and his savage associates—their hands yet reeking with the blood of Riccio—had resolved to break in upon her during the pangs of her labour.* Uncertain of the result, she withdrew into Edinburgh

* Randolph to Cecil, June 13, 1566. MS. State-Paper Office.

Castle, called for her nobility, took measures with them for the future government of her kingdom, made her will, became reconciled with the King, and personally arranged every thing, either for life or death. Her evil forebodings were not yet to be fulfilled. On the 19th of June she gave birth in safety to a prince—James the Sixth of Scotland; James the First of England. In a letter from Mary, during her captivity, to her mother-in-law, the Countess of Lennox, after sadly alluding to 'your little son and my only child,' she adds, 'I have borne him, and God knows with what danger to him and me both.'* A mother's heart can find full reward for such pains and perils in the very infant that caused them: but, within a few short months, the hard fate or the ill-conduct of Mary tore from her—and for ever—her only child.

On her recovery, the Queen showed considerable confidence to Murray, on whom indeed she had mainly relied when first she landed in Scotland. At his intercession she consented to pardon Lethington, a most versatile and unscrupulous man, even according to the low standard of that age; but so sagacious, subtle, and insinuating as to be always welcome to any party that he joined. She was also induced to recall the Lairds of Calder, Ormiston, and those other leaders of the church party (excepting Knox) who had been concerned in Riccio's murder, and were now lurking in different concealments. But for the arch conspirators, Morton, Ruthven, and their associates in England, Murray as yet pleaded in vain, though aided by all the influence of Bothwell, Huntly, Argyle, and Lethington. It was evident, however, at the time to an acute observer that even as to Morton and to Ruthven the Queen was beginning to relent, and to think of permitting their return.† To the King, though with no absolute breach between them, Mary showed much coldness and reserve; and during an excursion which she made on her recovery to Alloa, Stirling, Meggetland, and back again to Edinburgh, she was apparently desirous to avoid his company. For a few days (August, 1566), the exertions of the French ambassador succeeded in producing a temporary reconciliation between them.‡ But affection, when once great and once forfeited, can never be restored; and an increased alienation followed close upon this shortlived agreement. Nor had failure as yet borne to Darnley its usual bitter but salutary fruits; it had not corrected his judgment, it had only goaded his pride. He bitterly complained of the neglect into which he had

* Letter, dated Chatsworth, July 10, 1570, and printed as a note (B.) to Dr. Robertson's *Dissertation on the Murder of Darnley*.

† Forster to Cecil, Sept. 19, 1566. MS. State Paper Office.

‡ Keith, *Appendix*, p. 169.

fallen, imputing it solely to the coldness of the Queen, and in no degree to his own ill conduct, and to the general scorn which it inspired. Eager to gain, at all hazards, a share of power, he once more plunged headlong into most foolish and guilty courses; and as his opponents were mostly Protestants, he—though himself professing that faith—began to intrigue with the Romanists. He went so far as to write secretly to the Pope, blaming and lamenting the conduct of the Queen for not having as yet restored the Mass in her dominions. His intrigues being traced, and his letters intercepted, he, instead of contrition for the fault, only expressed anew his complaint at being excluded from the government, and sullenly withdrew to fix his residence at Stirling. There he pined awhile in unpitied solitude, attended only by his own servants or dependants, and forsaken by all the suitors for Court favour. ‘Among the nobles,’ says Robertson, ‘some dreaded his furious temper, others complained of his perfidiousness, and all of them despised the weakness of his understanding and the inconstancy of his heart.’* Finding himself utterly unable to form any party at home, he embraced the desperate resolution of leaving the kingdom, repairing to some foreign Court, and remonstrating against the cruelty with which he thought himself treated. He communicated this wild design to his father, the Earl of Lennox; and Lennox, for the purpose of preventing it, hastened to impart it by a letter to the Queen. Mary was much alarmed at the tidings. She perceived the disgrace, that her domestic troubles should be thus heralded abroad, and the danger that Darnley might become a pretext or an instrument in the hands of any power that might, either on political or religious grounds, interfere in her dominions. There followed immediately an interview between her and Darnley, with most earnest remonstrances against his intended flight both from herself and from all the Lords of the Council. Her affectionate and endearing expressions, as reported in a letter from the Lords to the Queen Mother of France, are much dwelt on in her favour by several writers, especially by William Tytler, our author’s grandfather, and, more recently, by the acute and learned Lingard.† There seems, however, great reason to suspect that these expressions were far more highly coloured than the truth would warrant, since we find the Queen’s secretary, at this very time, mention the letter not as written but only as required to be signed by the Lords of Council.‡ Thus much only we consider certain—that

* History of Scotland, Book iv.

† History of England, vol. v. p. 238 note, 4to. ed.

‡ Lethington to Archbishop Beaton, the Queen’s ambassador at Paris. Jedburgh, Oct. 24, 1566. The letter from the Lords is dated October 8.

Mary and her counsellors remonstrated to the utmost against her husband's project—that his replies were short and sullen—but that, before he returned to Stirling, she had prevailed in making him, at least for the time, relinquish it.

In proportion as her husband sunk, the Earl of Bothwell appeared to rise in Mary's favour. This nobleman was the head of the ancient family of Hepburn, and the lord of extensive estates in the south-east of Scotland. Though himself a Protestant, he had in early life warmly defended Mary of Guise, the Queen Regent, when assailed by the Reformers, and was forced to retire into France from his attachment to her cause. He came back to Scotland some months before Mary herself; but in the ensuing year he was accused of a plot against the Earl of Murray's life, and driven into banishment, nor was he permitted to return until Murray, in his turn, became an exile. He then strengthened his interest by a marriage with Lady Jean Gordon, sister of another powerful noble, the Earl of Huntly, and appeared on all occasions zealously devoted to the support of the Royal cause. We have seen how faithful and important were his services to the Queen in the trying crisis of her flight to Dunbar. From her gratitude or from her partiality he received a succession of favours, especially the wardenship of the three marches, till then conferred upon separate persons; and he already held the office of High Admiral by hereditary right. At this time he was less than thirty years of age; and his character, from his repeated exiles, almost unknown in his native country. Throckmorton, the English ambassador at Paris, thus describes him in a despatch of November 28, 1560:—'The Earl of Bothwell is departed to return into Scotland, and hath made boast that he will do great things, and live in Scotland in despite of all men. He is a glorious (boastful), rash, and hazardous young man.'—From a contemplation of his whole career it may be said that undaunted courage appears his only virtue. In him a profligate love of pleasure was joined and made subservient to a restless and aspiring ambition. Bold, active, and, above all, utterly unscrupulous, of frank, soldier-like address and insinuating manners, he was well skilled in every wile that can ensnare the female heart. We find that during his exile he had succeeded in debauching a noble Norwegian lady by a promise of marriage, and also, it is said, two daughters of a lord at Lubeck.* Man's life he regarded as little as woman's honour, whenever it stood between him and his objects; and he drew from his border estates and office of Lord Warden a band of broken and desperate retainers, hardened and

* See Laing's Appendix, No. xxxi.

murderous ruffians, whose swords or whose daggers were ready at every bidding of their master.

It has been argued by Mary's advocates in this controversy, above all by Goodall and Whitaker, that the Queen felt no unworthy fondness for Bothwell; that her confidence was due to his fidelity; that her bounty had been earned by his services; that she never forgot her duty to the King her husband, and that her final union with Bothwell in the ensuing year sprung not from her attachment but from his compulsion. We must confess that, as it seems to us, this theory, already shaken to its foundations by Robertson and Hume, has been utterly and entirely demolished by Mr. Laing in his able Dissertation. We think it incontrovertible that, after the birth of the prince, Bothwell gradually acquired over the heart of Mary a guilty and absolute ascendant. By what insensible steps her gratitude and confidence may have ripened into tenderness, or how soon he might obtain his triumph, is not so easy to determine. Perhaps even the perfidy of her own attendants may have conspired to her ruin. According to her enemies, she afterwards confessed to Murray, at Lochleven, that she was first betrayed to Bothwell on her return to Alloa (in September, 1566), the Lady Reres having, without her sanction, introduced him one night into her chamber.* This alleged fact appears the more entitled to some weight, since we observe that it was brought forward by her worst accusers, not at all as a palliation, but only for a proof of her guilt. It is also much confirmed by the ninth of the love-sonnets ascribed to her, which distinctly alludes to the same transaction; and adds, that it cost her many tears.† If this theory be well founded, it must, however, be acknowledged that the tears which Mary mentions did not long continue to flow. But we lay no stress on these conjectures. God forbid that we should argue that any degree of misconduct in her husband, of skill in her lover, or of treachery in her attendants, can justify a woman for dishonour! Nay, if even it could be proved or presumed that Mary had not absolutely yielded until after her husband's death, we should still arraign her of having relinquished to Bothwell the entire mastery of her affections, and direction of her conduct, and of having thus enabled him and other worthless men to perceive that Darnley was the only obstacle between him and her hand.

It chanced that about this time disturbances broke out upon

* Buchanan's Detection, 6, compared with Keith, p. 445. See a note to Laing's Dissertation, vol. ii. p. 6.

† 'Pour lui aussi je jette mainte larme,
Premier, quand il se fit de ce corps possesseur
Duquel alors il n'avait pas le cœur. — Sonnet ix.

the borders. The presence of the Queen was needed in those districts, and accordingly Mary, attended by her principal ministers, repaired to Jedburgh, where she determined to hold her courts of justice. She was preceded by a considerable force, and by the Earl of Bothwell, as lord warden, who applied himself with his usual daring energy to the restoration of order. On the 7th of October, attempting to seize, and struggling with one of the ruffians, Elliot of Park, he received a sudden thrust from his sword, and was carried off, dangerously wounded, to his castle of the Hermitage. Next day the Queen opened her courts at Jedburgh; and on the 15th she rode forth to the Hermitage to visit Bothwell, a distance of twenty Scotch miles, remaining with him only two hours, in the presence of other statesmen, and returning the same night. The difficulties and haste of her journey are still recorded in the tradition of the country,—how her white palfrey sunk into a morass, which retains the name of the Queen's Moss; and how she was accompanied by only ten attendants.* It is possible to explain her visit as only 'a mark of regard to a subject of high rank, and in high office, who had nearly lost his life in the execution of his duty;' but a more tender motive may be not less probably surmised.

Immediately afterwards the Queen was seized with a burning fever, which has been variously ascribed to fatigue of body, or to anguish of mind.† For several days her life was despaired of. During the height of her illness, the King never came to see her; and a visit which he paid some time after the peril was over was short and cold. 'C'est une faute que je ne puis excuser,' writes the French ambassador, De Croc.‡ On her recovery, Mary, still weak from sickness, proceeded by slow journeys to the castle of Craigmillar, very near Edinburgh, where she remained, still attended by her principal ministers, and by Bothwell, who had now recovered of his wound. Her situation at this time is described by an eye-witness, the French ambassador:—

'The Queen is in the hands of the physicians, and I do assure you is not at all well; and I do believe the principal part of her disease to consist of a deep grief and sorrow. Nor does it seem possible to make her forget the same. Still she repeats these words: "I could wish to be dead." You know very well that the injury she has received is exceeding great, and her Majesty will never forget it. The King, her hus-

* Laing's Dissertation, vol. i. p. 17. But he has altogether confounded the dates, from relying on Buchanan, and mistaking the ambiguous terms of the Diary called Murray's or Cecil's (vol. ii. p. 85).

† 'By what I could wring further of her own declaration to me, the root of it is the King.'—Lethington to Archbishop Beatoun, October 24, 1566.

‡ Keith, Appendix, p. 133.

band, came to visit her at Jedburgh the very day after Captain Hay came away. He remained there but one single night, and yet in that short time I had a great deal of conversation with him. He returned to see the Queen about five or six days ago; and the day before yesterday he sent word to desire me to speak with him half a league from this, which I complied with, and found that things go still worse and worse. I think he intends to go away to-morrow; but in any event I am much assured that he will not be present at the (prince's) baptism. To speak my mind freely to you, I do not expect, upon several accounts, any good understanding between them, unless God effectually put to his hand. I shall only name two. The first reason is, the King will never humble himself as he ought; the other is, the Queen cannot perceive any one nobleman speaking with the King, but presently she suspects some contrivance among them.*

At this very time the busy brain and black heart of Lethington were teeming with projects to sever this ill-starred alliance. In conjunction with Bothwell and Murray, he held a conference at Craigmillar with Huntly and Athol, and afterwards laid before the Queen their joint design. This was, to unite their efforts to procure a divorce between her and her husband: Pretexes were not wanting. Darnley's infidelity might be alleged; or his relation within the forbidden degrees of kindred might, notwithstanding the dispensation for it, afford a plausible, or at least in that age no unusual ground. Lethington also stipulated as a preliminary for the pardon of the Earl of Morton and his confederates in England. To these proposals, when laid before her, Mary declared that she was willing to agree, under the conditions that the process of divorce should be legal, and its effect not prejudicial to the rights of her son. It was then remarked, that after the divorce it would be better that Darnley should live in a remote part of the country, at a distance from the Queen, or retire to France. Upon this Mary, relenting, drew back from the proposal, expressed a hope that he might return to a better mind, and declared her own willingness rather to pass into France herself, and remain there, till he acknowledged his faults. Hereupon Lethington made this remarkable reply:—

'Madam, *soucy* † ye not we are here of the principal of your Grace's nobility and council, that shall not find the mean well to make your Majesty quit of him without prejudice of your son, and albeit that my Lord of Murray, here present, be little less scrupulous for a Protestant than your Grace is for a Papist, I am assured he will look through his fingers, and will behold our doings, and say nothing thereto.'

To these words Mary immediately answered the following:—

* Monsieur de Croc to Archbishop Beaton, December 2, 1566.

† A French word—*se soucier*—the meaning here is, 'mind ye not,' 'do you not consider.'

'I will that ye do nothing whereby any spot may be laid to my honour or conscience; and therefore I pray you rather let the matter be in the state it is, abiding that God of his goodness put remedy thereto, than that ye, believing to do me service, may possibly turn to my hurt or displeasure.'

'Madam,' said Lethington, 'let us guide the matter among us, and your grace shall see nothing but good, and approved by parliament.'*

Of this extraordinary conversation, which we have laid fully before the reader, it is certainly difficult, as Mr. Tytler observes, to determine the precise import. It appears to us that Lethington, in his second proposal, intended to hint at a murder, but in terms so dark and ambiguous that he might be able, if he found it disliked, to shelter himself within the terms of his first design. In either case Mary's answer is clear and peremptory: an express command to do nothing that might affect her honour or conscience, and a threat of her displeasure. Upon this Lethington appears to avail himself of the subterfuge he had provided, and reverts to his first project of divorce, promising the Queen that she shall 'see nothing but good, and approved by parliament,' which an assassination could never be. So far therefore as this conversation goes, it must at its close have left Mary under the impression that her advisers would endeavour to frame a scheme of divorce, without injury to her son, and with the approbation of her parliament.

Lethington, however, had private motives of his own for preferring a scheme of murder to a scheme of divorce. The latter, with approbation of parliament, and with a public recognition of the young prince's rights, could only be obtained by uniting his efforts with a majority of other nobles and statesmen, and thus giving them an equal or superior claim to the favour of the Queen. Nor would they certainly have approved a divorce without some pledge or intimation as to the Queen's re-marriage, and the choice of her future husband; and it appears probable that the larger number—at all events the great party of the Hamiltons—would have insisted, as afterwards at Lochleven, on a son of the Duke of Chastelherault. If, on the other hand, Darnley were removed by murder, especially in such a manner as to implicate the fair fame of the Queen, it would bind her indissolubly in interest to the statesmen who planned, or the suitor who perpetrated it, and enable them ever afterwards to maintain the leading part in her councils. But besides and above these motives of crooked policy, there was also, it would seem, an impulse of savage vengeance. Darnley's conduct after the death of Riccio had touched to the quick his betrayed confederates: 'the consequence,' says

* See Anderson's Collections, vol. iv., part ii., p. 189.

Mr. Tytler, speaking of May, 1566, 'was the utmost indignation and a thirst for revenge, upon the part of Morton, Murray, Lethington, and their associates, which, there is reason to believe, increased in intensity till it was assuaged only in his death.' Bothwell, whose temper always inclined him to violence rather than to cabals, was easily induced to concur in these views for his own aggrandisement, as also Huntly and Argyle; but Murray—honourably, shall we say, or only cautiously—appears to have stood aloof from the rest; content that his schemes of vengeance should be wrought out by other hands. The Queen's rising passion for Bothwell, which could be no secret to any of the statesmen at Craigmillar, might embolden them to act not only without her previous knowledge, but against her express command. They might suppose that, when once the deed was done, they should easily succeed, either in disarming her resentment, or diverting her suspicions from themselves.

According to the ferocious custom of those times, a 'band' or agreement for the murder of Darnley was prepared: it is said to have been written by Sir James Balfour, then a follower of Bothwell, and signed by Lethington, Huntly, Argyle, and Balfour himself, the instrument being then deposited in Bothwell's hands. It declared their determination that the King, as 'a young fool, and proud tyrant, should not reign nor bear rule' over them; that therefore he must be cut off, and that they should all stand by each other and defend the deed.*

From Craigmillar, the Queen, utterly unconscious of these infamous designs that were soon so deeply to affect her own peace and fame, proceeded to Stirling for the baptism of her infant son. She had requested her 'good sister' of England to be the god-mother. Elizabeth despatched the Earl of Bedford as her ambassador, and appointed the Countess of Argyll (Mary's natural sister) as her representative. The ceremony took place on the 17th of December, with much magnificence. It was performed by the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, according to the Roman Catholic ritual, and the Royal infant received the names of Charles James. But the King, although he was then living in the palace, was absent from the ceremony. Let us here again borrow the words of an impartial eye-witness:

'The King,' writes the French ambassador, 'had still given out that he would depart two days before the baptism; but when the time came on he made no sign of removing at all, only he still kept close within his own apartment. . . . His bad deportment is incurable; nor can

* The existence of this 'band' is proved mainly by the confession of the Laird of Ormiston, taken at Edinburgh Castle, December 13, 1573, previous to his execution as an accessory to the murder. Ormiston saw the 'band' in the hands of Bothwell, who showed him the signatures. See also Lord Herries's answer at York.—Goodall, Appendix, vol. ii. p. 212.

there be any good expected from him. . . . The Queen behaved herself admirably well all the time of the baptism, and showed so much earnestness to entertain all the goodly company in the best manner, that this made her forget, in a good measure, her former ailments. But I am of the mind that she will give us some trouble as yet; nor can I be brought to think otherwise, so long as she continues so pensive and melancholy. She sent for me yesterday, and I found her laid on a bed weeping sore, and she complained of a grievous pain in her side.*

On the 24th of December the Queen set out to pass the Christmas festivities at Drummond Castle. She had signed on the day before an Act confirming or enlarging the consistorial jurisdiction of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, probably with a view to her own desired divorce.† Another Act, which about this time the Queen granted to the renewed entreaties of Bothwell and his confederates, including, on this occasion, Murray, and seconded by Bedford the English ambassador, was a pardon to the Earl of Morton and the other exiles in England, for the murder of Riccio, to the number of seventy-six persons. Besides their bitter hatred of Darnley, Bothwell trusted to find them grateful friends to himself for his intercession, and ready auxiliaries in his flagitious schemes. Accordingly when in January, 1567, Morton was on his road to Edinburgh, and had taken up his residence at Whittingham, the seat of his kinsman Archibald Douglas, he was joined there by Lethington and Bothwell. The object of their visit was immediately explained in the presence of Douglas, Bothwell declaring their determination to murder the King, and adding, as an inducement to Morton to join the plot, that it had the Queen's consent. This proposal was however declined by Morton, not so much from any feelings of horror—which indeed would scarcely have beseeemed the planner of Riccio's death,—but because, he said, he was unwilling to meddle with new trouble when he had scarcely got rid of the old. Again in a second interview, Bothwell and Lethington renewed their importunities, and again they urged that all was done at the Queen's desire. 'Bring me then,' said Morton, 'the Queen's hand-writ of this matter for a warrant, and then I shall give you an answer.' This hand-writing Bothwell and Lethington were never able to produce.‡

* Monsieur de Croc to Archbishop Beatoun, December 23, 1566. Sir John Forster writes to Cecil, December 11th; 'The Earl of Bothwell is appointed to receive the ambassadors; and all things for the christening are at his Lordship's appointment.'

† Compare Whitaker (vol. iii. p. 370, &c.) and William Tytler (vol. ii. p. 401) with a note in Laing's Appendix, No. 2. It is a branch of this controversy more perplexing than important, how far the Archbishop's consistorial jurisdiction had or had not been curtailed by the Reformation.

‡ The authority for these interviews is the confession of the Earl of Morton, June 2, 1581, the day before his execution. It is observed by Robertson as a proof of the ferocity of these times, that Morton, in this his dying confession, speaks of 'David's slaughter' as coolly as if it had been an innocent or praiseworthy deed.

Soon afterwards they sent back Archibald Douglas with this message :—‘ Show the Earl Morton that the Queen will hear no speech of that matter appointed unto him.’* This seems to indicate that, so far from their former fictions of the Queen’s consent, they durst not even name the project in her presence ; nor can we concur with Mr. Laing in thinking that what Morton demanded was a formal warrant under the Queen’s hand, commanding the murder, which even a guilty party to the crime would be restrained in prudence from granting.† The words of Morton to Lethington and Bothwell seem rather to import, that if he should see the Queen’s approbation of which they spoke, confirmed in her own hand-writing, he should consider that a proof of their word and an authority for his conduct. And if, as is affirmed by Mary’s accusers, there had been expressions in her letters to Bothwell previous to the murder, clearly proving her participation, Bothwell would no doubt have shown them to Morton in the hopes of obtaining a co-operation of which he was evidently most desirous.

The pardon granted by the Queen to Morton and his brother exiles was most unwelcome to the King, who regarded these his old confederates as now his mortal enemies. In token of his displeasure he abruptly left the Court at Stirling, and took up his residence with his father Lennox at Glasgow. Soon afterwards he was seized with an illness so sudden and so violent, that it gave rise to rumours of poison, but unjustly, for ere long the symptoms of the small-pox became clear and manifest. The Queen immediately despatched her own physician to attend him,‡ but in other respects showed as little concern for his danger as he had for hers at Jedburgh : nor indeed, considering his conduct since his marriage and her own growing passion for Bothwell, can it be supposed that she offered up any very ardent vows for his recovery. From Drummond Castle she removed to Tullibardine, and from Tullibardine to Stirling, where she remained a fortnight, and where Lethington was married to one of her Marys.§ Meanwhile, the King, after several days of imminent danger, was gradually recovering, but still remained in a feeble and languishing condition. During his convalescence he appears to have reverted to his foolish schemes ; or at least his former conduct exposed him to the imputation of them. It was reported, though

* Letter of Archibald Douglas to Queen Mary, April, 1586.

† Laing’s Dissertation, vol. i., p. 28.

‡ Earl of Bedford to Cecil, January 9, 1567.

§ When in 1548 Mary, then ‘ a beautiful infant in her ninth year,’ was sent to France, ‘ there embarked with her four Marys, children of a like age and name with herself, selected as her playmates from the families of Fleming, Beatoun, Seyton, and Livingston.’ (Tytler’s History, vol. vi., p. 53.) See also the fine old ballad of ‘ The Queen’s Marie,’ in the Border Minstrelsy, with Sir Walter Scott’s illustrations. (Vol. iii. p. 294. Edition, 1833.)

we believe without foundation, that he entertained a project for crowning the young prince and seizing the government. The Queen was also informed, on more certain authority, that he had resumed his design to quit the kingdom; that an English vessel was already hired for this purpose, and lay in the river Clyde ready to receive him.* 'It was this,' observes Robertson, 'that Mary chiefly dreaded.' His flight at this period would not only have tarnished her good name abroad, and exposed her to foreign interference, but would, by removing Darnley beyond the sphere of her influence, have lost all chance of either persuading or compelling his acquiescence in any proceedings before Parliament and before the consistorial courts, for a divorce. Bothwell also, conscious of his meditated crimes, would have seen them baffled, or at least delayed, by Darnley's departure, and might easily urge the Queen to prevent it without using any views or arguments except her own. Mary resolved to employ the same means as she had before, in October, against the very same design—affectionate entreaties and dutiful expressions to her husband. It seemed necessary, however, as the only safeguard against a third and more effectual scheme of flight, that he might be brought to fix his residence at or near her own Court. With such views did she set forth (January 22nd, 1567) to visit him at Glasgow. There seems no reason whatever to believe that any overtures of reconciliation on her part at this time could be sincere; nothing had occurred to make them so, and only two days before she had written to her ambassador in France, inveighing against the King's conduct in terms of much severity.†

On the 23rd of January the Queen arrived at Glasgow: and it is from thence that the two first of her alleged letters to Bothwell are said to have been written. We shall hereafter advert to the much debated question of their authenticity; at present we will only observe that the first contains the following words as to the real object of her journey:—'In the end I asked him whether he would go in the English ship? He doth disavow it, and sweareth so, but confesseth to have spoken with the men.' It would seem, however, that Darnley's wayward temper had been softened by his sickness. When Mary first came to see him in his chamber, he hastened, after the first greetings, to profess his deep repentance for his errors, pleading his youth and his ill-advisers. After some further conversation Mary proposed that he should return with her to Craigmillar, adding that, as he was still but little able to travel, she had provided a litter for the journey. Darnley declared his readiness to accompany her, if she would consent that they should live together as before. She promised that it should

* Keith, Pref. viii., and Robertson's History, book iv.

† Mary to Archbishop Beaton, January 20, 1567.

he so hereafter; but added that, in the first place, he must be thoroughly cleansed of his sickness, which she hoped he soon would be, as he must use the bath and a course of medicine at Craigmillar. We are persuaded, however, that the Queen never sincerely intended the complete reconciliation which she professed, but used this artifice to gain time and to prevent the embarkation.

In pursuance of this conversation the Queen carried her husband by slow journeys from Glasgow to Edinburgh, where they arrived on the last day of January. As we have seen, she had intended Craigmillar for their residence; but this purpose was now changed, and she conducted the King to a suburb called the Kirk of Field, occupied by the town residence of the Duke de Chastelherault and other houses and gardens. The house to which Mary and Darnley repaired had formerly belonged to some prebendaries; who were expelled at the Reformation, and the house was forfeited to the Crown; but the Queen had lately granted it as a gift to Robert Balfour, a brother of Sir James, and one of Bothwell's creatures. In this house the Queen slept in a lower chamber, and the King in one immediately above it, with a bath, or rather a vat for bathing, adjoined. Their apartments were small and scarcely suited to the Royal dignity, yet the reasons assigned by Mary for not bringing Darnley at once to Holyrood seem clear and sufficient; for, besides that the palace was judged, from its low site, to be unhealthy and little fitted for a man recovering from sickness, the young prince resided there, and should not be exposed to the danger of infection from small-pox. At Craigmillar or at Kirk of Field, the Queen and her physician might attend Darnley and yet not be far from her son. In like manner Mary's father, the late King, had once in his infancy been removed from Holyrood to Craigmillar for better air.*

We must now advert to another train of events in the same month, which seems to connect itself with the conspiracy against Darnley, and which has been for the first time brought to light by Mr. Tytler's labours at the State-Paper Office. It is still clouded over with doubts and mysteries; but, so far as it goes, appears to us to afford a proof that the Queen was no party to the plot against the life of her husband.—After the death of her unhappy secretary, David Riccio, his brother Joseph had been promoted by Mary to the vacant office. She had also another Italian gentleman in her household, named Joseph Lutyni, an intimate friend, it would appear, of Joseph Riccio. This Lutyni was now sent by Mary on a mission to France; but he had only

* Tytler's History, vol. v. p. 127.

reached Berwick when, on the 17th of January, she wrote to desire that he should be apprehended, as he was a thief and had absconded with money. Sir William Drury, who commanded at Berwick for Queen Elizabeth, appears to have found upon Lutyni's person, or by some other means obtained, a secret letter, which Lutyni had just received from his friend Joseph Riccio; and this letter Drury immediately forwarded to Cecil. It convinced himself that there was in agitation some great and important secret, known both to Lutyni and to Riccio: and, with reference to Mary's own anxiety for the seizing of Lutyni, he observes:—

'I think, by what I can gather, that it is not the money the Queen seeketh so much, as to recover his person, for I have learned the man had credit there, and now the Queen mistrusteth lest he should offer his service here in England, and thereby might, with better occasion, utter something either prejudicial to her, or that she would be loth should be disclosed but to those she pleaseth.'*

Drury also found that Lutyni was accused of having pryed into the Queen's private papers,† and the man himself appeared in the greatest alarm, affirming that, if he were sent back to Scotland, it would be to 'a prepared death.'‡ In the result, Drury received orders from Cecil not to deliver up Lutyni at this time. Thus far then it may be supposed that the Queen suspected Lutyni of having seen among her private papers some letters from Bothwell to her, or from herself to Bothwell, and of having thus become privy to her guilty passion. But the confidential letter from Joseph Riccio to Lutyni seems to prove that there was a dark and portentous secret yet behind, known to themselves, but unknown to the Queen. Riccio informs Lutyni that the Queen had determined to examine him herself on his return; that the matter was of life and death to themselves; and that everything depended on his continuing to deceive the Queen, and adhering to the tale already told her. Here are Riccio's own expressions:—

'La Regina m'ha detto che vuol parlare a voi in segreto, e pigliate guardia delli dire come vi ho scritto e non altramente, a fin che nostra parola si confronti l' una à l' altra, e ne voi ne io non sareno in pena nessuna....e vi prego di aver pieta di mi, e non voler esser causa de mia morte.'

Now, then, what could be this portentous secret—this secret to Mary herself—unless the impending conspiracy for Darnley's murder? On the theory of those who accuse her of participation

* Drury to Cecil, Jan. 23, 1567.

† The words in Riccio's letter are, 'Che voi havevi buttato le mani nelle pappieri della Regina.'

‡ Drury to Cecil, Feb. 7, 1567.

in that crime, she was cognisant not only of the general design, but of each scheme and step as it proceeded : this indeed is the very basis of their argument. What further mystery could then remain, which, if even she suspected, she was not to be allowed to discover? It is certainly possible, as Mr. Tytler suggests, that the letter may refer to some other state secret, unconnected with Bothwell or with Darnley : but, considering the dates, this is highly improbable ; and, on the whole, though admitting the circumstances to be obscure, we think them not easily to be reconciled, either with the Queen's innocence as regarding the adultery, or with her guilt as regarding the murder.*

The conspiracy meanwhile was rapidly ripening. On the very day before the fatal event, the Earl of Murray left Edinburgh for St. Andrew's, on the pretence of visiting his wife, fully aware, in all probability, of the impending crime, but too cautious either to assist or to prevent it. The state of the plot just before its execution will best appear from a conversation between Bothwell and a foreign servant of the name of Nicholas Hubert, but more commonly known by the nickname of *French Paris*. This servant, formerly his own, Bothwell had, some months before, prevailed upon the Queen to take into her household ; and now, requiring his assistance, revealed to him the whole design. Paris remonstrated with him on the danger :—' Car chacun criera ha haro ! sur vous et vous le verrez.' But here is Bothwell's reply : ' Eh, bête que tu es (dit il), penses tu que je fais ceci tout seul de moi-même? . . . J'ai déjà Ledington, qui est estimé l'un des meilleurs esprits de ce pays-ci, et qui est l'entrepreneur de tout ceci ; et après j'ai Monsieur d'Argyle, mon frere Monsieur de Hontlye, Monsieur de Morton, Ruthen, et Lindsay. Ces trois là une fois ne me fauldront jamais, car j'ai parlé pour leur grace, et j'ai tous les signes de ceux-ci que je t'ai nommés, mais tu es un bête et pauvre d'esprit qui ne merite d'entendre chose de consequence. . . . Mais Monsieur, ce dis je, Monsieur le Comte de Morra (Murray), je vous prie de me dire quelle part celui là prend?—Ce dit il : Il ne se veut point meler.—Monsieur (ce dis-je) il est sage.—Adonc Monsieur de Boduel (Bothwell) retourne la tête vers moi, et me dit : Monsieur de Morra ! Monsieur de Morra ! il ne veut n'aider ni nuire, mais c'est tout un !' †

This conversation is derived from the first confession of Paris before his execution as an accessory to the murder. We shall

* The entire letter of Joseph Riccio is printed in Mr. Tytler's Appendix, p. 444. The subsequent steps of this transaction appear to strengthen our view of it. Joseph Riccio was publicly accused by Lennox as one of the murderers of his son—a presumption to what his previous secret referred. Lutyng was sent back to Scotland under a safe-conduct, soon after Darnley's death; Mary did not see him, but he was examined by Bothwell, by whom he was courteously dismissed, and the Queen sent him a small present (thirty crowns).—Drury to Cecil, Feb. 19th and 28th, 1567.

† First Confession of Paris, August 9, 1569.

presently explain the different degrees of credit which appear due to his two confessions; meanwhile we may observe that, according to this, Bothwell, though sufficiently unreserved in his confidence, drops no hint of participation or privity on the part of the Queen.

We are now come to the last scene of this dark and appalling tragedy, and we will give it in the very words of Mr. Tytler:—

‘ On Sunday, the 9th of February, Bastian, a foreigner, belonging to the household of the Queen, was to be married at Holyrood. The bride was one of her favourite women, and Mary, to honour their union, had promised them a masque. The greatest part of that day she passed with the King. They appeared to be on the most affectionate terms; and she declared her intention of remaining all night at the Kirk of Field. It was at this moment, when Darnley and the Queen were engaged in conversation, that Hay of Tallo, Hepburn of Bolton, and other ruffians, whom Bothwell had hired for the purpose, secretly entered the chamber which was under the King’s, and deposited on the floor a large quantity of gunpowder in bags. They then laid a train, which was connected with a “lunt,” or slow match, and placed everything in readiness for its being lighted. Some of them now hurried away, but two of the conspirators remained on the watch: and, in the mean time, Mary, who still sat with her husband in the upper chamber, recollected her promise of giving the masque at Bastian’s wedding, and taking farewell of Darnley, embraced him, and left the house with her suite.

‘ Soon after the King retired to his bed-chamber. Since his illness there appeared to have been a great change in him; he had become more thoughtful, and thought had brought with it repentance of his former courses. He lamented that there were few men whom he could trust; and at times he would say that he knew he should be slain; complaining that he was hardly dealt with. But from these sorrows he had sought refuge in religion; and it was remarked that, on this very night, his last in this world, he had repeated the 55th Psalm, which he would often read and sing. After his devotions he went to bed, and fell asleep; Taylor, his page, being beside him in the same apartment. This was the moment seized by the murderers, who still lurked in the lower room, to complete their dreadful purpose; but their miserable victim was awakened by the noise of their false keys in the lock of his apartment; and, rushing down in his shirt and pelisse, endeavoured to make his escape, but he was intercepted and strangled, after a desperate resistance; his cries for mercy being heard by some women in the nearest house. The page was also strangled, and their bodies carried into a small orchard without the garden-wall, where they were found; the King in his shirt only, and the pelisse by his side.

‘ Amid the conflicting stories of the ruffians, who were executed, it is difficult to arrive at the whole truth. But no doubt rests on the part acted by Bothwell, the arch-conspirator. He had quitted the King’s apartments with the Queen, and joined the festivities in the palace, from
which

which about midnight he stole away, changed his dress, and rejoined the murderers, who waited for him at the Kirk of Field. His arrival was the signal to complete their purpose; the match was lighted, but burnt too slow for their breathless impatience, and they were stealing forward to examine it when it took effect. A loud noise, like the bursting of a thunder-cloud, awoke the sleeping city: the King's house was torn in pieces and cast into the air; and the assassins, hurrying from the spot under cover of the darkness, regained the palace. Here Bothwell had scarcely undressed and gone to bed when the cry arose in the city that the Kirk of Field had been blown up, and the King murdered. The news flew quickly to Holyrood; and a servant, rushing into his chamber, imparted the dreadful tidings. He started up in well-feigned astonishment, and shouted "Treason!" He was joined next moment by Huntly, a brother conspirator, and immediately these two noblemen, with others belonging to the Court, entered the Queen's apartments, when Mary was made acquainted with the dreadful fate of her husband. She was horror-struck, shut herself up in her bed-chamber, and seemed overwhelmed with sorrow.*—vol. vii. pp. 81-84.

After remaining for some days secluded in her chamber (from which the light of day was shut out), the Queen removed to the house of Lord Seyton, at no great distance from Edinburgh, accompanied by the same ministers as before—Bothwell, Argyle, Huntly, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, and Secretary Lethington. 'It is acknowledged by all,' says Dr. Lingard, 'that the Queen acted at first as an innocent woman would have acted.'* This view of the case is controverted by Mr. Tytler, who imputes 'gay amusements' to the Court at Seyton. 'Mary and Bothwell,' says he, 'would shoot at the butts against Huntly and Seyton, and on one occasion, after winning the match, they forced these Lords to pay the forfeit in the shape of a dinner at Tranent.' For this, Mr. Tytler appeals to the authority of a letter from Drury to Cecil, of February 28, 1567, which he has published, from the State-Paper Office. But we do not find that it bears out his statement. The letter relates, amongst other gossip of the day, that the Queen, having to make a journey to Lord Whawton's house, stopped on the way to dine at Tranent, 'where the Lord Seyton and the Earl of Huntly paid for the dinner, the Queen and the Earl of Bothwell having at a match of shooting won the same of them.' But it is not stated whether this match had been recently played. And a previous passage of the same letter (written before the news of the Queen's journey in the latter part) proves that it was not; for that Lord Seyton had not remained at his own house, and only joined the Queen upon the way: 'The Lord Seyton is gone to Newbattle, having left the whole house to the Queen, so that she

* History of England, vol. v. p. 245, 4to. edit.

is there of her own provision.' Unless, therefore, we suppose the Queen to have stopped short upon the journey, to play a match with Lord Seyton as soon as she met him on the road, it is plain that the debt referred to must have been an old reckoning from some former game. These are trifles—but even in trifles we have been accustomed to find Mr. Tytler scrupulously accurate.

On the Tuesday after the murder, the Queen had written to Paris an account of it, announcing the diligence which the Privy Council had already exerted to discover the murderers, and her resolution to exact a vigorous and exemplary vengeance, and alluding in terms of pious thankfulness to her own escape from the explosion. 'Of very chance we tarried not all night by reason of a mask at the abbey, but we believe it was not chance, but God that put it in our head.' Next day, a proclamation offered 2000*l.* reward to any that would come forward with information. On the 15th, the body of Darnley was interred in Holyrood Chapel, but with great privacy, none of the nobility attending the ceremony, and only one officer of state. From that time forward there appeared a complete remissness and apathy in seeking out the criminals and avenging the crime, although the Royal justice might have been quickened by several 'bills' or placards affixed at Edinburgh, which openly accused Bothwell, Balfour, and others, and even glanced at the Queen herself. Her own vindication would, therefore, become another motive for activity. It seems impossible to explain such remissness in Mary by any want of sense or spirit—she had given, and was soon to give again, abundant proof of both. If innocent, as we believe, of any foreknowledge or participation in the crime, she must surely at least have felt some curiosity, and formed some conjecture. We can explain her conduct only on one of two suppositions. Some may think that, although shocked and surprised at the first tidings, she was speedily reconciled to a crime that freed her from a hateful bondage, and basely consented to screen the criminals, and, above all, the object of her guilty love. Others, again, inclined to a more favourable view of Mary's character, may believe that Bothwell exerted the ascendancy which he already possessed over her heart and understanding to turn her suspicions into an erroneous channel, and divert it from the real criminals. On this theory they will perhaps conclude that Bothwell might be prone to direct her belief against Murray, his old enemy, who had lately refused to make common cause with him, and who, as we find, was afterwards accused by Mary as the murderer when put on her defence in England, although at the time we might conceive her reluctance to bring a brother to the scaffold. On any theory as to Mary's real feelings at that time we have not, and cannot

cannot expect, any positive proof; we can only attempt to determine them on conjecture and on probability.

The Queen's further conduct from this time we need but briefly glance over, as we find no difference of opinion upon it between her worst accusers and ourselves. They allege, and we admit, that it proves the most unbounded passion for her paramour, but nothing further can be deduced from it, with regard to the murder of her husband:—In spite of the daily increasing rumours of Bothwell's guilt, he continued to enjoy an all-powerful influence, and the most familiar intercourse with Mary. He received from her bounty the castle and lordship of Dunbar, the castle of Blackness, the superiority of Leith, and an enlargement of his office of High Admiral, while the government of Edinburgh Castle was granted by his intercession to Sir James Balfour, his confederate. The principal nobles kept aloof from the Court in disgust, and Murray, sagaciously watching the signs of the times and prescient of the storm, obtained leave to quit the kingdom. When, at length, the complaints of Lennox and the clamours of the people rendered Bothwell's public trial for the murder unavoidable, that trial was hurried on with unseemly haste, and closed by a collusive acquittal. At the meeting of parliament immediately afterwards, Bothwell was selected by the Queen to bear the crown and sceptre before her, and the three estates were induced by her influence to confirm his acquittal and approve the conduct of the jury. On the very day when parliament rose, the profligate favourite, having invited the chief nobility, both Protestant and Romanist, to supper, persuaded or overawed them into signing a bond, which earnestly recommended 'this high and mighty Lord' as a suitable husband for the Queen. 'Whatever is dishonest reigns presently in our Court,' writes Kirkaldy of Grange; 'God deliver them from their evil!'

Wholly resigning herself to her strong and shameful passion for a most unworthy object—'*mon cœur, mon sang, mon ame, et mon souci*,' as one of her alleged sonnets calls him—Mary readily admitted, perhaps even actively pressed, all the remaining steps to attain a speedy marriage. A divorce between Bothwell and his Countess, Lady Jean Gordon, was hurried through in headlong haste, with her own consent and her brother's, on the ground of consanguinity within the forbidden degrees †—the same pretext probably which the Queen had designed to take with respect to

* To the Earl of Bedford, April 20, 1567.

† We may observe, in passing, that Lady Jean Gordon seems to have been a lady of much prudence; she was remarried to the Earl of Sutherland, and after his death to a third husband, and survived till 1629, but retained till her death her jointure out of Bothwell's estate. See a note to Laing's 'Dissertation,' vol. i. p. 346. Mary's alleged 'Sonnets' show extreme jealousy of her.

Darnley. A pretext seemed also wanting to palliate her own immediate marriage with the man so lately arraigned as her husband's murderer. To afford this, as, on the 24th of April, the Queen was returning from a visit to the prince her son at Stirling, she was seized at Almond Bridge, near Edinburgh, by Bothwell, with a party of his friends, and carried with a show of violence to his castle of Dunbar. When one of her attendants on this occasion, Sir James Melvil, remonstrated against such usage, he was secretly informed by one of Bothwell's servants that all had been done with the Queen's own consent.* But it has since been vehemently urged in her vindication—how truly let the reader judge—that her approaching marriage was owing solely to the force which was used against her at this time. A few days afterwards she returned with Bothwell to the capital, and appeared restored to liberty. She summoned the Chancellor, judges, and nobility to the High Court of Edinburgh, and declared before them that, though at first incensed at the Earl's presumption in the seizure of her person, she had forgiven him his offence in consequence of his subsequent good conduct, and that she intended to promote him to still higher honours. Accordingly, on the same day she created him Duke of Orkney, placing with her own hands the coronet upon his head, and on the 15th of May she was married to him at Holyrood House. The spectators observed that Mary was again attired in her mourning weeds.

It is remarkable how very far from joyful to the unfortunate Mary were even the first moments when even her own earnest wishes were fulfilled; how truly she was 'cursed with every granted prayer;' how little the pageants or the tournaments of the day could soothe her wounded spirit; how soon Bothwell's passionate and brutal temper recoiled upon herself. 'To those old friends,' says Mr. Tytler, 'who were still at Court, and who saw her in private, it was evident that, though she still seemed to love him, she was a changed and miserable woman.' A letter, derived by Mr. Tytler's industry from the secret archives of the House of Medici, at Florence, sets this fact beyond a doubt. M. de Croc, the French ambassador, writes as follows on the 18th of May to the Queen Dowager, Catherine de Medici: '*Jeudi*' (this was the 15th, the very day of the marriage)—

'*Jeudi sa Majesté m'envoya querir, où je m'aperçus d'une étrange façon entre elle et son mari, ce qu'elle me voulut excuser disant que si je la voyais triste c'était pour ce qu'elle ne voulait se réjouir, comme elle dit ne le faire jamais, ne désirant que la mort. Hier étant renfermés tous deux dedans un cabinet avec le Comte de Bothwell, elle cria tout haut, qu'on lui baillât un couteau pour se tuer! Ceux qui étaient dedans la*

* Melvil's Memoirs, p. 80.

chambre dans la pièce qui précède le cabinet l'entendirent. Ils pensent si Dieu ne lui aide, qu'elle se désespérera. Je l'ai conseillée et confortée le mieux que j'ai pu ces trois fois que je l'ai vue. Son mari ne la fera pas longue, car il est trop hai en ce royaume, et puis l'on ne cessera jamais que la mort du Roi ne soit sue. Il n'y a pas ici un seul Seigneur de nom, que le dit Comte de Bothwell et le Comte de Craufurd ; les autres sont mandés et ne veulent point venir.'

A formidable confederacy was, indeed, already formed against her, on the ground of avenging the murdered King, and protecting the young prince, whom, it was alleged, Bothwell intended to seize and put to death. Morton, Mar, Lindsay, Grange, and many more, with their retainers, appeared in arms ; several of Bothwell's accomplices in the crime, such as Huntly and Argyle, forsook him for their own security ; and even the secretary, Lethington, the contriver of the whole, fled from Court, and joined the ranks of the confederates. Mary and Bothwell, however, having mustered an army, advanced from Dunbar, and encamped on Carberry Hill. But her own troops began to waver when in sight of the confederates (June 15, 1567) ; and Mary was induced to trust their solemn promise, conveyed through Grange, that if she would leave the Earl of Bothwell (whose retreat to Dunbar they had already intercepted) they would receive and obey her as their sovereign. Mary, ever prone to act on the impulse of the moment, agreed to these terms, and came forward to the ranks of the confederates, while Bothwell was allowed to ride off the field by the very men who had declared his punishment to be the main object of this rising. Their promises to Mary were broken even before the sun of that day had set : far from being obeyed as a sovereign, she was denounced as a murderess, and treated as a captive.

'Her spirit, however,' observes Mr. Tytler, 'instead of being subdued, was rather roused by their baseness. She called for Lindsay, one of the fiercest of the confederate barons, and bade him give her his hand. He obeyed. "By the hand," said she, "which is now in yours, I'll have your head for this." Unfortunate princess ! When she spoke thus, little did she know how soon that unrelenting hand, which had been already stained with Riccio's blood, would fall still heavier yet upon herself !

'Next day a hurried consultation was held ; and in the evening she was sent a prisoner to Lochleven, a castle situated in the midst of a lake belonging to Douglas, one of the confederates, and from which escape was deemed impossible. In her journey thither she was treated with studied indignity, exposed to the gaze of the mob, miserably clad, mounted on a sorry hackney, and placed under the charge of Lindsay and Ruthven, men of savage manners even in this age.'

We may add, that, amidst danger and disgrace, her passion for Bothwell

Bothwell continued unabated. 'She saith'—here we quote a letter of Throckmorton, the English ambassador,—'that if it were put to her choice to relinquish her crown and kingdom or the Lord Bothwell, she would leave her kingdom and dignity to go as a simple damsel with him.'*

A few days afterwards, the confederates, having intercepted one of Bothwell's servants, named Dalglish, on his way from Edinburgh Castle, became possessed of a silver casket, which Bothwell had deposited in the fortress for security, and which contained, as is alleged, some secret letters and sonnets which Mary had addressed to her paramour. At a later period, Sir James Balfour having surrendered the castle to the confederates, they also obtained the original Band, signed by Lethington and others, for the murder of the King: but Lethington, who was now high in power, and anxious to conceal his own and his friends' participation in the crime, hastened to commit the tell-tale document to the flames. This important fact, which is new to the controversy, has been elicited by Mr. Tytler from a private despatch which Drury addressed to Cecil on the 28th of November, 1567. With regard to the letters and sonnets, their authenticity has been loudly and longly denied, and as loudly and longly asserted. Every sentence, every word they contain has become a topic either for cavil or for confirmation. On this often debated and re-debated question we are happy to find the opinion which we had formed entirely concur with that which Mr. Tytler has expressed. Like him, we have little doubt that some letters from Mary to Bothwell did really fall into the hands of her enemies; nay, we will go farther, and say we have little doubt that far the greater part of the letters and sonnets now produced were really hers. But the originals have long since disappeared under suspicious circumstances; and 'the state,' says Mr. Tytler, 'in which the copies (or rather the translations) have descended to our times is evidently garbled, altered, and interpolated, and renders it impossible for any sincere inquirer after the truth to receive such evidence.' Let it only be considered for a moment how strong was the temptation, how great the facility, for interpolation, and how little scrupulous were the men who may be suspected of that baseness. According to our previous narrative it is plain that the Queen's secret letters to Bothwell must have contained abundant proofs of her blind infatuation for him, but none of any foreknowledge or participation in Darnley's death. Now the former proofs would not have sufficed for the object of her enemies, as not affording an adequate legal ground for her deposition. How

* Sir N. Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, July 14, 1567.

important,

important, then, for the new Regent and his partisans to forge what they could not find! Nay, we even think we can discern the precise place where the principal interpolation was effected,—in the second half of the first letter. This letter, being, as is alleged, written in great haste, and late at night, seems to have degenerated, at its close, to a scrawl unlike the Queen's usual hand. It contains these phrases: 'Excuse me if I write ill; you must guess one-half.' And again, 'Excuse my evil writing.' We find, also, that this letter, which is of great length, extended over several detached pages or loose pieces of paper, on which some memoranda of the Queen had been already noted. Was it not easy, then, even for the least skilful forger, while preserving the earlier pages of the letter, to subtract the last, and substitute others, presenting nearly the same hasty and half illegible characters, but containing, besides, some distinct allusions to the murder? Such allusions we accordingly find, heaped together in this part of the first letter, full, frequent, and repeated—palpable interpolations, as we think them—while scarce any such appear elsewhere, either in the sonnets or in the remaining correspondence.

But further still, it is only this explanation that can, as we conceive, render clear the subsequent conferences at York and Westminster. In these it will strike any impartial inquirer that there appeared a strange reluctance and hesitation on both sides—both apparently labouring under some uneasy consciousness. There was neither on the one side a free and ready production of the documents, nor yet on the other a constant and clear denial of them. From hence, as Mr. Tytler remarks, some points in these conferences may be justly urged against Mary's character, and others as justly in its favour. Now if the letters were either wholly authentic or wholly fabricated, we surely should not find the same timidity in both the contending parties. We can only explain it by the general authenticity but partial interpolation of these papers—Mary, unwilling to acknowledge the expressions of her guilty passion—and Murray unable to establish the expressions of her murderous connivance.

It might not be difficult, we fear, to give other instances of such interpolations and suppressions in that age, even on much less temptation, and from statesmen of far higher honour than was ever ascribed to Morton or to Murray.—In 1586 the Earl of Leicester wrote a despatch from the Netherlands to Queen Elizabeth, so imprudently expressed for his own interest, that the Lords of the Council, on receiving it, resolved to keep it back from her Majesty: but in a few days, 'finding her Majesty in such hard terms for your Lordship not writing to herself . . . they conferred of the letter again, and blotting out some things

which they thought would be offensive, and mending some other parts as they thought best,'—laid it before their Royal Mistress.*—Nay more, we can bring a similar case home to Morton himself—the very man accused of tampering with Mary's letters—and this case shall rest upon his own avowal. In 1571 a letter from the King of Denmark, relating to Bothwell and addressed to the Regent Lennox, fell into the hands of Morton. Queen Elizabeth requested to see it, but the Scottish Earl, finding in it some things more likely 'to injure than further' the cause, withheld the original, and gave a copy in which he omitted what he thought 'not meet to be shown!'+

There are two other documents which Mary's advocates no less loudly denounce as fabrications—the two dying confessions of the Frenchman, Paris, when executed as an accessory to the murder. Mr. Tytler's grandfather, in his Dissertation, has devoted a chapter to prove that these confessions were forged by Mary's enemies. We must own that we have not been convinced by his arguments. On the contrary, we hold with Robertson that these confessions 'are remarkable for a simplicity and *naïveté* which it is almost impossible to imitate; and that they abound with a number of minute facts and particulars which the most dexterous forger could not have easily assembled and connected together with any appearance of probability.' But though we do not doubt that these confessions were really spoken by the man whose name they bear, we are far from believing that this man always spoke the truth. His first confession was made on the 9th of August, 1569—'sans être interrogé, et de son propre mouvement,' as we find in the preamble,—and it appears an honest narrative of all he knew respecting the murder, dashed only with frequent flatteries and compliments to Murray, then Lord-Regent, which denote his hopes of pardon.‡ At the conclusion he states, 'voilà tout ce que je sais touchant ce fait.' In this confession there is abundant evidence against Bothwell as the author of the crime, but none against the Queen. It was, however, not against Bothwell, but against his mistress, that proofs were sought for by the party then in power. After this confession, therefore, they seem to have tampered with the prisoner's hopes of mercy, provided he should give evidence suited to their ends—perhaps even they may, as Robertson hints, have used or threatened 'the vio-

* Thomas Duddeley to the Earl of Leicester, February 11, 1586, printed in the Hardwicke State Papers, vol. i. p. 298-301.

† See the letter in Goodall, vol. ii. p. 382; dated March 24, 1571.

‡ Thus, for instance, he puts into his own mouth as a soliloquy at the time of Darnley's murder; 'Oh, Monsieur de Morra, tu es homme de bien, plut à Dieu que tu scus mon cœur, &c.' Mr. Laing justly observes, 'Such an artful intermixture of truth and flattery was extremely natural to one in Paris's situation.'—vol. ii. p. 35.

lence of torture'—and thus on the next day Paris made a second confession, not freely and spontaneously, like the first, but when pressed and urged with inquiries. This second confession is filled with criminations of the Queen as a party to the murder, but with some particulars most improbable, and others clearly false, as has been not only shown by Whitaker and William Tytler, but admitted by Robertson himself. In consequence, probably, of these criminations, the execution of Paris was deferred for some days further, while the pleasure of the Lord-Regent and council was taken; but the decision was unfavourable, and the miserable man 'sufferit death by order of law' on the 16th of the same month. Surely under such circumstances there appears the strongest reason for assigning a very different degree of weight and authority to the two confessions.

We pass over the subsequent events in Mary's life—the crowning of the baby prince as King—and the proclamation of Murray as Regent—nay, we even resist the temptation of inserting Mr. Tytler's narrative of Mary's romantic escape from the island fortress of Lochleven, to which the private archives of the House of Medici have supplied some new and interesting facts. In like manner we forbear to tell how, on her escape, the nobles gathered round her banner—how that banner fell for ever on the field of Langside—how Mary fled into England from reliance on Elizabeth's friendship—and how, in after years, that reliance was requited. But we must again advert to our controversy on Darnley's murder.

In corroboration, or at least in countenance, of the views we have taken of that question, we may appeal in some degree even to adverse authority. Dr. Robertson, though preferring and adopting the theory of Mary's guilt, distinctly admits, at the end of his Dissertation, that the theory of her innocence as regarding the murder would also be compatible with the proofs he has produced:—'In my opinion,' says he, 'there are only two conclusions which can be drawn from these facts; one, that Bothwell, prompted by his ambition or love, encouraged by the Queen's known aversion to her husband, and presuming on her attachment to himself, struck the blow without having concerted it with her.' The other conclusion is, that which Murray and his adherents laboured to establish, that 'she was of the foreknowledge, council, and devise of the said murder.' The same alternative is also laid down by a most discerning and impartial historian of our own time—Mr. Hallam.* We will venture, however, to mention a few additional reasons, why of these two conclusions we adopt the former.

1. The previous high character of Mary in France, during her

* Constitutional History, vol. iii. p. 415.

early years. There every testimony seems to concur in her praise. Throckmorton, an eye-witness, and no partial one, writes as follows to the council of England :—

‘ During her husband’s life there was no great account made of her, for that being under band of marriage and subjection of her husband, who carried the burden and care of all her matters, there was offered no great occasion to know what was in her. But since her husband’s death she hath showed, and so continueth, that she is both of great wisdom for her years, modesty, and also of great judgment in the wise handling herself and her matters. And already it appeareth that some such as made no great account of her, do now, seeing her wisdom, both honour and pity her.’ *

Without a long and needless array of testimonies we may mention that the shrewd and sarcastic Brantome, who had many opportunities of observing Mary, both in France and on her passage to Scotland, extols her for those very qualities most essential to the present controversy—a kindness, and gentleness of heart—an unwillingness of inflicting pain, and a horror of seeing it inflicted :—

‘ Cette Reine etait du tout bonne et douce... Alors qu’elle etait dans sa galere elle ne voulut jamais permettre que l’on battit le moins du monde un seul forçat; et le commanda tres expressement au comité, ayant une compassion extreme de leur misere, et le cœur lui en faisait mal.’ †

2. The subsequent conduct of Mary during her captivity in England. Here again we forbear from any length of details or accumulation of testimonies—we will give only one—very different, certainly, from Brantome, but perhaps not less in point. Here is the opinion upon Queen Mary of the great founder and high-priest of the Methodists :—‘ The circumstances of her death are equal to those of an ancient martyr.’ ‡ Shall we say, then, that her repeated and solemn declarations of innocence of any share in her husband’s death are deserving of no weight? Shall we hastily affix upon a woman, obtaining such high praise both before and since, the brand of an atrocious murder—a murder heightened by every circumstance of domestic treachery and false blandishments intended to betray—a murder not in haste

* Throckmorton’s despatch, Dec. 31, 1560: first printed from the State-Paper Office by Mr. Tytler. The device assumed by Mary on her first husband’s death is curious, as a specimen of the quaint conceits of that time. It was a stalk of liquorice—‘ duquel la racine est douce et tout le reste hors de terre, amer, avec ces mots *Dulce in eum terra tegit, la terre cache ma douceur!* (De Coste, *Eloges et Vies des Reines*, vol. ii. p. 257.) Catherine de Medici, on her widowhood, selected as her device a mountain of quick-lime, with rain-drops falling on it (in allusion to her tears); and the motto, *Ardorem extinctâ testantur vivere flammâ!*—Brantome, *Œuvres*, vol. ii. p. 58. Ed. 1740.

† Brantome, *Œuvres*, vol. ii. p. 146. Ed. 1740.

‡ Wesley’s Journal, May 11, 1761.

and sudden anger, but calmly planned and plotted—the murder not merely of a hateful husband, but of his innocent page, who slept in the same apartment, and must have perished by the same explosion? Shall we believe that a woman, who through life held fast the belief—however erroneously, yet still sincerely and devoutly—of one form of Christian faith, would add to such a crime as murder the horrible blasphemy of declaring that ‘it was not chance but God’ that had led her that night to Edinburgh, and saved her from the same death? A guilty passion might, though not justify, yet explain her conjugal infidelity; but can it also render probable all these added atrocities?

3. Darnley’s own mother, the Countess of Lennox, was at first vehemently prepossessed against Mary as one of the authors of his murder; but became convinced of her innocence, and entered into friendly correspondence with her during several years before she died.*

4. The bitter complaints against Darnley which Mary made to Archbishop Beaton at Paris, in her letter of the 20th January, 1566, seem scarcely compatible with any sinister design on her part to be executed a few days afterwards, since she must have felt the utter inutility of such reproaches against one who was so soon to be removed; and have feared that they might afterwards afford a ground for suspicions against her.

5. It seems to us that in this controversy several of the arguments employed by Mary’s adversaries recoil upon themselves. Thus it is alleged against her as a strong ground of suspicion, that on arriving with the King at Kirk of Field, she directed a new bed of black-figured velvet to be removed from his apartment lest it should be soiled by the bath, and an old purple travelling bed to be placed in its stead.† By her order, also, on the Saturday before the murder, a coverlet,—‘which was probably valuable,’ says Mr. Laing—was removed from her own bed; and, Mr. Laing is pleased to add, ‘this single circumstance is decisive of her guilt.’‡ Now we would really put it to the common sense of any reader whether such facts as these do not rather tend to her innocence? Can we conceive any woman—much less a sovereign—pausing on the verge of an atrocious murder to secure some household furniture from damage, and incurring the risk of suspicion on that account? There is a precedent of King Frederick the Second—Thiebault, we think, tells the story—who, seeing his nephew and presumptive heir fall from his horse in battle, cried out, ‘There is the Prince of Prussia killed! Let

* See a letter in the Appendix to Mr. William Tytler’s Dissertation, vol. ii. p. 404, ed. 1790.

† Laing’s Dissertation, vol. i. p. 32.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 36.

his saddle and bridle be cared for!' But where shall we find another case of a Queen exclaiming, 'Strangle my husband in his bed, but spare, oh spare the curtains and the coverlet!'

6. No good answer has ever been returned to the following argument of our author's grandfather:—

'It is obvious, that whoever were the perpetrators of this horrid affair (the murder of Darnley), one part of their plan, and a striking one, was to leave no room to doubt but that Lord Darnley must have died a violent death, and to proclaim to the whole world that he was murdered, and the murder conducted by persons in power. . . . Mary's supposed wishes might easily have been accomplished by Darnley's death without suspicion of violence. Darnley was at all times in her power; he had long been in a languishing state of health after a dangerous malady. This was most favourable for her purpose. His sudden death, under these circumstances, would have been nowise surprising. . . . As it is agreed by all the historians that he was suffocated, why not rest upon that? When Darnley's breath was stopped, her purpose was effected. Why, contrary to every consideration which common sense could dictate, should the Queen think of proclaiming this murder in the face of day to all the world, attended with every circumstance of horror, and such as to fix suspicion on herself?'

We may add, that no persons could have derived any possible advantage from such publicity and such suspicions, unless Lethington and his confederates of the 'band,'—and we learn, accordingly, from other quarters, that Lethington had been the first deviser of the whole design.

7. The dying confession of Bothwell. On parting from the Queen at Carberry Hill, that daring ruffian had returned to Dunbar, from whence he sailed with several ships of war, and failing to make head in the north of Scotland, proceeded to the Orkneys, and was reduced to become a pirate for subsistence. A richly-laden vessel being attacked by him off the coast of Norway, the Norwegians came with armed boats to its defence, and after a desperate struggle Bothwell and his crew were taken prisoners. He was removed to a castle in Denmark, where he languished several years in close captivity; and where, it is alleged, though the fact be controverted, that he lost his senses from despair.† His body became greatly swollen in the summer of 1575, and he died early in the ensuing year. If, however, his reason had wandered, it appears in his last days to have returned—a common

* Dissertation by William Tytler, Esq., vol. ii. p. 82—85, ed. 1790. The fact elicited since this author wrote, that the Queen's private 'medecinar' had been sent to attend Darnley soon after his illness seized him, is important, as proving the opportunities of poison.

† That Bothwell became insane is asserted by De Thou, and the '*Summarium de Morte Mariæ*,' published 1587, but denied by Blackwood and Turner in 1598. (Mr. Laing's Appendix; No. xxxi.)

case in the annals of insanity—and his remorse, we are assured, impelled him to a confession of his crimes, in which he acknowledged the murder of Darnley, but declared that the Queen had no participation in it. Some men might be suspected, while revealing their own guilt, of seeking to shelter the guilt of their accomplices; but no such chivalrous motive can be believed of the selfish and reckless Bothwell, and we can only ascribe to him that penitence which in the hour of death can pierce even the most hardened hearts. The value of such a testimony to Mary's innocence was immediately discerned both by herself and by her enemies. On the 1st June, 1576, she writes as follows to Archbishop Beatoun, still her ambassador in France:—

‘On m’a donné avis de la mort du Comte de Bothwell, et qu’avant son décès il fit une ample confession de ses fautes, et se déclara auteur et coupable de l’assassinat du feu Roi mon mari, dont il me décharge bien expressément, jurant sur la damnation de son âme pour mon innocence. Et d’autant s’il était ainsi ce témoignage m’importerait beaucoup contre les fausses calomnies de mes ennemis, je vous prie d’en rechercher la vérité par quelque moyen que ce soit. Ceux qui assistèrent à ladite déclaration, depuis par eux signée et scellée en forme de testament, sont Otto Braw du Château d’Elcambre, Paris Braw du Château de Vascut, M. Gullunstarne du Château de Fulcenstere, l’Evêque de Skon, et quatre Baillis de la ville.’

On the 30th July Beatoun replies from Paris, that the intelligence of Bothwell's dying declaration has reached him also; that the Queen-Mother has written to the French ambassador in Denmark to obtain a formal copy, and that he would wish to send an agent of his own, named Monceaux, but is prevented by want of money. And he adds, in another letter of January 4, 1577:— ‘Monceaux n’a voulu entreprendre le voyage sans avoir argent comptant.’ On the 6th of the same January, Mary writes again:—

‘J’ai eu avis que le Roi de Dannemarc a envoyée à cette Reine (Elizabeth) la testament du feu Comte de Bothwell, et qu’elle l’a supprimé secrètement le plus qu’il lui a été possible. Il me semble que le voyage de Monceaux n’est nécessaire pour ce regard, puisque la Reine-Mère a envoyée, comme vous dites.’

We hear no further of Bothwell's confession since it was suppressed by Elizabeth; but on Mary's execution it was confidently appealed to as one proof of her innocence, by Blackwood and Turner, and was allowed as an undoubted fact by Camden in his ‘Annals.’ Mr. Laing, however, has denied the reality of any such confession, on the ground that a pretended copy which was afterwards circulated is a palpable forgery, alluding, as it does, to Lord Robert Stuart, ‘maintenant Comte des Isles Orchades,’
which

which he was not created until August, 1581; so that Bothwell could never have called him so in 1576. But the appearance of a fabrication, where the original has been withheld, is no proof against the authority of that original. When Mary's partisans found the influence of Elizabeth exerted with the King of Denmark to prevent the appearance of this unwelcome document, what could be more natural than an attempt at counterfeiting it, adding also the names of those whom Bothwell accused as his accomplices, but adding them not according to the truth, or to his statement, but according to their own interests or partialities when they devised the forgery? To this we must add what Mr. Laing has entirely overlooked, that the forged document does not purport to be a copy or transcript of the original confession, but only a vague abridgment of it; for the forged document concludes in these words:—*Tout ceci plus à plein a été écrit en Latin et Danois . . . et viendra quelque jour en lumière pour averer l'innocence de la Reine d'Ecosse.* We thought it possible that the original, or an authentic copy, might still be found among the Danish archives, and might become a valuable addition to our own. With this view one of the commissioners of the State-Paper Office took an opportunity three years ago of calling the attention of Lord Palmerston to this subject, and suggesting that our minister at the court of Denmark might be instructed to inquire as to the preservation of this document. Although this suggestion came from a quarter opposed to Lord Palmerston in politics, it was received by his Lordship with the utmost courtesy and readiness: and he wrote accordingly to Copenhagen; but the answer of Sir Henry Wynn gave little hope that a paper of that remote period could be now recovered. Perhaps, however, the document sent to Queen Elizabeth—whether original or copy—may yet lurk in some of the recesses of our own State-Paper Office.

Mr. Laing has said that 'the suffering innocence of Mary is a theme appropriated to tragedy and romance,'* a remark not strictly accurate, since the great dramatic poem founded on her fortunes proceeds upon the theory not of her innocence but of her guilt.† But undoubtedly he is right in thinking that the influence of poetry, or of feelings akin to poetry, has been favourable to this unfortunate princess. Even the most thorough conviction of her guilt could scarcely steel the breast against some compassion for her fate. Who might not sigh as such a tale is

* Dissertation, vol. ii. p. 66.

† 'Ach eine frühe Blutschuld längst gebeichtet
Sie kehrt zurück mit neuer schreckenskraft;
Den König, meinen Gatten, liess ich morden,
Und dem Verführer schenkt ich herz und hand!"

Schiller's *Maria Stuart*, act v. scene 7.

told—

told—how near and close allied are human sins and human sorrows—how fatal through our own errors may become the bright gifts of beauty, warm affections, and a throne! Who that stands, as we have stood, on the green knoll of Fotheringay, with the neighbouring scenes yet unchanged; the same small village clustered around us; the same glassy river rolling by; but no remains of the strong and grated castle beyond the swelling mounds and the darker verdure on the grass; who that sees the quiet flock now feed on the very spot once all astir with the din of preparation, the mock-trial, and the bloody death, could forget that fatal 8th of February, when, amidst wailing attendants, and relenting foes, the victim alone appeared steadfast and serene, and meekly knelt down to pray for forgiveness ‘on all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood,’ and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth! Some feelings of compassion at such an ending are not, we trust and believe, incompatible with zeal for historic truth. But if we are warned against poetry and pity on one side, shall nothing be said of prejudice upon the other? Have we not in the case of Mary reversed, as it were, the Divine decree, and visited the sins, not of the fathers upon the children, but of the children upon the parent? Have we not, because defending our liberties against Charles the First, and our faith against James the Second, often considered the whole line from which they sprung as partakers of their fault or of our animosity? Yet surely even the old, and, if you will, bigoted principle of Mary’s partisans—the ‘UNG ROY, UNG FOY, UNG LOY,’ which was both the motto and maxim of Seyton—might shame some men who took perhaps a better part but from less good motives—who held forth Liberty as a cloak for their own licence, and the Reformation as a pretext for Church plunder. Between these opposite extremes we would seek a more excellent way; and if we might presume, in the place of many abler men, to pass sentence on Queen Mary, we would, even in the ‘poetry’ with which every attempt at her defence is taunted, assume the images called forth by the mighty mind of Dante, and compare the different degrees in his terrible abyss. Let not Mary, then, be hurled with Eccelin or Bothwell into the crimson Bulicame—the seething River of Blood; nor like Lethington be rooted in the thorny forest, and torn by the Harpies’ talons; nor yet like Morton be weighed down by the deceiver’s gilded robes:—

‘Ma dentro tutte piombo e gravi tanto
Che Federigo le mettea di paglia.’

But since we must still condemn her, though in less degree, let her wander beside the guilty but gentle shade of Francesca. She, too, might allege, not in pardon but in pity,—

‘Amor,

'Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s' apprende,
Prese costui della bella persona
Che mi fu tolta.'

In conclusion, we must again thank the author before us for the pleasure and instruction we have derived from his pages. The son of Lord Woodhouselee, and the grandson of William Tytler, had an hereditary claim to the public favour; but this claim he has now established and augmented by merits of his own.

ART. II.—1. *Recollections of a Tour in the North of Europe.*

By the Marquis of Londonderry. London. 2 vols. 8vo. 1838.

2. *Miscellaneous Observations in Russia.* By the Rev. R. Pinkerton, D.D. 8vo. 1833.

3. *Domestic Scenes in Russia.* By the Rev. R. Lister Venables. London. 12mo. 1839.

4. *Excursions in the Interior of Russia.* By Robert Bremner, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 1839.

GIBBON says loftily that the name of Russia was first 'divulged' to the western world in the ninth century, when an embassy from Constantinople to Lewis, the son of Charlemagne, was accompanied by certain envoys of the Czar; but seven hundred years more elapsed before the intercourse was practically established. We are pleased to reflect that the merit belongs to countrymen of our own, who made the discovery of a maritime passage to the mouths of their northern rivers. In the year 1553 sundry 'grave citizens of London and men of great wisdom, perceiving the wares and commodities of England to be in small request with the countries and people about us, began to think with themselves how this mischief was to be avoided.' Instigated by Sebastian Cabot, who, continueth Richard Eden in his *Decades*, 'had long had this secret in his mind,' these associates fitted out three ships and a pinnace for no less an object than the discovery of 'the mighty empire of Cathay and various other regions.' Letters missive from 'the right noble Prince Edward VI.' (then dying) were prepared for 'all the kings and other potentates inhabiting the north-eastern part of the world;' and Sir Hugh Willoughby, knight, and Richard Chancellor, were named the commanders. The little fleet sailed on the 'tenth day of May from Ratcliffe, upon the ebbe,' and as it passed by Greenwich, where the 'court then lay,' so great was the excitement, that 'the courtiers came running

running out, and the common people flocked together, standing very thick upon the shore:—the privy council they looked out of the windows of the court, and the rest ran up to the tops of the towers.' Thus honoured, and amid salutes and cheers of the surrounding ships and mariners, they proceeded on their perilous enterprise. Poor Willoughby, with his own ship the '*Bona Esperanza*,' and her consort, was lost upon the coast of Lapland, but the *Bon Adventure*, weathering all storms, sailed in nightless summer days into the White Sea, and reached the mouth of the Dwina, where her stout-hearted captain, Richard Chancellor—('pilot-major' he might well be called)—cast his anchor. Chancellor's journey inland from near the spot where Archangel now stands, and his reception at Moscow, were worthy of a bold and able adventurer and a stately court. Describing the imperial banquet which was offered to him, he talks of '140 servitors, all arrayed in cloth of gold, which in the dinner-time changed *thrice their habit and apparel*;' whilst 'the furniture of dishes and drinking-vessels, which were there for the use of 200 *guests*, were all of pure gold.' We much doubt if the 'grand monarque' ever exceeded this sumptuousness:—the reader will say it may also be doubted if all was gold that glittered;—but we beg him to remember that such is the story not of one but of several shrewd old English traffickers, who assert that they handled and scrutinised in the morning the articles they had stared at over night. In fact Moscow was an Asiatic capital, quite guiltless of intercourse with *Brummagem*.

The success of Chancellor led to the exchange of ambassadors, and the first commercial treaty between the countries bears the venerable date of 1555. It would appear, indeed, that John Vasilivich II., our first Russian ally, was so enamoured of everything about us, that he even strove hard to get an English wife. Queen Elizabeth, whose good graces the Czar had obtained, wished to have sent him the Lady Anne Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon; but when that amiable damsel was informed of certain autocratical habits of her intended, who was, it appears, a duplicate of our Harry VIII., the last of his *seven wives* having just been thrown into a lake, she prudently declined to fill the vacant situation.

But what was the Muscovite empire of those days? Girt round by formidable neighbours who occasionally ravaged it—the Swede on the north, the Pole on the west, the Turk on the south, and the Tartar on the east—Russia was without a foreign ally save England. Even then, undoubtedly, she had become a powerful and wealthy state—independent (after long struggles) of Polish and Tartar domination—with her people united, as at this day,

day, by one religious creed—in short she had within her the germ of her future grandeur. It was reserved, however, for a prince of the house of Romanow to rouse his countrymen to play a higher part—to break through their surrounding trammels, and to pass from their isolated condition into the fulness of an European empire. Peter the Great sketched, and with his own stout hands to a great extent carried out, that gigantic plan on which the modern Colossus has been raised. His capacious mind called a new maritime capital into existence, in a tract where nature seemed to have placed her *veto*. Russia then, indeed, renouncing her semi-Asiatic state, burst forth upon Europe as a *new* country. One natural result, however, has been, that historians and travellers have, in their descriptions of the empire, taken too much of their colouring from the *new* metropolis, and have comparatively neglected the *old* country. It is, we apprehend, true that large tracts of the *interior* are less known to our contemporaries, than they were to our pushing ancestors—who drove their commerce up the Dwina, and formed dépôts at Vologda, Yaroslaf, and Astracan.

Several recent books about Russia deserve our notice; but with one department of their materials we shall make short work. Few travellers can quit the splendid metropolis of St. Petersburg without giving us a volume upon it. We shall not follow their example—but simply refer to the satisfactory Schnitzler and the excellent Hand-book of Murray; and transcribe a single sketch of the scene that presents itself to the stroller on the ‘sunny cold pavements’ of the grand promenade of the Newski. This we take from none of the authors named at the head of this paper, but from the proof sheets of a forthcoming collection of ‘Familiar Letters’ by a young and beautiful and witty English spinster, whose work, when it does appear, will, we venture to predict, cause a sensation hardly inferior to that which attended the bursting of the ‘Old Man’s’ Brunnen Bubbles:

Here it is Russians of all garbs and ranks pass before you. There stands the picturesque Isvouchik, loitering carelessly beneath the trees of the avenue, who, catching your steady gaze, starts up, displays a row of beautiful teeth beneath his thickly-bearded lip, and, pointing to his droschky, splutters out, “Kudi vam ugodno?” or “Whither does it please you?” Here stalks the erect Russian peasant, by birth a serf and in gait a prince,—the living effigy of an old patriarch,—bearded to the waist, his kaftan of sheep’s-skin, or any dark cloth, wrapped round him; the ample front of which, confined at the waist by a belt of bright colours, contains all that another would stow in a pocket; literally portraying the words of Scripture, “Full measure shall men pour into your bosom.” Contrary to all established rule, the Russian peasant wears his shirt, always blue or red, over his trousers, his trousers under his boots; and doubtless

doubtless deems this the most sensible arrangement. And look, here go a posse of Russian foot-soldiers, with close-shorn head and face and brow-beat look—as little of the martial in their dusky attire as of glory in their hard lives—the mere drudges of a review, whom Mars would disown. Not so the tiny Circassian, light in limb and bright in look, flying past on his native barb, armed to the teeth, with eyes like loadstars, which the cold climate cannot quench. Now turn to the slender Finn, whose teeth are of pearl, and hair so yellow that you mistake it for a lemon-coloured handkerchief peeping from beneath his round hat ; or see, among the whirl of carriages three or four abreast in the centre of the noble street, that handsome Tartar coachman, with hair and beard of jet, sitting gravely, like a statue of Moses, on his box, while the little postilion dashes on with the foremost horses, ever and anon throwing an anxious look behind him, lest the ponderous vehicle, which the long traces keep at half a street's distance, should not be duly following ; and within lolls the pale Russian beauty, at whose careless bidding they all are hurrying forward, looking as apathetic to all the realities of life as any other fine lady in any other country could do. These are the pastimes which the traveller finds in the streets here, further beguiled by the frequent question and frequent laugh, as you peep into the various magazines, listen to the full-mouthed sounds, and inhale the scent of Russian leather, with which all Petersburg is most appropriately impregnated.'

Those who wish for minute details of the gaieties of the court, and the splendours of the camp, will find an ample feast in the 'Recollections' of the Marquis of Londonderry—whose elegant lady also has published in one of our *Annuals* a very pretty chapter or two on the former of these captivating themes. As might have been expected, the Marquess warmly advocates that cause with which his chivalrous life and old associations have identified him. In this northern narrative we have constantly before us the same Charles Stewart, upon whose 'noble horsemanship' we looked with pleasure and pride (for reviewers may have been soldiers) as, more than thirty years ago, when the British trumpets first sounded in Spain, he led his fine hussars into the Escorial : the same undaunted cavalier who at Benevente, on that lowering day when Napoleon in person was pressing on the army of the gallant Moore, covered our retreat by crossing the Tormes with a few squadrons and defeating the Imperial Guard. Is it not he, who, while the great war rolled on, represented our country in the camps of our allies ? Justly, therefore, may we say that, in honouring him with special courtesy and confidence, Nicholas honoured one of England's most distinguished soldiers. Nor are we at all surprised that such an ardent and generous spirit should have been potently affected by the sort of reception he met with in Russia—he can afford, as well as we,

to smile at the criticism of a witty brother peer, who, on reaching the last page of the book, scribbled this *envoy* :—

‘ If all be gospel that you write,
Heaven’s paved, of course, with malachite.’

Making due allowance for the ‘*couleur de rose*’ with which everything must have been invested in his eyes, we still have facts enough brought forward on which we are bound to place reliance. Such, for example, is the Emperor’s own declaration :—

‘ England and Russia are so placed *geographically* by Providence, that they ought always to understand each other and be friends ; and I have ever done all in my power to accomplish it. Really I have so much love for England, that when the Journals and the Radicals were abusing me outrageously, I had the greatest desire to put myself into a steam-boat and proceed direct to London (apprising the King of course of my intended arrival), to present myself among reasonable and fair-judging Englishmen, to converse with them and to show them how unjustly I was aspersed. It is my ardent wish to cultivate peaceable relations of amity with all powers. I want *interior tranquillity and time to consolidate* the component parts of this great empire.’—p. 13.

That the Emperor commands admirably in his own person at a review, and is a most adroit tactician, is admitted by all, and the more we follow him into the different departments of government, the more shall we find that he there displays the same spirit and energy as at the head of his troops ; that he is, in short, as Benkendorf said of him, in courtier’s language, ‘ *le professeur en tout.*’ But he is not only the brilliant chief and able administrator ; unless all reporters, of whatever shade of opinion, are alike in the wrong, Nicholas is the pattern of domestic excellence, whether viewed as a son, a father, or a husband. We may express our own belief that Russia has not been governed by a man of so much firmness of purpose since the death of Peter the Great ; and as his decisions are influenced by the strongest desire to do justice to the *lower orders*, he is naturally looked up to by them with filial affection. His personal influence over the people has been put to the severest tests, both when he threw himself into the midst of an infuriated mob during the raging of the cholera, and when he quelled the bloody insurrection of the military colonies. On the first occasion he galloped in his *droszki* alone, and unattended by a single soldier, into the centre of a great market-place crowded with the deluded people, who imagined that their food was poisoned. Commanding them to fall on their knees and pray to God, who alone could avert the pestilence, he calmed the tempest, and was followed by the people into the church, where they invoked blessings on the head of their *father*—

for

for so the sovereign is still universally styled and addressed in Russia. A like magnanimous promptitude carried him to the scene of the cholera-mutiny of the soldier-peasants. The heads of the officers of these misguided men were rolling down the steps of the barracks when the Emperor appeared. And how attended? with artillery and dragoons? No—in his travelling calèche, accompanied only by Count Orloff. Standing forth to the mutineers, he thus addressed them: ‘Soldiers! you have committed the deepest crimes—instant submission and acknowledgment of your guilt can alone save you.’ The muskets dropped from the arms of the men, and they fell prostrate before him. ‘Now,’ added he, ‘that you are again my subjects, I forgive you, but on one condition only, that you at once name the men who misled you.’ The ringleaders were then exiled to Siberia, and this fearful insurrection passed away.

Returning to Lord Londonderry, we would say that his first volume, which contains accounts of what he saw or heard, is of much greater value than the second. When the gallant Marquess quits the ‘court and camp,’ and trusts to others, he is not to be safely followed. It is on his charger that we admire him, and not when, tampering with ‘the ologies,’ he administers *dyoritics* (diorites) to his readers!

Those who are little versed in that form of Christianity in which so many millions of our fellow-creatures in the Russian empire devoutly believe, will find ample instruction in the pages of Dr. Pinkerton—one of the most efficient missionaries ever sent out by the Bible Society—a modest, pious, and really learned man. If he had given us nothing more than his translation of Russian proverbs, he would have deserved our best thanks for thus throwing light on the character and manners of a people among whom traditionary maxims have so much influence. But in addition to this he has accumulated for our use quite a harvest of personal observation; and, moreover, he has put into fair English six sermons of Russian prelates, which, as they powerfully inculcate the wholesome doctrines of faith and charity, do not lack of merit in our eyes from their terseness and *brevity*. Fifteen minutes would dispose of the longest. Hear this, ye who run into the second hour!

The two works, however, which we most recommend to the general reader are the ‘Domestic Scenes’ by Mr. Venables, and the ‘Excursions’ by Mr. Bremner. It is at the same time right to premise, that very large portions of Russia in Europe have not been visited by either of these gentlemen. It must, in particular, be always borne in mind, that their opinions have been formed in districts where the great mass of the peasantry are the serfs of individual

vidual proprietors, who, although responsible to their own college and to the marshal of their own order, as well as to the senate, for the commission of any abuse, still often contrive to place themselves beyond the reach of the law, notwithstanding every effort of the Emperor. In the great northern governments of Olonetz, Archangel, and Vologda, of which these writers know and say nothing, the traveller will meet with a different and a very superior race of peasantry. He will there find tall, well-featured men, with the front of sturdy yeomen, who, having lived from father to son for centuries upon the soil which they cultivate, acknowledge no lord save the Emperor, or his representative officers. Vexed with no extraordinary exactions, their only cares are to pay a moderate fixed tax to the State, and to furnish their quota of recruits for the army. These *crown peasants* of Russia (*twenty-two millions* of souls) are well lodged, well warmed, comfortably dressed, and seem to enjoy existence as much as the workpeople of many parts of France and England—to say nothing of Ireland, or of various extensive districts in the Scotch Highlands. We speak from our own observation—strengthened, however, by that of a most intelligent French ‘*compagnon de voyage*’—and of course only on the general aspect of things. We have as yet no documents to enable us to judge correctly of the trade, manufactures, and agriculture of these vast governments (the work of Schnitzler being very meagre in respect to them); but we may hope to be soon furnished with ample materials for thinking, through the researches of the Baron A. de Meyendorf, who is, we know, at present employed in a general statistical survey by order of the Emperor.

The simple and unpretending volume of the Rev. R. Lister Venables bears throughout the stamp of truth, and, as a picture of a Russian interior, is entitled to our full confidence. Being married to a Russian lady he passed a winter in the social circle of her connexions; and depicts their modes of life with spirit and in a very pleasing style. In the outset he describes a peculiar carriage, the ‘*tarantass*,’ which though only used for baggage by his party, is, we can affirm from experience, the best vehicle which the traveller can select for an extensive and difficult journey, its long sedan-chair-like poles being easily replaced or repaired in districts where iron is unknown. Our author says it is ‘the body of an old cabriolet or small britchka, lashed on to the middle part of a light timber-carriage. It has no springs, but the elasticity of the long birch poles which connect the two axles, and on which the body is placed, renders the motion, as I am told, tolerably easy.’ (p. 31.) A good ‘*tarantass*’ is occasionally to be bought in St. Petersburg for about 30*l.*, and, when well furnished with
boxes

boxes and elastic cushions, it will be found, we repeat, both pleasant and commodious, and better suited to the Russian byeways than the best britchka of Long Acre.

Mr. Venables describes accurately whatever he saw; but his account of the country-house (p. 33) must be taken as *the exception*, and not the rule. Such comfortable retreats are, in fact, few and far between, and seldom if ever so well 'got up.' Indeed, Mr. Venables himself expresses this opinion, when he says, in speaking of the landed proprietor, generally,

'Town he regards as the scene of all pleasure and refinement, and he therefore takes little care to render his country-house either elegant or luxurious. He has no country amusements to tempt guests to his house; no grouse, no pheasants, no fox-hunting; for few Russians have any taste for field-sports.'—p. 132.

The hut of the peasant is well sketched; and this is a picture of far wider application. To the equable temperature of their cottages, together with the daily use of the bath, may, we believe, be mainly attributed the longevity of the Russians, and their freedom from rheumatism and other chronic disorders to which our own poor people are so grievously subject:—

'These houses are in general extremely warm and substantial; they are built for the most part of unsquared logs of deal, laid one upon another and firmly secured at the corners, where the ends of the timbers cross, and are hollowed out so as to receive and hold one another: they are also fastened together by wooden pins and uprights in the interior. The four corners are supported upon large stones or roots of trees, so that there is a current of air under the floor, to preserve the timber from damp; in the winter, earth is piled up all round to exclude the cold; the interstices between the logs are stuffed with moss and clay, so that no air can enter. The windows are very small, and are frequently cut out of the wooden wall after it is finished. In the centre of the house is a stove called a *peech* [*pechka*], which heats the cottage to an almost unbearable degree; the warmth, however, which a Russian peasant loves to enjoy within doors is proportioned to the cold which he is required to support without: his bed is the top of his *peech*, and when he enters his house in the winter, pierced with cold, he throws off his sheepskin coat, stretches himself on his stove, and is *thoroughly warmed in a few minutes*.

'There are two important appendages to the village of Krasnoe, which must be mentioned, viz. the *hospital for the peasants*, and the *bath*.'—Venables, p. 35.

Whenever we have seen the Russian peasant dancing and singing at his village *fête*, we were, we confess, impressed with the conviction that he could not be on the whole an unhappy specimen of the children of Adam. We therefore cannot but think that the following passage savours more of *eau de Cologne*

sentimentality than of sober observation and extensive comparison:—

‘It does not follow, however, because the Russian dances and sings, that he is to be considered happy for his station. On the contrary, it surely is a melancholy spectacle, and even degrading to human nature, to see bearded men scrambling like monkeys for gingerbread, and delighting in the sports of children.

‘These people undoubtedly were not oppressed; they were under a kind and considerate master, and they wanted for none of the necessities of life: they, therefore, as individuals, were not to be pitied, and knowing no better, were probably contented with their lot: but the chain of slavery was on their minds, as it is on the minds of the Russian peasantry at large. They know that they can do nothing to change or improve their condition, and therefore they have no stimulus or excitement to energy. They have no habit of acting or deciding for themselves, and are in fact mere grown-up children, equally thoughtless and improvident: as such, indeed, are they treated by law and custom. With little in the world to hope or fear, since to rise is out of the question, and to sink impossible, and with a naturally easy and cheerful disposition, they sing, and dance, and play like children on a holiday, with a light-hearted merriment, which is not happiness; the reckless hilarity of intoxication, forgetful of yesterday and careless of to-morrow, not the sober satisfaction of rational contentment.’—*Venables*, p. 47.

We wonder really that any comfortable gentleman, who has ever happened to ride through the suburbs of an English manufacturing town, can bring himself to indulge in such reflections as these, when he has the honest innocent merriment of a set of well-fed rustics under his eyes—at all events, we shall not imitate him and

— ‘go on refining
While they think of dining.’

To ascend to the diversions of the higher orders in provincial life—it was not our good fortune to fall in with any ‘chasse’ during a recent tour, and from all we could learn, we were disposed to place a very low estimate on the hunting and shooting of the Russians. In a country where the Emperor himself disdains sporting amusements (his true ‘chasse,’ like our own nowadays, being *the review*), it is not to be expected that many will hunt the timid hare or even the grisly wolf or bear. The gun, however, we must say, is well employed which brings down the exquisite *double snipe*; and as Quin urged the ‘gourmets’ to visit Devonshire to eat ‘John Dorys,’ so we advise all our scientific friends, who have due respect for the great ‘Magister Artis ingenique largitor,’ to try to be once in their lives, at least, in Northern Russia towards the end of August, that they may enjoy this delicacy. The Rev. Mr. Venables—not adhering to the rubric, ‘hunt not,
shoot

shoot not'—seems to have been well placed—in the very Leicestershire of Muscovy; and we therefore give his description of a day's hunting among the Boyars—new matter, we suspect, for our English Nimrods:—

'I was mounted on a rough unpromising looking horse, which, however, belied his appearance, and proved to be in reality a good one. I found, indeed, that he was a Don Cossack, which breed of horses is famous for action and endurance, though coarse-looking and small.

'We had four piqueurs dressed in military-shaped frock-coats of blue cloth, edged round with gold-coloured lace, blue trousers, and caps of orange-coloured cloth, with broad black velvet bands; there was also a fifth man, who was, I believe, a valet-de-chambre, and who was dressed somewhat differently. All these were mounted on small active horses of the same description as mine. Three of them wore short swords, and had horns slung over their shoulders. Two managed the greyhounds, and the other three hunted the hounds, for the sport was a combination of hunting and coursing; the object being that the hounds should find hares in the covert and drive them into the open ground to be coursed by the greyhounds. In this manner they sometimes kill twenty in a day; they also kill foxes, and occasionally a wolf; the latter, however, is in general difficult to meet with.

'We threw off among some bushes flanking and connecting two small woods. The hounds were uncoupled amidst a din of whips cracking, horns blowing, and men hallooing; in short, all pains were apparently taken to excite the pack to the highest possible pitch of wildness, and certainly not without success. Away they went into cover giving tongue like hounds who already wind a fox. "That is no hare," quietly remarked my companion, "it is only their joy at getting loose." The joy, however, was not easily subdued, and their cry continued with little interruption to be heard through the woods for about half an hour, when it was asserted they had found a hare, although, as nobody had seen it, I was sceptical enough to doubt its existence. At last a hare really made its appearance, and afforded a short course to the greyhounds, which it escaped by doubling back into the wood. Two men were always stationed outside the covers in favourable spots, each with two or three greyhounds; these dogs knew their business very well, and kept quietly in their proper places; each wore a collar with a ring, so that he could be led if necessary, the men having long leashes for the purpose; this, however, appeared to be seldom used except for young dogs not properly broken in. When the hare turned back into cover, the hounds were cheered on, and they took a ring through some rough ground; the hare was again driven from the wood, but the greyhounds did not catch sight of it, and in the end it was lost. My object, at first, was, if possible, to prevent the greyhounds seeing the hare, in order that we might have a hunt and a bit of a gallop; however, I soon discovered that when from the nature of the ground there was no chance of a course, the harriers very soon either were called off the scent, or threw up their heads of themselves.'—*Venables*, pp. 60-62.

Tame as this sport may seem to the Meltonians, some Russian gentlemen are quite devoted to it. We ourselves were rather surprised to be told about a seigneur who had a pack of 100 *dogs*—for we are not talking of *hounds*—but our author was credibly informed of one who kept *twelve hundred*, killed annually *eighteen hundred hares*, and gloried in a pile of skeletons of *eighteen thousand horses*! ‘What a treasure,’ Mr. Venables exclaims, ‘as manure these bones would be to an English farmer!’ (p. 63.)

Our philosophical agriculturists of Cavendish Square will not, we apprehend, gain much instruction by a visit to a country where turnips and rotation are unknown. In many districts, however, the Russian cultivator excels us in *celerity*. With his light tilega and his active little nags, knowing the value of time in the short and precarious summer of his region, he gallops back for his load of hay; and in the seed-time we have seen several harrows in a field moving about *at a trot*!

After pointing out that the proprietor sees little to attract him to his estate—that his property is sure to be divided among his children at his death—that, in consequence of this frittering away of domains, and the still more melancholy multiplication of really worthless titles, there is no independent aristocracy—that voluntary and sincere attachment between master and serf is very rare—and that no one is anything except what the Emperor chooses to make him—Mr. Venables comes to the conclusion that it is no wonder if—(overlooking of course such an exception as that of his own particular *gite*)—‘the handsome, substantial, well-arranged country-seat is unknown in Russia.’—(p. 133.)

But why particularise Russia, when we know that over nearly the whole continent of Europe such residences are equally unknown? What signify half-a-dozen, or half-a-hundred, exceptions?—we doubt really whether France and Germany put together could supply more. They are in fact purely English features, which we owe, under Providence, to the long-continued exemption of our land from warfare. Our witty and strong-headed friend, Peter Plymley, gave us some years ago the true philosophy of the affair, when he held up to our parsons and squires this picture of Gallic invasion:—

‘Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles around, cart-mares shot, sows of Lord Somerville’s breed running wild over the country, the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs. Plymley in fits. All these scenes of war a *Russian* or an *Austrian* has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farmhouse been rifled, or a clergyman’s wife been subjected to any other proposals

proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate.'—*Letter v.*

If the frost and snow of the last winter were to be repeated in England, the following passage might be worthy of the serious attention of our lords of the soil:—

'The riches of the Russian gentleman lie in the labour of his serfs, which it is his study to turn to good account, and he is the more urged to this, since the law which compels the peasant to work for him, requires him to maintain the peasant; if the latter is found begging, the former is liable to a fine. He is therefore a master who must always keep a certain number of workmen, whether they are useful to him or not: and as every kind of agricultural and out-doors employment is at a stand-still during the winter, he naturally turns to the establishment of a manufactory as a means of employing his peasants, and as a source of profit to himself. In some cases the manufactory is at work only during the winter, and the people are employed in the summer in agriculture; though beyond what is necessary for home consumption, this is but an unprofitable trade in most parts of this empire, from the badness of roads, the paucity and distance of markets, and the consequent difficulty in selling produce.

'The alternate employment of the same man in the field and in the factory, which would be attempted in most countries with little success, is here rendered practicable and easy by the versatile genius of the Russian peasants, one of whose leading national characteristics is a general capability of turning his hand to any kind of work which he may be required to undertake. He will plough to-day, weave to-morrow, help to build a house the third day, and the fourth, if his master needs an extra coachman, he will mount the box and drive four horses abreast, as though it were his daily occupation. It is probable that none of these operations, except, perhaps, the last, will be as well performed as in a country where the division of labour is more thoroughly understood. They will all, however, be sufficiently well done to serve the turn, a favourite phrase in Russia. These people are a very ingenious race, but perseverance is wanting; and though they will carry many arts to a high degree of excellence, they will generally stop short of the point of perfection, and it will be long before their manufactures can rival the finish and durability of English goods.'—*Venables*, p. 140.

We could name two or three noble country-residences in England where something not unlike the arrangement here described has been practised for several years past, and with excellent results. The enormous troop of strapping young fellows, who look well in rich liveries towards the evening, are, in most of our great houses, absolutely idle half the day. They would cease to be the fine-looking men they are, if they did not consult the precepts of Hygeia, by devoting hours on hours to quoits, cricket, and so forth—but to take a turn at the active operations of some trade (and many of them have served apprenticeships to humbler call-
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ings before they mounted the shoulder-knot) answers the same purpose better, and moreover produces practical results, under good inspection, of which the biggest rent-roll need not disdain to take advantage. What harm is there, even in such a country as our own, in a great lord being, to a certain extent, his own master-carpenter, master-upholsterer, or master-coachmaker?

Some admirable home traits are given by M. de Sabourof in a letter to the author. We select one which is highly characteristic of the Russian peasant:—

‘He is deeply imbued with a reverence for religion, and is not so much superstitious as thoroughly ignorant. He kisses the hand of his parish priest, but he laughs at his failings, and *is quite able to make the distinction between the individual and the office*. Of this I can give you a very characteristic anecdote. Passing one day near a large group of peasants, who were assembled in the middle of the village, I asked them what was going forward?

“We are only putting the Father (as they call the priest) into a cellar.”

“Into a cellar,” I replied; “what are you doing that for?”

“Oh,” said they, “he is a sad drunkard, and has been in a state of intoxication all the week; so we always take care, every Saturday, to put him in a safe place, that he may be fit to officiate at church next day; and on Monday he is at liberty to begin drinking again.”

‘I could not help applauding this very sensible arrangement, which was related to me with all the gravity in the world.’—*ibid.*, p. 334.

Yet with all his profound devotion to his own creed, the Greek Christian is tolerant, and demonstrates by his practice that every form of belief can co-exist with the maintenance of by far the most united and most powerful church establishment in Europe. One of Mr. Venables’ anecdotes of the present Emperor (and they are all creditable to him) illustrates well the condition of things. Passing a sentry on Easter Sunday, Nicholas saluted him as usual with the words ‘Christ is risen.’ ‘No, he’s not, your Majesty,’ replied the soldier, presenting arms. ‘He’s not!’ said the Emperor, ‘what do you mean?—this is Easter Sunday.’ ‘I know that, please your Majesty,’ replied the man, ‘but I am a Mahometan.’—p. 282.

We unwillingly take leave of Mr. Venables, confidently recommending his well-packed volume and its numerous anecdotes of the manners of the people, as offering a candid view of all that came under his notice. He, a private English clergyman, could have had none of the temptations to over-favourable pictures of the court, which we have allowed for in another case; and it is fair to say that his account of the Emperor is on the whole quite as pleasing as that given by the bestarred and becrossed Marquess of Londonderry. He treats with equal contempt the vulgar charges

charges of tyranny, and asserts without hesitation that Nicholas has by his own conduct secured the warm personal attachment of his subjects, and saved the country from the scenes of anarchy and bloodshed, which were prepared for it by worthless conspirators towards the close of the mild reign of his predecessor.

We next come to Mr. Bremner's work, the frontispiece of which gives anything but a flattering representation of Nicholas mounted on, apparently, the very charger so well described by the gallant general of hussars. The opening lines announce a lively writer.

“To morr, punkt at tolf, jimmlemen, we schiff from Stockholm.”* Such were the mystic words in which Captain, or more correctly Skipper, Eric Simonsson of Melmo, acquainted us with the hour at which his tidy bark, the Johanna Sophia, was to sail for St. Petersburg.

It was, we must say, rather adventurous to make a ‘début’ in *Russia* in such a suspicious smuggler-like craft, and Mr. Bremner has only to blame himself for all the trouble which he encountered at Cronstadt. We, who have passed through the ordeal of the six and more well-eпаuletted and cloaked directors, with their myrmidons of soldiers, who at once take possession of the steam-packet on its arrival from Lubeck, can well imagine the extra search which would be imposed on Skipper Simonsson and his English ‘Jimmlemen.’

After some remarks on the Baltic fleet, which we learn, by the way, does not rejoice in facing a *stiff breeze*, we were rather alarmed at the symptoms of credulity which are manifested by our author, who states that ‘when the Duke of Wellington was at St. Petersburg, the Emperor paid him the compliment *not to show him Cronstadt*, knowing well that the time might come when the acquaintance which the Duke’s quick eye would have formed with its position and defences, would be far from convenient for Russia.’ (p. 29.) In truth, the defences and contents of this naval arsenal are as well known in London as at St. Petersburg; many British naval officers have had full access to every part of it, and our readers may be assured that Cronstadt is so strong, that had an opportunity offered, the Emperor would have been too proud to *show off* the fortifications even to the great captain of the age.

We were also a little disposed to become querulous with our

* This Stockholm skipper only uses a little mixture of English out of compliment to Messrs. Bremner and Co.; but our author has a curious page elsewhere on the extent to which the nautical vocabulary and phraseology of England are adopted and naturalised all over the north of Europe. His attention was first drawn to the subject by his happening to overhear a Muscovite sailor exclaim to a Muscovite captain ‘ship aground.’ Of our own dialect thus made free with, we need hardly remind the reader that one large division is *Italian* (Genoa and Venice, to wit) and another *Dutch*. ‘*Damus capimusque vicissim.*’

author for beginning to prose about the unhappy propensity for drinking among the lower orders before he had quitted the seaport. As well might a foreigner pretend to pronounce us a besotted race, because he found the Point of Portsmouth crowded with groggy sailors after a ship had been paid off. As we went on, however, we liked the book better, and, with a few limitations, it appears to us to convey a fair idea of the people and the country. It is, however, to be regretted that one volume out of two should have been devoted to St. Petersburg, while the reader is earnestly panting to accompany the writer into that 'interior' which is announced in the title-page.

We shall therefore say not a word, nor extract a sentence, concerning the metropolis. In justice, however, to Mr. Bremner, when writing from thence he does not bore his reader with passages from guide-books, but describes the customs of the people, their food, pavements, carriages, dinners, &c. &c., during his brief sojourn of a month.

'A'propos des barbes'—after talking of the difficulties which Peter encountered in removing the beards of his subjects, Mr. Bremner adds—

'There are national prejudices too strong even for the most unshrinking reformers. The Russian loves his beard with no common love, and there it still flows in ample waves to his girdle, defying alike the beheading sword and the razor. The peasant would sooner part with his purse than his beard; it is pride, his birthright. No Russian maid would look at him if shorn of this beauteous appendage. Without his beard he would neither have affection from others nor respect from himself. A beard is graceful, imposing, venerable—in one word, it is Russian!'

Peter shaved his soldiers as well as his ministers, to make them like the rest of Europe; but, admirers as we are of that great man, we are by no means convinced that he did not err in the military point. Look at the pioneers which head an infantry regiment, and tell us if the Russian grenadiers would not have stormed Ishmael as well when bearded as when shaven? We cannot but think, that however absurd it may be in '*la renaissance*' over the way to sport the '*barbe à la François premier*,' there would have been wisdom in leaving his beard to the Russian soldier. For it must not be forgotten (though our travellers do not advert to it), that it is a deep *religious feeling* which has endeared their beard to the Russians. As Christ wore a beard, so do they profess to imitate him. Many a venerable priest and peasant have we stood gazing at, whose flowing locks and beard far surpassed those of the celebrated Roman beggar, whom we recollect seated on the steps of the Capitol some quarter of a century ago—the

the constant model for the 'Jupiters' of the young artists. Let those who wish to fill their canvas with such busts frequent the villages and churches of Russia! If Carlo Dolce had had such models, he would have excelled anything which he has left behind him.

If travellers will not study the Russ language, nor even make themselves acquainted with its *four and thirty* letters, they will find an useful vocabulary of *sounds* in Bremner, which, though short, and not very accurate, is vastly richer than that of a French naturalist who recently traversed the northern provinces alone, and without a servant, in virtue of the single talismanic word '*corosho*,'—which may be translated '*très bien*,' or '*bravo*.' *Corosho* literally is 'beautiful,' but as in common parlance (ever in the mouth of the natives) it expresses every form of satisfaction, you have only to apply it when the rapid interpreters of your gesticulations please you, and shake your head when you are dissatisfied with them. Provided with a good *padoroshna* (or travelling order) we can therefore imagine that any traveller may succeed in reaching the end of a journey, though we do not mean to say that, like the vivacious Frenchman, he can at the same time describe the natural history of the country through which he has been so rapidly whirled.

'In posting,' says Bremner, 'the sovereign words are "*pashol*," get on, and "*skurry*," faster, which are more impressive from the fact that Russians generally follow them up with something more emphatic than words—good blows.'—vol. ii. p. 143.

Now, if we may be allowed to quote our own experience of last summer, so furiously were we hurried over even the roughest and least frequented ways, that, instead of the above inciting words (the second of which ought to be pronounced '*pskareea*' instead of '*skurry*'), we were for ever compelled to call out '*pteeshe*' (gently). And as to 'blows,' for aught we could see or hear, they have gone out of fashion. Though accompanied by Russian authorities, who had the power in their hands, and that over a very wide range of the empire, we never saw but two blows given, the one by a common soldier to a refractory peasant, the other by an inflated little country mayor to a driver who had contradicted him. We beg to impress the fact on some of our prejudiced readers, that the Russians of this day are not cudgelled. Following up the mandates of Alexander, Nicholas has all but extirpated summary punishments on the road. The postilions are now declared to be imperial sub-officers; and no one can strike them with impunity.

Fancying ourselves for the moment on wheels in Russia, we may say that no published accounts give us an adequate notion
of

of the rapid, bustling, 'ventre à terre' style, in which the traveller is galloped along who is supposed to be employed on important business. With four ardent little steeds in hand, all abreast at the wheel, and two before, conducted by a breechless boy, who is threatened with death if his horse backs or falls, your bearded Jehu rattles down a slope at a headlong pace, and whirling you over a broken wooden bridge with the noise of thunder, he charges the opposite bank in singing—'Go along, my little beauties—fly on, from mount to mount, from vale to vale—'tis you that pull the *silver* gentlemen—(their delicate mode of suggesting a good *tip*)—'tis you, my dears, shall have fine pastures;' the whole accompanied by grand girations of a solid thong, which ever and anon falls like lead upon the ribs of the wheelers, followed by screeches which would stagger a band of Cherokees, and which, therefore, we must not pretend to Anglicise. But we must caution the traveller who knows nothing of the interior of Russia but the beautiful chaussée from St. Petersburg to Moscow, against supposing that the jaded and worn horses which he may there occasionally see are fair types of the 'gallopers' we are here calling to mind. Still less is he to imagine that the drivers and natives at the post-houses on the road between the two great cities are fair specimens of the lower orders of Russia. These people were brought from a distance by Peter the Great, for the service of this communication, and are a peculiarly privileged, idle, horse-jockey race. And whilst we are on the road let us also say that Nicholas is the most galloping personage that ever wore the crown of the Czars. No distance stays him: at Petersburg to-day, at Astracan in a week. He flies by night and by day, at railway pace, always in his simple caleche, and trusting Cæsar's fortunes to the conduct of his wild (though capital) coachmen. In the tens of thousands of miles he has thus travelled, continually changing drivers, and many of these peasants who do not mount a carriage-box twice in the year, His Majesty has, we believe, never met with more than one serious overturn. The vigour and bodily endurance he has occasionally manifested are quite wonderful. When commanding the army against Turkey, and already beyond his own territories, the news of the last illness of the Empress-mother arrived. To Petersburg he went without a halt, though his carriage fell to pieces by the way, and much of the journey was performed in carts or tilegas. He attained his object, however, and secured the last embrace and dying benediction of his mother! This anecdote must have its due weight with domestic Englishmen. Nor will its value be impaired if we follow the imperial footsteps to the German baths, and

and there witness (as some of our friends did last year) the simple manners of 'M. and Madame Romanow,' teaching by example to their children, and offering, in their social circle, a presage that the virtues which adorn the court of Nicholas and his amiable consort will be continued in that of their successors.

If Petersburg has been elaborately described, Moscow has not yet had its due share of the traveller's attention. But adequate justice cannot be done to this venerable metropolis and its thousand cupolas, until the pencil of a clever artist shall aid the highest powers of the pen. We wonder that in this age of *illustrations*, no artist should have done for the old capital of the Russians what Mr. Lewis did for Spain—what Mr. Roberts has just done with such strength and elegance of hand for Cairo, Damascus, and Jerusalem. We have indeed enjoyed a peep into the portfolio of a most accomplished lady, (for the Kremlin, as well as the great Pyramid, is visited by 'little blue spencers,') whose exquisite sketches realise to the life the gorgeous scene. With such 'appliances' before us, we can devour the quaint yet graphic narratives of our earliest travellers, when the Czar sat in his highly-painted palace 'much higher than any of his nobles, in a chair gilt, and in a long garment of beaten gold, with an imperial crown upon his head, and a staff of crystal and gold in his right hand.'*

We must away, however, from these visions to the realities of the great fair of Nijnii Novgorod. If, like ourselves, you approach this curious scene by sailing down the Volga, the mightiness of this king of European streams will gradually gain upon your senses, but if, like Mr. Bremner, you take the high road and gain the first sight of it from the heights of the citadel of Nijnii, you will appreciate his words:—

'The demeanour of this river sovereign is worthy of a king. Leaving less powerful rivals to raise themselves into importance by fuming and brawling—secure in his might and uncontested dignity—he moves calmly but resistlessly on. There is no noise, no surge—the glassy tide lies beneath you as peaceful as a lake, and, on the first glance, from its great width, bears some resemblance to one. The Volga at this point is 4600 feet wide—that is, more than four-and-a-half times the width of the Thames at Blackfriars bridge.'—vol. ii. p. 217.

After enumerating the rich and varied goods which are conveyed by this river in many-named and many-formed barks, our author shows that in productiveness it is perhaps the first of all the rivers in the world. After talking of *sterlet* (which we pronounce to be the best fish that ever came to table), sturgeon, carp, beluga, pike, salmon, shad, and seal, he exclaims, 'Well

* Chancellor's Account of his Reception by the Czar Ivan Vasilivich, &c. &c.

then does this river deserve the name of Volga, which it is said comes from the Sarmatian language, and signifies "great." (p. 219.) Allusion is then made to the unexplained phenomenon said to have been discovered by Professor Parrot, that the Caspian Sea, which receives this great stream, was 300 feet below the level of the sea of Azoff! Our scientific friends must remember what a stir was created, a few years ago, among their grave *coteries*, when Humboldt, on the authority of the first surveyors to whom Mr. Bremner alludes, announced the existence of this depression, which he believed to extend over 18,000 *square leagues* of the earth's surface! Imagination, 'in a fine phrenzy rolling,' shadowed out a coming mutation in the face of mother earth, which, if realised, would, indeed, have more effectually settled the questions of the Porte, the Georgians, and Khiva, than all the protocols, even of the conquering thundering Palmerston; when the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, breaking their eastern boundaries, should submerge the flat regions of Tartaria! We must, however, it appears, moderate our prophetic vision, as we have recently learnt from Baron Humboldt himself, that the Caspian is not 300, but only seventy-nine feet below the sea of Azof—after all, a very pretty cavity for 'geological speculators!'

"But the fair!" cries some impatient reader. Here are pages about Nishnei and its rivers, but still not a word about that which lured you so far out of your way. Nor does this impatience surprise us, for what has become of the fair, was the very question which we ourselves had been putting ever since we entered the place. After passing the gates [*i.e.* of the high town], not a single symptom of it had we seen. Turn this way, however: from the Volga and Asia look in another direction, across the Okka, and there in a low, almost inundated flat, exposed to the waters of both these rivers, lies a scene of bustle and activity unparalleled in Europe. A vast town of shops, laid out in regular streets, with churches, hospitals, barracks, and theatres, now tenanted by upwards of 100,000 souls—[200,000 is, according to late information, the average daily number]—but in a few weeks to be as dead and silent as the forests we have been surveying; for when the fair is over, not a creature will be seen out of the town on the spot which is now swarming with human beings. Yet these shops are not the frail structures of canvas and ropes, with which the idea of a fair is associated in other countries; they are regular houses, built of the most substantial materials.'—*Bremner*, vol. ii. p. 226.

The order and sobriety maintained throughout the vast multitude (the sole police force being a troop or two of Cossacks) would surprise the 'Drunken Barnabys' who frequent our English 'free marts;' and the cleanliness is also quite admirable, though we cannot exactly go into details about the wonderful subterra-

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nean distribution of running water, &c. &c. 'The business of the fair is of such importance, that the governor of the province, the representative of the Emperor, General *Boutanieff*, takes up his residence in it during the greater part of the autumn.' Both in Mr. Bremner's work, and in the humble notes of our own recent trip, there occur many eulogies of this governor, whose name is more correctly '*De Bouterline*' (a good name in Peter's time); and we may here say at once that, according to all our own observations, the provincial governors of the present day are entirely unlike the only portraiture of that class drawn by Mr. Venables—who, indeed, admits that he draws it from hearsay. Wherever we had the opportunity of forming their acquaintance, whether at Archangel, Jaroslaf, Kostroma, or Nijnii, we found the governors to be zealous, able, and, as far as we could judge, honest public servants.

Mr. Bremner complains of his inn at Nijnii—inns, by the way, are not numerous in Russia—but ours, situated on the main street, was, we must say, a very good one. We found clean rooms, a laudable table, plenty of waiters, well-combed spruce fellows, all clad in white linen without a spot—and such a view from the windows! Placed upon the right bank of the Okka, with, overhead, the citadel and imperial palace, surmounting lofty umbrageous banks—the exquisite church of Strogonoff on the right, and the great bridge in front—you command the river, the valley, and the motley crowd. By traversing the long wooden bridge, which resounds from daybreak to midnight with the trampling of horses and creaking of cars, you pass through the forest of masts (5000 vessels) which choke up the mouth of the Okka just at its confluence with the Volga. Mr. Bremner's sketch of the scene which awaits you in full fair time is excellent—though we must affix a note of caution to the start:—

'First advances a white-faced, flat-nosed merchant from Archangel, come here with his furs.'

Archangel no doubt can produce white faces, and also flat noses—but it can also, we assure Mr. Bremner, boast of well-coloured and well-profiled gentlemen, and what is better, as pretty and accomplished ladies as we ever desire to meet with anywhere. But to proceed:—

'He is followed by a bronzed long-eared Chinese, who has got rid of his tea, and is now moving towards the city, to learn something of European life before setting out on his many months' journey home. Next come a pair of Tartars from the Five Mountains, followed by a youth whose regular features speak of Circassian blood. Those with muslins on their arms, and bundles on their backs, are Tartar pedlars. Cosacks, who have brought hides from the Ukraine, are gazing in wonder

on

on their brethren who have come with caviar from the Akhtuba. Those who follow, by their flowing robes and dark hair, must be from Persia; to them the Russians owe their perfumes. The man in difficulty about his passport is a Kujur from Astrabad, applying for aid to a Turcoman from the northern bank of the Gourgau. The wild-looking Bashkir from the Ural has his thoughts among the hives of his cottage, to which he would fain be back; and the stalwart Kuzzilbash from Orenburg looks as if he would gladly bear him company, for he would rather be listening to the scream of his eagle in the chase than to the roar of this sea of tongues.

Glancing in another direction, yonder simpering Greek from Moldavia, with the rosary in his fingers, is in treaty with a Kalmuck as wild as the horses he was bred amongst. Here comes a Truchman craving payment from his neighbour Ghilan (of Western Persia), and a thoughtless Bucharian is greeting some Agriskhan acquaintance (sprung of the mixed blood of Hindoos and Tartars). Nogais are mingling with Kirghisians, and drapers from Paris are bargaining for the shawls of Cashmere with a member of some Asiatic tribe of unpronounceable name. Jews from Brody are settling accounts with Turks from Trebizond; and a costume-painter from Berlin is walking arm-in-arm with the player from St. Petersburg who is to perform Hamlet in the evening.

'In short, cotton merchants from Manchester, jewellers from Augsburg, watchmakers from Neufchâtel, wine-merchants from Frankfort, leech-buyers from Hamburgh, grocers from Königsberg, amber-dealers from Memel, pipe-makers from Dresden, and furriers from Warsaw, help to make up a crowd the most motley and most singular that the wonder-working genius of commerce ever drew together.'—vol. ii. pp. 229-231.

Following this up with other equally successful descriptive efforts, Mr. Bremner informs us that the fair of Nijnii far surpasses that of Leipsic; and, if so, of course every fair in Europe. Leipsic only boasts of 40,000 strangers daily, and a sale of goods to the amount of six millions sterling; while the numbers at Nijnii are 200,000 daily, and by probable estimate *twelve millions sterling* pass occasionally from the buyers to the sellers.

If there be a true disciple and admirer of Samuel Johnson within our call—one who has rejoiced in the '*Te decedente cane*' of the great lexicographer, let him put aside cares, and spend some of his summer evenings in a Russian '*traktir*,' there to sip tea of infinitely finer aroma than the celestial emperor will ever permit to approach the depôts of Canton. We believe that this acknowledged superiority of Russian tea is not merely owing to its being land-carried, tightly sewed up and hermetically sealed in skins, but is accounted for, mainly, by the '*habitat*' of the plant;—the rocky hills of Northern China, from which the Muscovite market is supplied, affording more fragrant leaves than the lower grounds of the south. However this may be, the fact is undeniable; and we

must

must add that every justice is done to the preparation of the beverage. We have not yet met in any published work with a good account of what we consider the best tea-urn in the world. The 'somavar,' an invention of a Russian peasant, is simply a cylinder in which cold water is brought to the boiling point in two or three minutes by igniting the charcoal which fills an inner long cylinder. The great merits of this universal Russian implement are, that in a forlorn village, and without a fire, you at once command a cup of delicious tea, whilst as long as the charcoal is in ignition (a good half-hour or more) the water around it is *continually on the boil*. Think of this, ladies, when you next scold the footman, who has pitched a half-heated bit of iron (which, in the best-regulated families, is sure to be cool in a few minutes) into your half-bubbling urn! Mr. Bremner has a most graphical and attractive description of a traktir at Nijni; but the most glorious and refreshing sight for the tea-totaller is what strikes on his eye when he enters the great traktir near the Exchange of Moscow. There we ourselves have counted seventy neat waiting-men ready to hand you a cup or a chibouk, and (credat Johnsonianus!) 200 *teapots* arranged in one of the great vestibules of those spacious saloons!

And here, though after tea, we may say one word on the still more important business of dinner. As to this, Mr. Bremner has, in his first volume, justly expressed the shudder which any Frenchman or Englishman must experience when, for the first time, he sees before him a plate of 'bativinia,' or cold soup! But excepting always this odious compound of ice, fish, flesh, cucumbers, and grease, which the Russians, notwithstanding, consider 'très rafraîchissant,' the viands at the houses of people of condition are well dressed and palatable. Even in the very remote and second-class city of Ousting, a merchant of the *second guild* entertained our own little party with the following bill of fare:—*Soupe au riz, Mayonnaise glacée, ros-bif aux cornichons, cotelettes aux champignons, idem aux petits pois, grand pâté aux figes* (very delicate), *rôti de veau, volaille et gibier, pâtisserie aux amandes, confitures glacées, glâces à la malina* (a native berry). This provender, with which the most fastidious philosopher could not quarrel, was ushered in by the usual Russian whet of liqueurs, anchovies, and caviar, and followed by copious libations of champagne,—true, genuine *Champagne*; none of the meagre gasified washes of third-rate Burgundy, which now-a-days usurp that name at too many of even the proudest boards in London, and which are only excusable at a ball-supper.

We shall now follow Mr. Bremner from Nijni to Odessa, merely adverting to a few points by the way. Knowing from our
own

own experience that the Russian character is best studied when the great lines of road are abandoned, we gladly extract the account of his reception in the little town of Melenky, on the route from Mourom to Kaçimof, an ancient Tartar city:—

‘The postmaster, a respectable old soldier, received us, wet, weary, and wayworn, with a hospitality and a warmth which we can never forget. Believing ourselves in a place of public entertainment, we called lustily for all that could be got—supped as travellers in Russia rarely sup, and slept as travellers in Russia still more rarely sleep—*on beds*. In fact, the good man took a great deal of trouble on the occasion, he and his little son waiting on us as anxiously as if we had been their lords. Much as all this surprised us, however, we were still more surprised when morning came: our kind host and his household were up by daylight, to prepare tea and coffee for the parting refreshment; they also gave us every aid in making our toilette, and with an alacrity which showed that they were delighted to contribute to our comforts. Yet in return for their wine, apples, beds, and other good things, besides a world of trouble, they would not accept of a single farthing of remuneration. The ribbon on the old gentleman’s breast showed us that he had himself wandered, and perhaps the recollection of kindness received as a stranger had taught him how much the stranger prizes an unexpected courtesy.’—vol. ii. p. 276.

Mr. Bremner’s sketches of Kaçimof (and we have also before us some pencil ones)—its Tartar population—the tomb of the Shah Ali—its mosque and lofty brown tower, and white limestone cliffs, are characteristic: not less so, that of the dreary pull through the sands to the south of the Okka, on the road to Riaizan.

The fallen state of Toula, the Birmingham of Russia, when seen by Mr. Bremner, as contrasted with its palmy days when described by Dr. Clarke, was owing to the repeated fires, by which, in common with many other towns of those parts, it had been reduced to ruin. The interest of the reader who follows Mr. Bremner is well kept up—indeed, we should say ‘*crescendo*’—in the journey through the great corn-growing districts of the South. The gorgeous produce of Little Russia—the picture of the flourishing town of Koursk, and the increased comforts of the inhabitants, fill many cheering pages—to say nothing of the gay evening carols of well-dressed maidens, which rouse the author, though a ‘*canny Scot*,’ to exclaim—

‘Talk of Italy! Russia shall henceforth be the land of song. You may travel from one end of Italy to the other, and never hear a peasant, man or woman, carol a single air. Even in the large towns, unless from some bacchanalian party going home from a glee-club or the theatre, the traveller seldom hears Italians singing. They keep all their notes to themselves,

themselves, to make us pay dear for them in London. Among the Russians, on the other hand, nothing but singing greets the unhappy traveller's ears from Cronstadt to Odessa.'—vol. ii. pp. 351, 352.

We must, we perceive, gallop like Mazeppa across the Ukraine—though we may indulge ourselves in saying that we dwelt with intense pleasure on the visit to the ground of Peter's glory, and felt as much interest in the fate of the chivalrous Charles, as if he had fought but yesterday at Pultava. The parallel between the noble Swede, who, 'in the midst of snow and ice—without shelter and without food—never once dreamed of abandoning his army to their fate,' and the great emperor, who fled from his gallant and perishing troops to the salons of Paris, carries with it the lofty tone of an honourable mind, which doubtless those who represent *old France* will respond to.

The actual style of living at Pultava shines out so radiantly in the pages of Mr. Bremner, reminding us not a little of the recruiting-sergeant's address to the surrounding clods on a market-day: 'Come along, my boys, to the land where beef's a penny a pound and wine's in buckets'—that, we think, some of our would-be economists might do worse than migrate for a season to the Ukraine.

The 'leech' trade, of which we were ignorant, is worth a sentence. Having been nearly hunted out of all the ponds and marshes of the west of Europe, these animals still abound in the Ukraine, whither all the leech-fishers and dealers proceed. One thousand leeches, which there cost 3s. 4d., are doled out to our English apothecaries at 10*l.* and 12*l.* sterling. (p. 409.) If this be so in times of *peace*, pray, ye 'rosy men of purple cheer,' that the day may never arrive when the Ukraine shall be closed; for if so, the frightful vision of Plymley might be retaliated on ourselves. If, in the plenitude of her power, Britain decreed that 'not a purge should be taken between the Weser, and the Garonne,' the Czar of Muscovy might fulminate, and when aldermen and prebendaries least expected it, that not a leech should suck from Liverpool to Canterbury.

A night journey across the Steppes is in fine relief to the bustling scenes we have hurried through. 'What silence! how still! how breathless! The night birds seem frightened into peace. The dog himself is hardly heard among the thinly scattered habitations. Even the sound of our wheels is not to be distinguished, so smoothly do they roll along the rich turf.' While traversing these monotonous plains, where the 'rank coarse grass becomes as wearisome to the eye as absolute barrenness,' Mr. Bremner gets quite poetical; but notwithstanding our own sober period of life and habitual seriousness of pursuits, we cannot but quote one little burst more:—

‘Was it on this or some other desert wild of Russia, that a fair hand sent each of us the little flower which we vowed to treasure, as a remembrance of distant plains, and—of her?’

‘Dreary as the desert was, the remembrance of that simple gift renders it bright to the eye of memory. A flower—such a tasteful souvenir, presented in scenes so remote, where there is little but gloom and desolation, and things unlovely—is something more valuable than it may appear to him who has never known the dulness, the misery, the utter prostration of heart, which occasionally oppresses the traveller, while wandering over regions in themselves most rude, and in which he finds himself as one alone, without a single link binding him to the hearts of those around—where all are strangers, and regard him as but a stranger—where no service is rendered for love, but for lucre, and is rendered to the next comer with the same mechanical promptitude as to him—where, in short, there is nothing to tell him that he is still a member of the human family, from which, in his loneliness, he is at times ready to regard himself as for ever disunited. He who has never been in circumstances to experience this feeling, can scarcely know how much any of the little courtesies or playful attentions of ordinary life affect one in a foreign land, and especially when rendered by the sex which, in every clime, is endowed with the self-denying grace of thinking more of the feelings of others than men ever do.

‘Of those, however, who have experienced the feeling now described, none will wonder that we should make mention of an incident so trifling. Blessings on the hand, then, that bestowed this little token! Its bright colours have not yet faded; but even when it shall have withered away from its present shelter, it will still be fresh in our memory. Though separated from them by many a league, who of us will not sometimes look back to the noble halls where the kind bestower rules? If women knew how well they are remembered for a kindness, be it even but a trifle such as this, rendered to the stranger, they would feel themselves amply repaid.’—vol. ii. pp. 457-459.

Though, in common with this tender-hearted swain, our night’s repose has been broken in upon by the attacks of vermin, we assent to his remark, that such interruptions were very rare, and ‘that the traveller’s rest in Russia is not nearly so much disturbed by these monsters as in France or Italy.’ We had heard much of the creeping and biting horrors which we must make up our minds to see and feel; and it was after having reached the far north-east, sleeping continually on our own little ‘shake-down,’ upon the peasant’s floor, that we found ourselves garnishing our note-book with this pithy *memorandum entomologicum*:—‘July 9th, 1840—Five weeks to-day in Russia, and not one bug.’ The truth is, that if travellers frequent the clean and comfortable boarding-houses of Mrs. Wilson at St. Petersburg, and Mrs. Howard at Moscow, and keep to the *northern* governments, they will come off scatheless—i. e. except from mosquitoes, whose bites in June and July are insufferable,

ferable, if a little veil or curtain, and even in some districts a *mask by day*, be not parts of the wanderer's apparatus.

To Sir Walter Scott's admirable sketch of the Cossacks, which he drew in 1815 at Paris, Mr. Bremner adds a few capital touches :

'Nor is it merely in the field that the fierceness of the Cossack soldier is seen ; we have only to watch him doing duty as a policeman in a Russian crowd, pelting right and left with his heavy whip, and some idea will be formed of the character he displays in war. The very touch of the uniform seems to change his nature. Fortunately, however, he assumes his inoffensive character the moment the drill jacket is thrown aside. With his hand on the plough, he is once more our obliging friend of the wayside ; his campaigning fierceness so completely forgotten, that he scarcely raises his eye to exchange a look with us as we pass his humble door.'—vol. ii. p. 437.

We regret that our limits will not allow us to entertain our readers with details from Mr. Bremner concerning the new creation of Odessa, its commerce, gaieties, opera, and good French restaurant, the Richelieu, with its celebrated 'chef *Alphonse*, the magnus Apollo of the culinary art, a very Vattel expatriated ! One last excerpt only can we venture upon, and that is in illustration of the heavy fines which the locusts impose upon the environs of this agreeable sea port :—

'It is not often, however, that the *hutors* (country villas) of Odessa are surrounded by verdure so rich as that which we found near them ; for in some years the country is invaded by immense flights of locusts, which leave not a single green leaf either on herb or tree. This insect is the greatest scourge that the country is exposed to. Every person at the time of our visit was frightened with a belief that the following year the locusts would destroy the crops of every description ; for they had recently been in this district as well as in Bessarabia, and though they had vanished without doing much injury at the time, yet they had been long enough in the country to prepare a future year of misery to the poor peasant. For it appears that it is not always by actual invasion in flights that the greatest harm is done, but also by the larvæ bred from eggs deposited in the ground during a previous visit. The severe cold of winter, which might be expected to destroy these noxious deposits, has no effect on them ; the only thing that destroys the egg is a smart frost in August.'—vol. ii. pp. 499, 500.

In parting with the travellers whose works we have, on the whole, so much commended, we must now be permitted to differ from them on a few points. Quite agreeing with Mr. Venables that, from the absence of an independent middle class, Russia does not yet contain the elements for establishing a constitutional government, we dissent from him in thinking that, 'under her present circumstances, she cannot advance much further in civilisation.' We really wonder how this last *dictum* could proceed

from any man who had taken any pains to ascertain the progress actually made in the last five-and-twenty years. It has been *vast*—vast in a multitude of respects; and we venture to say the march is getting more and more rapid every day, and will continue to do so, barring civil wars and revolutions, for ages to come. With near 50,000,000 of serfs it would indeed be insane to talk of sudden enfranchisement. As rational admirers of liberty, we ought to rest satisfied, if knowledge be really advanced, and with this advancement the laws are improved.

We do not mean to lecture; but in addition to 'the great exertions which,' as Mr. Bremner truly says, 'the government is making in the cause of education' (vol. ii. p. 71), some most important measures of the present reign have been overlooked by all the writers of recent books on Russia. For example, not one of them alludes to the great blessing conferred on all classes by the issuing of the *swod*, or harmonised compendium of imperial ukases, so often till then contradictory and irreconcilable. This code, moreover, contains at least three new statutes which deserve every praise. 1st. Every crown peasant—(let us repeat 22,000,000 of souls)—when he acquires sufficient wealth, may purchase the rights of citizenship and become the free merchant or burgher of a town. 2ndly. Every merchant of the first guild who has been thrice elected chief of the corporation of his district, at once establishes for his family the privilege of *hereditary nobility*. 3rdly. The rate of interest has been reduced from 6 to 4 per cent. The last of these laws propitiated the nobles, whilst the two enfranchising statutes were most unpalatable to them. But the Emperor held firm to his resolves—even at the risk of seriously annoying his nobility—convinced as he is that his dynasty will be best perpetuated by the *gradual* introduction of liberal institutions, which Russia cannot possess until after a solid middle class shall have been established.

In fact, we must be allowed to signify our utter distaste for the long political diatribes which occupy by far too much of Mr. Bremner's first volume. Essays upon all possible views of the foreign policy of the Russian Cabinet, indited by a gay young *littérateur* before he has been a fortnight in the country (we hope none of them were written *before* he got there), can have no weight with reflecting persons anywhere. We beg leave to pass, *sub silentio*, the solemn advice and instruction which this self-elected privy-councillor is pleased to offer to the Emperor Nicholas personally.

Admiring, as we generally do, Mr. Bremner's descriptions, and heartily backing his remarks,—'that the order and efficiency in everything with which the government is concerned strike the stranger

stranger from the first to the last step he takes in Russia,'—we are occasionally vexed to see a generous sentiment marred by a false antithesis. Such, for example, is the finishing touch which he gives to a very soul-stirring picture of the universal custom in the Greek Church of lighting up their holy images. After alluding to the wide spread of the little lamp—from the Polar regions into Greece and Turkey—he exclaims, 'What a wide and what an endearing tie is religion! A similar faith unites the most distant regions and the most dissimilar tribes; makes as brothers the elegant Greek, who has a history of centuries, and the *barbarous stranger whom we heard of but yesterday*' (vol. i. p. 41). Such expressions are not only out of place and in bad taste, but nonsense. The 'elegant Greek' he is speaking of must be the modern Greek, the adherent of the Greek church. We should like to know what is 'elegant' about him except the cut of his nose and chin. Russia is neither barbarous nor of yesterday. Compared with Greece, her history is of course brief: but if that land be the term of comparison, what shall *we* say of ourselves? Why is the antiquity of the first great Russian sovereign, her Varangian, or Norman (as some antiquaries have it) conqueror, Ruric, or that of her earliest attacks upon the Greek emperors, not to be remembered? Were not the cities of Kieff, Wladimir, and Novogorod great and flourishing when England herself was but little beyond a benighted condition? Is the Hanseatic league, of which Novogorod formed a part, an affair of yesterday? Has the house of Romanow no lineage? Are not the deeds of the ancient heroes of the Muscovite branch of the Slavonic family cherished by every true Russian? Are not Minin the plebeian and Pojarsky the noble (whose statues occupy the great *place* of Moscow) names which electrify him, when he celebrates, in their triumphs, the deliverance of his country from the Poles?

Again, why are the plains of *Russia* to be spoken of as 'storyless wilds,' and pretty *German* tales to be lugged in to fill a chapter? Had Mr. Bremner possessed the power of conversing with the natives, we venture to consider it as next to certain that his pages would have been amply and more appropriately enlivened with stories native to the soil. If it be said that Russia is a *new* land because her language is new, we again simply deny the statement. The language has but of late been brought into its now polished and consolidated shape; but it had plenty of ecclesiastical epistles and annalists centuries ago. How long before the days of Chancellor their ministers of state drew up written treaties with foreign powers, we 'barbarians of the evil eye' cannot tell; but certainly the public documents of John Vasilivich

Vasilivich and his successor Theodore would have done no discredit even to our Walsinghams and our Burleighs. In fact, David Hume, when speaking of the modification of the first Russian and English treaties of commerce by the Emperor Theodore, candidly remarks that 'this barbarian entertained much juster notions of commerce than were practised by the renowned Elizabeth.'

No, let us first study the origin and progress of the language which the Russian people have spoken and written for centuries; let us trace it from its cradle to the grammars of Lomonossof and the odes of Puschkin, and then we may be entitled to estimate the value of the truly melodious sounds of a tongue which is used by so many millions of Europeans.*

But Mr. Bremner is not at all an antiquary. He has not even made himself acquainted with what men of his own nation have done in and for Russia. Thus, though announcing himself as 'of the north countrie,' he is surprised to find a learned professor of the University of Moscow occupying himself with 'the Scottish genealogy of the Gordon family.' After blundering about two individuals of that noble name renowned in the service of Russia, he clearly betrays his ignorance of the existence of a work, known to most Scotchmen from their boyhood, the '*History of Peter the Great, by Alexander Gordon, of Achintoul, several years a Major-General in the Czar's Service.*'† This sturdy and sagacious gentleman was one of Peter's best and most valued servants; and we are free to confess that we do not respect his memory a whit the less, because, after he had won many a battle for the Czar, and had retired to his own fire-side, he turned out in 1715, and, under the Earl of Mar, directed (if he did not really command) the Highland clans with such skill, 'that any advantage they had over the king's troops was generally attributed to his conduct.'‡ If Mr. Bremner had read this old Sheriffmuir hero's honest book, he would have spared us certain theories and sarcastic phrases, which we hope to see expunged from his next edition.

Lastly, we must qualify Mr. Bremner's statements about the manufactures of Russia. Agreeing with him in the belief, that for many a day she must supply herself with articles of luxury from foreign nations, we cannot admit 'that the highest of their cloth-manufactories produce only coarse stuffs, worn only by the

* See Karamsin, Hist. de l'Emp. de Russie. French Ed. 1819-26.

† Aberdeen, 1755.

‡ Author's life, p. 16. Alexander Gordon is not to be confounded with his kinsman and father-in-law, General Patrick Gordon, the hero of Azoff, and the chief assistant Peter had in the decisive business of the Strelitzes.

poorer classes; for we happen to have now in wear a good long cloak of imperial grey, of *genuine Muscovite manufacture*, which is the admiration of brother reviewers. As to linen, we venture to state that their damask table-cloths, sheeting, and *duck* (the latter so long known to our soldiers), cannot be surpassed in any country. In jewellery and fillagree, we can exhibit samples from Vologda and the remote Ousting (tracts which, it appears, few Englishmen have traversed since the days of our first adventurers), that rival even Genoese or Venetian work. The whole of the well-dressed population of the northern tracts of the ancient Permian are clad in the work of their own hands; and in all handicraft of wood, from the carved front of the peasant's cottage, to the imitation of a French commode or fauteuil, every common artisan is supreme. In porcelain, prodigious improvements have already taken place, as the 'gastinoidwor' of Moscow will testify; and as to cutlery, though Russia is still far behind Sheffield, we are now mending our pen (for we are old-fashioned enough to stick to the grey goose-quill) with a small knife made in the cottage of a peasant in the government of Vladimir, which would have done no discredit to any shop in the Strand.

If *truth*, therefore, must be told, Russia is advancing in manufactures as in every other sign of civilisation; and we believe that this advance would be much more rapid if the government did not strive to force its subjects, by heavy import duties, to become manufacturers of everything which they have formerly bought from the stranger. If the mass of the people were first permitted to purchase cheaply, and thus acquire a taste for foreign goods, England and the rest of Europe would be benefited, whilst Russia would be laying the foundation of her future grandeur and independence.

How soon, and to what extent, she can ever become independent of all other states, is no easy problem to solve—though we may in part anticipate its solution. Steam is the acknowledged new element of advancement, by which this age is distinguished from all which have preceded it. By its magic power distance is set at nought; and the productions of the antipodes are brought rapidly together. *Coal*, therefore, must henceforth be the motor and the meter of all commercial nations. Without it no modern people can become great, either in manufactures or in the *naval art of war*. In Western Europe, with the limited exceptions of parts of Belgium, Westphalia, and Silesia, where coal-fields (comparatively small, however) exist, Great Britain holds an almost exclusive monopoly of this mighty agent, since the carbonaceous tracts of France are well known to be valueless for all *great* purposes. Far to the west must we, indeed, roam
ere

ere we again meet with the same sinews of strength, and then we find them in the hands of our own North American colonies, and in those of our kinsmen of the United States. And even in that great western continent, quit but the region over which the *English* language is spoken, and you leave behind you the country of coal, there being little carboniferous matter to the south of the isthmus of Darien. There is something so remarkable in this correlation between the spread of Englishmen and the presence of that mineral which is destined to be their great palladium (for Australia and New Zealand may be added), that we cannot but admire the truth of the sailor's creed, and believe with him, that 'There's a sweet little Providence sits up aloft,' which, in keeping 'watch for the life of poor Jack,' has brought us to this sure anchoring-ground of a great commercial people.

But to return to Russia. If, in the progress of cultivation, her forests are destined to disappear, has she no natural deposits of coal to supply their place? This is *the* question which must go home to her statesmen. Our own last summer's explorations already enable us to answer it to some extent. It is no longer doubtful that all the rock formations of northern Russia are *more ancient* than that peculiar zone in the crust of the earth, which, in other favoured tracts, is carboniferous, and hence that any search for coal in such deposits would be hopeless. Has, then, Russia no coal-field? One, indeed, she has, upon the Donetz, but it is distant from either metropolis, and, moreover, it is yet to be proved if its contents be of sufficient value to be transported to the Black Sea. And in like manner, it is still to be determined whether certain wide tracts on the western flanks of the Ural chain, which are known to be slightly carbonaceous, are of national import.*

In the mean time, whatever may be the extent to which coal may be worked in a given district of the *south* of Russia, or subsequently discovered in her governments of the *east*—(and we hope she may realise these objects)—the bare fact that the great provinces which surround her metropolitan cities do not contain it, is sufficient for us. With a knowledge of this fact, wise and prudent men, such as the Emperor and his ministers are generally allowed to be, can never wish to be on bad terms with that state which supplies Russia with the fuel by which her steam-vessels and her

* We doubt not that the Emperor, fully alive as he is to the vast interest attached to this inquiry, will, through his very efficient school of mines, and the able director, General Tcheffkine, employ competent persons to determine these national questions. M. Demidoff, to whom a large portion of the Donetz coal-field belongs, has indeed already obtained a survey of this from a skilful French engineer, M. Le Play.

rail-carriages are now propelled ; and this, too, at a price not amounting to that which we inhabitants of London pay for the same commodity !

The Duke of Wellington, in alluding on a late occasion to the invidious interpretations put by some among us on the plans and designs of Russia, said, in his usual spirit of *fairness*, that he saw no reason for doubting that her official language had been, and was, in unison with her intentions. We are sure it has been in unison with her most essential interests. The mart which Great Britain affords to this ally of three hundred years' standing for her grain, timber, tallow, and flax, is no trifle ; and every puff of smoke from a steamer on the Neva must remind her of the old friend who now furnishes her with that material, without which she must cease to advance in manufactures and naval enterprise. Mr. Bremner confesses openly that, having entered the country imbued with prejudices, he left it with a high respect for the people, and with changed views regarding their government: we did not carry with us the prepossessions of which he got rid—but we heartily concur in his closing hope, 'that Russia and England may long continue united by a friendship which has hitherto stood firm under many rude assaults, and which is alike honourable and advantageous to the two greatest empires in the world.'

ART. III.—*Tour to the Sepulchres of Etruria in 1839.* By Mrs. Hamilton Gray. London. 1840.

SUCH is the modest, though accurate, title of a work replete with information on a subject, abstruse indeed and mysterious, but which, unlike many mysteries, attains a higher degree of interest in proportion as partial success rewards its investigation. Partial at best indeed can be the triumph of him, or her, who ventures on the field of Etruscan research ; and the impossibility of detecting the unknown quantities of the problem is the more galling, because the stock of ascertained facts is copious. Races perhaps as numerous, dominations as extensive, the Pelasgic for instance, have passed away, and left no material evidence of their existence behind save a few fragments of rude and massive architecture ; no record but the dim tradition of an inherited curse which urged them on their migrations, haunted them in their power, and was only exhausted by their accomplished destruction. *Vixere fortes*,—but they flourished at periods too remote for contact with any other nation whose language and literature might have embalmed for our use their institutions, and conveyed to us the story of their wanderings, their conquests,

conquests, and their fall. Pelasgian and Umbrian grapes are sour, and hang too far from our reach to stimulate hope or produce disappointment. The case of the Sabine tribes is somewhat different; they occupied, perhaps, at the one period or the other, as wide a territorial space in Italy as the Etruscan, and the era of their prosperity comes down to even a later date: their martial virtues demand respect, and have obtained honourable mention: they have left, however, few monumental records: their holds were strong from natural position rather than from constructive art or labour. Like the wild birds of their native Apennine, they built their nests in its cliffs, and it was only when, like other conquerors, they borrowed the arts of the people they had subdued, that they dealt in those fictile processes which attained such perfection in Etruria. We do not turn up Sabine vases at a stroke of the spade. If we seek for a remnant of the usages of the Marsi, such may indeed be detected in the practices of the modern juggler, who still descends from the neighbourhood of the Lago Celano to charm serpents and spell fortunes in the streets of Rome and Naples. Niebuhr asserts, that in Samnium Proper no remnant exists of architecture anterior to Rome, and that no specimen of purely Samnite manufacture has been found in glass or clay.* Every one in England has heard at least of Etruscan vases; Etruscan patterns have been long worked by those who ply the needle, and Mr. Wedgwood has made all classes familiar with the leading peculiarities of the manufacture which he so happily imitated. It may be questioned indeed, whether to many an English ear, the term Etruscan suggests any other idea than that of a vase of singular and graceful shape, with certain black figures upon a red ground, or *vice versâ*. To those who are disposed to enlarge this extent of knowledge, and without plunging into folios of disquisition, or spending money on expensively illustrated works, to acquire some general notions of the variety and value of the specimens of Etruscan art still extant, we warmly recommend Mrs. Hamilton Gray's volume. It is our duty at the same time to warn them of their danger. Perhaps none should touch it who cannot afford time for more than a hurried trip to Italy, or whose banker's book does not leave a margin for the freaks of a collector.

It is seriously our opinion that if this little volume do not add to the number of the annual tourists to Italy, it will materially affect the route and proceedings of many in that country. The price of provisions and every other vendible commodity, will shortly rise in many a secluded spot hitherto known only to such adventurous explorers as Gell, Buntzen, and Kustner; as in all

* Roman History, vol. i. p. 107. Berlin edition, 1827.

emigrations the fate and fortunes of the parties will probably be various as their characters, aptitudes, and acquirements. Some (like Frost and Bolam) will make their fortunes, others will return sulkily and dissatisfied. Enterprise is slow in Italy; inns, bells, and waiters are not the growth of a day, and such products are preceded by various minor vices which usually spring up contemporaneously with the advent of the English in all varieties of soil and climate. All who follow Mrs. Gray's steps will be jolted on cross roads, some only to be starved, cheated, and flea-bitten: others will return, as she has returned, from the sepulchres of Etruria, with a stock of information and recollections which may be available not only for their own use, but for that of their reading fellow creatures.

The singular attainments in art of this extinct people are the principal source of that curiosity as to their history, which we cannot now gratify; but what most embitters the regret we feel on this score is the reflection that, at the period of their highest power, they were not only co-existent, but intimately connected with a neighbour who, in adopting their institutions, might have preserved their annals. The Etruscan confederation did not die out of internal exhaustion; it fell before Rome, weakened indeed by dissensions, but fell fighting, and in the maturity of its civilisation. Their language, and probably polished literature, were at the disposal of their conquerors, and it was the will of those selfish victors not to preserve but to obliterate.* Their fate was that of Mexico and Peru. In time curiosity revived, but it was too late. It is a poor consolation to us to think that, little as we know, we know something more than men, who, curious as we, compared to us were all but contemporary with the subjects of our purblind and groping investigations. In the time of Polybius the former greatness of the Etruscans was disputed, pronounced a fable and a dream. If Polybius were to rise from the dead, we would brain him, not with a lady's fan, but with Mrs. Gray's octavo. Livy twaddled about their origin; and in our times a diplomatist from Germany explores truer sources of information, and Livy stands corrected.

Niebuhr observes that no department of ancient history has produced so much unprofitable disquisition and rash conjecture as the Etruscan, from the time of Annius of Viterbo to the present. Without undertaking to read the works of that writer, famous—in the Latin sense of the word *famosus*—for forging histories which

* To this there is a singular exception. We concur with Niebuhr and Mrs. Gray in lamenting over the loss of the Etruscan annals collected by the Emperor Claudius. We can no more console ourselves for their disappearance by the insignificance of their author, than we could for the loss of Boswell's Johnson on the same ground.

he ascribed to Sanconiathon, Manetho, and Berosus, names dear to the readers of Goldsmith, we are willing to take the ghost's word in this matter. We hope, however, and believe the zeal for discovery which has led to so much recent excavation in Italy, and which, even since the lamented death of Niebuhr, has added much to our store of evidence, is governed by a sounder spirit of criticism than is to be found in the works he censures. The main facts embraced in our actual knowledge of the Etruscans have been recapitulated in a former number of our journal,* but our readers will perhaps forgive us for briefly reverting to the chief of them before we direct their attention to the special subject of this article. The first is the establishment in Italy, for many centuries previous to the foundation of Rome, of a mighty people—which has left traces of its civilisation inferior in grandeur perhaps to the monuments of Egypt, in beauty to those of Greece, but, with these exceptions, surpassing in both the relics of any other nation of remote antiquity. Their government was a rigid aristocracy, by what laws of inheritance preserved and regulated we are uncertain, but monopolising to its own ranks, and uniting in the same hands, the functions of the priest, the lawgiver, and the leader of armies. After having given rulers, and imparted to a large extent laws, rites, and usages to Rome, they fell before that power, and though their language long survived their independence and separate existence, as is testified by inscriptions so late as the period of the empire, it finally perished. From the close affinity of its alphabet to the Greek, we are able to read its records still extant, on the portals and interior walls of sepulchres, but the key to its construction and meaning is lost. Beyond proper names and their occasional identification with the Roman version of such, we can deduce little more from the inscriptions of Etruria but strong corroboration of the fact asserted by ancient authors, that their language was entirely distinct from the Greek, and from that portion of Latin at least which we are accustomed to consider as of Greek parentage. It was written in Oriental fashion, from right to left.

Their sepulchral practices have been the principal means of preserving to us the evidences of their advanced state of civilisation. The mode of sepulture varied at different periods and in different parts of their confederation. The corpse was sometimes left entire in a sarcophagus or on a bier; in other instances it was burnt, and the ashes inurned after the manner of the Romans and others. It appears probable that the former was the older and purely national practice, but in both cases the sepulchre of the wealthy or the great was in fact a subterranean museum, a

* See *Quart. Rev.*, vol. liv. p. 429, &c.

picture-gallery, a sculpture-room, and place of deposit for innumerable objects illustrative of their usages, social habits, and mythology.

Among the many inferences to be collected from this particular source of information, perhaps the two of highest moral importance are :—that their system of religion was based on a pervading and intense conviction of the immortality of the soul, and its responsibility beyond the grave for the actions done in the flesh ;—and that the female sex, if not elevated to the station to which the doctrines of Christianity, the institutions of chivalry, and other minor causes, have raised it in modern Europe, was at least the companion and not the slave of the male, and probably in life, certainly in death, was admitted to the highest honours. They possessed a school of art, remarkable in all its stages for its national peculiarities, and in most for the beauty of its results. In two departments, those of the modeller in clay and the worker in gold, they may be said to have surpassed all nations, for neither in China nor at Sevres could some qualities of the Etruscan manufacture in clay be rivalled. Hindoo patience and cheapness of labour may equal the Etruscan gold manufacture in delicacy of texture, but cannot do so in beauty of design. The resemblance of the results is often striking. The limits of the fair and extensive portion of Italy occupied by this race may be laid down with tolerable accuracy, though, out of the sites of the twelve capitals of their confederation, one or two admit of dispute. The subject of their origin and of the quarter from which their civilisation first radiated is still controverted. For a statement of the difference between Niebuhr, who brings them down from the Rhætian Alps, and the Tuscan Micali who stands up for the pretensions of his native soil, we refer our readers to our former article. We are not aware that the researches conducted subsequently to the date of that article have thrown further light on this *vezata quæstio*, or given us reason to change our leaning, therein indicated, to Micali's view of it. Excavation has indeed multiplied the evidences of connexion and intercourse between Etruria and Egypt, but these later discoveries, principally made at Volci, hardly affect the question of their origin. Mr. Fellowes, one of the most diligent of modern travellers, has already given occupation to the learned by his discoveries of inscriptions, apparently Etruscan, in the territory of ancient Lydia. We have rumours of his further success, and on this and every other ground await the publication of his forthcoming volume with much interest.

Mrs. H. Gray's very agreeable book, like Newton's theory of gravitation, is the result of an accident. Some two years ago Signor Campanari, a proprietor of Etruscan soil, and a successful

ful excavator of its treasures, exhibited in Pall Mall a valuable Etruscan collection, arranged in apartments which presented a fac-simile of the tomb in which the principal objects had been discovered. To this admirable exhibition Mrs. Gray betook herself, at the recommendation of the late Bishop of Lichfield; we, in religious observance of a practice attributed to the late Lord Stowell, of visiting every show in London which can be seen for a shilling. Assuredly an honest shilling's-worth was never given to the public than that of Mr. Campanari, not even in the similar case of Belzoni's Egyptian sepulchre. Mr. Campanari's chambers, furnished as they were, and with the coloured designs of the original tufo wall accurately imitated, was, in our opinion, pre-eminent among the contrivances which London has produced in our time for the amusement of ordinary men or Stowells. If it did not answer as a speculation, it was not the fault of one competent above his fellows to give the stamp of value by his praise, for we well remember the warmth with which Mr. Rogers recommended it to his acquaintance. We are happy to think that the collection was purchased for the British Museum; but we should be much happier if, not having room for Mrs. Hamilton Gray's lively description of it, we had not reason to make room for the following extract, which relates to the subsequent disposal of the objects so purchased.

' I may in this place mention the loss which the public are sustaining in not being able still to visit those things which I have described [namely, the paintings on the walls]. After having not only missed them all ourselves, but having visited scenes that appeared to us still more worthy of representation, we went on our return to England to the British Museum, wishing to feast our eyes once more upon the glorious relics of a nation passed away. What was our disappointment to wander through the rooms the first day, and see no appearance of any collection from Campanari!—the very few objects which we did recognise, bronzes and scarabæi, being so mingled with Greek and Roman remains as to be undistinguishable without very close observation and a previous knowledge of their peculiar style. . . . The second day of our visit to this very noble and rich institution, we considered beforehand where the monuments of Etruria, if placed at all, must naturally be found; and we decided that they must come between Egypt, the eldest of nations, and Greece, her best-known child. Here we accordingly sought, and in a large disorderly-looking hall, leading from Egypt to the Elgin marbles, we espied what we were seeking. Ranged along the wall, in melancholy confusion and neglect, *without a place in the catalogue*, or any indication to the curious of what they were, lay in silence our Etruscan friends. They looked indeed as if they felt that they were in a strange country, cold, comfortless, and far from home. The fantastic vaults of Campanari, with their elevated beds and mysterious gloom.

gloom, his gay painted tombs and variety of ornament, were no more to be seen. . . . It were a sin to have destroyed Campanari's beautiful show, if we are to have no better substitute than what we saw when we visited the British Museum in September, 1839.'—p. 11.

A sin indeed! Mrs. Gray's narrative of her tour to the Museum seems to us to afford a strong instance of that fatality which hangs over the well-meant efforts of Mr. Bull, when, quitting for a moment the manufacture of cotton-twist, he takes a fit of extravagance and virtue.

The immediate effect of Mrs. Gray's visit to Campanari's original exhibition was her journey to Italy, productive of the volume under our notice. For a visit to the sepulchres of Etruria themselves she wisely prepared herself by conversations with the learned, and an active course of museums in Pisa and Rome. The following description of what she saw in the collection of Gen. Galassi, at Rome, affords a tolerable notion of the nature and variety of the treasures which have lately rewarded the labour of excavation. The tomb called the Regulini Galassi had lately been opened at Cervetri, and Mrs. Gray thus speaks of its contents:—

'If we had been surprised at Campanari's we were petrified at the General's. Here we saw an immense breastplate of gold, which had been fastened on each shoulder by a most delicately-wrought gold fibula, with chains like those now made at Trichinopoli. The breastplate was stamped with a variety of arabesques and small patterns, as usual in the Egyptian style. The head had been crowned with fillets and circular ornaments of pure gold, and a rich mantle had covered the body, flowered with the same material. In this grave had also been found a quantity of arms, &c. . . . A bier of bronze, as perfect as if made a year ago; a tripod with a vessel containing some strange looking lumps of a resinous substance, which on being burnt proved to be perfumes, so intensely strong that those who tried them were obliged to leave the room. . . . There were wheels of a car, on which the bier had been brought into the sepulchre. . . . But the wonder of all these treasures was a sort of inkstand of terra-cotta, which had served as a schoolmaster's A B C. On it were the Etruscan letters, first in alphabet and then in syllables; and both the letters and the syllables are the same as the oldest form of the Greek. It was deciphered by Dr. Lipsius, and is the key to all we at present know, and will be the basis of all we are ever likely to know of the Etruscan tongue.'—p. 24.

Mrs. Gray pursues various conjectures as to this curious relic, and goes on to say:—

'In a memorandum made immediately on quitting the General's house, I have noted that upon this inkstand were four alphabets engraved, and after each the syllables; thus, ha, be, bi, &c.; that one of these is in the oldest or archaic form of the Greek alphabetic letters; and that
hence

hence connexion is likely to be traced and demonstrated between the Egyptian, Etruscan, and Pelasgic.'

This collection has lately been added to the Gregorian of the Vatican, which, formed by the present Pope since his accession, already, as Mrs. Gray justly states, bids fair to surpass the Museo Borbonico of Naples. The Pope's Etruscan repositories, so rich in fragile and pilferable objects, are wisely subjected to stricter regulations for their exhibition than are attached to the rest of the Vatican, but special permission is liberally accorded on proper application; and few travellers who have read Mrs. Gray's volume will omit to obtain it. Among the collections visited and noted by Mrs. Gray at Rome we may also mention the museum of Cavaliere Palin, as embracing a wider range than others, and bringing into juxtaposition the antiquities of the East in general—that of Signor Campana, rich in sarcophagi and coins—and the Kircherian collection of the Jesuits' college, which surpasses all others in numismatic treasures.

After a course of training in these repositories, Mrs. Gray launches on her main expedition. The table of her contents includes some six of the twelve principal cities of the ancient Etruscan league, the sites of which now form points of principal antiquarian interest in Tuscany and the Papal States. She does not visit, nor, except by incidental reference, extend her observations to the more southern portion of Italy. The Etruscan antiquities of Campania have forced themselves into more general observation than those of the older and principal sites of the confederation. As works of art, and in respect of beauty of design, the vases of the Museo Borbonico have long been famous, and Mrs. Gray has done well to devote her energies to Central Etruria, the seat of their earlier empire, and which, as might be expected, contains more samples of their progress in art before the purely national style was softened down by Greek admixture.

Few recent discoveries have been more interesting than those which have brought about the identification of the site of Veii, the city from whose fall we date the destruction of the Etruscan confederation. It is easily accessible from Rome, and has become the object of frequent excursions to Anglo-Roman equestrians. Many of these visit it probably rather on the ground of its associations with a familiar passage of Roman history than as an Etruscan city; some for the picturesque beauty of its environs, and more perhaps for the animal pleasure of a gallop over miles of continuous turf. In the two latter respects we can vouch for its pre-eminent attractions, and at the recollection of them the '*præteritos referat si Jupiter annos*' rises to our lips. At Veii Mrs. Gray witnessed, by invitation of Mr. Capranesi, a principal dealer in
antiquities

antiquities in Rome, the operation of a *scavo*. We subjoin her summary—as, though the results were trifling, for the tomb had been plundered before, her observations will admit of application to similar proceedings in most parts of Italy.

‘The name of the site of our *scavo*, as the Italians call an excavation, was Pozzo Michele, or Michael’s Well. We all agreed that it had been previously opened, because the vases showed that it had been tenanted, and the absence of bones or ashes that it had been spoiled; but we might have known by another sign that it had fallen a prey to previous antiquaries, or treasure-hunters—from its having no doors. Every Etruscan unviolated tomb as yet discovered is most artificially closed by one or two immense stone leaves, turning on pivots, and resembling those of the tombs of the kings near Jerusalem. . . . After we had completely rifled this tomb, it would probably the next day be filled up to restore the ground for sheep-grazing, and in a fortnight it would look as green and undisturbed as the day before we opened it. In fifty years time the men who opened it and those who saw it opened will be no more; Capranesi’s excavations will be forgotten or doubted, and some new projector and antiquity-hunter will very possibly re-open this grave to find that it has been already spoiled. Thus it happens with many magnificent Roman sepulchres in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome. I believe that no excavations whatever were undertaken till the French began to disinter the ancient Forum. Yet even during this short period half the opened tombs are forgotten, and now are re-excavating by English noblemen and gentlemen, who spend their money to be disappointed. . . . In Etruria the ground opened is as yet well known, because, with scarcely an exception, it is either in the hands of a few dealers, of eminent collectors like Campana, or the Prince of Canino; but when this generation shall have passed away, what is there to preserve the memory of the ground which they hired, searched, and filled in again? and who is to say what was found in any particular tomb, and what bronzes or sculpture, what vases or terra cotta vessels, what scarabæi engravings or gold ornaments, are contemporary, and were found together? Any of the first-rate dealers will tell you at once that such a vase, or marble, or bronze came from Veii Etruscan or Veii Roman, from Cere, Volci, Viterbo, &c., but what tomb they came from, and what other objects were found with them, even they are usually unable to tell you.’

One need not be much surprised at all this, since the tombs have as yet been investigated by persons with whom the marketable value of their contents was the first if not the sole consideration. We must add that the Archæological Society of Rome does its best to prevent and repair the mischief by procuring plans, copies of paintings, &c.; and the Tuscan government seems in this, as in other respects, to extend a careful and salutary supervision over the proceedings of its subjects.

Mrs. Gray takes the occasion of her Veii excavations to specify

briefly the main distinctions between the Roman and Etruscan practices of sepulture—which much simplify the task of modern antiquarians; for though some of the older Roman tombs, such as that of Scipio, have Etruscan features, the difference is always considerable. A Roman tomb contains no painted vases, no chariots, biers of bronze, perfumes, nor armour. The ashes of the burnt corpse, perhaps some coins, and small lacrymatories of glass or clay, are the principal objects to be expected. In an Etruscan tomb, coins and glass are rare; vases and offerings of various kinds are most usual, and a ledge or shelf for their deposit running round the interior, is almost invariable; bronze nails are found in many, from which such objects had been suspended; and these nails are occasionally exhibited by priestly cicerones as instruments of Christian martyrdom. In the case of an eminent defunct—a lucumo, or warrior-prince and priest, his last resting-place was stocked with a large assortment of the symbols and instruments of his various professions and dignities. The corpse has in most cases mouldered away, and the rich garment has perished with the form it shrouded, but the gold with which its texture was interwoven and reticulated remains; and though the vertebræ and articulations are dust, the serpent-armlet of elastic gold and the diadem of oak, or ivy, or bay or fern leaves, and the heavy and flexible torques, all of the same precious and indestructible material, have dropped through the interstices of the bronze bier to the soil below. More usually, perhaps, these accompaniments of the corpse are found in a sarcophagus, the lid of which exhibits a full length and evidently faithful recumbent portrait of the deceased. The attitude of some of these likenesses reminds the English visiter of the monuments of his country's cathedrals; and the curious position in which one leg is often tucked up under the other bears an accidental resemblance to the cross-legged Templars so common in our old rural churches. We can conceive few moments of man's life more to be envied than that of the enthusiastic explorer when the light of day first follows the stroke of the pickaxe into one of these receptacles, fresh and unplundered.

‘Campanari said that he was excavating as usual in a rough but quiet-looking spot, when suddenly he heard a great crash, the earth fell in, and he found himself standing in the centre of twelve figures, all with their raised and ornamented heads staring at him, and wondering why he came to give them such disturbance. He said he really felt frightened for a time, and inclined to run away, for whichever side he looked there were the red and fiery faces, and the peculiarly stern expression of their reproachful figures. Their bodies were all covered with earth, and their heads only above the soil; and they looked like
beings

beings from beneath, come to sit in judgment on him for violating their repose.'—p. 321.

By far the most striking instance, however, of such success is that of Carlo Avolta, of Corneto:—

'He was conducting an excavation at Tarquinia, in partnership with the late Lord Kinnaird, when he was rewarded, for his expenditure of trouble and money, by an enjoyment which, he says, was the most exquisite of his life—the discovery of an Etruscan monarch, with his crown and panoply. He entirely confirmed the account which I had received in Rome of his adventure with the lucumo, on whom he gazed, for full five minutes, from the aperture above the door of his sepulchre. He saw him crowned with gold, clothed in armour, with a shield, spear, and arrows by his side, and extended on his stone bier. But a change soon came over the figure, it trembled, and crumbled, and vanished away; and, by the time an entrance was effected, all that remained was the golden crown and a handful of dust, with some fragments of the arms. Part of these became the property of Lord Kinnaird.'—p. 206.

From Veii Mrs. Gray transports her readers to the necropolis of Tarquinia, near the modern Corneto. Her own words will best convey some notion of the extent of this field for research:—

'The day after our arrival at Corneto we devoted to the tombs of Tarquinia, and we drove to the distance of about three miles from the town, until we found ourselves in the midst of a dreary moor, now called Monterozzi, which is all that remains above ground of the once superb necropolis, or burying-ground. It is extremely rugged and uneven, and every now and then we saw traces of some little mounds, and, still more frequently, holes on the surface like the mouths of pits, sometimes openings like doors down into the ground, and occasionally flights of steps, half concealed. . . . Signor Carlo Avolta informed us that the necropolis of Tarquinia was computed to extend over sixteen square miles; and that, judging from the two thousand tombs which had of late years been opened, their number in all could not be less than two millions. What an extraordinary idea this gives of the dense population of ancient Etruria! for though the necropolis of Tarquinia may have been a favourite spot for family sepulchres, even beyond the pale of its own immediate citizenship, it is surrounded on all sides by cemeteries scarcely inferior in extent to itself—Tuscania, and Volci, and Montalto, without naming Castel d' Asso, which we shall afterwards describe as having probably been the Westminster Abbey of Central Etruria.'—p. 159.

The Etruscans, in the form and construction of their tombs, were governed by local accidents of ground. At Castel d' Asso, where a valley with a precipitous bank was chosen, the rock was excavated into chambers, like those of Egypt, Petra, and Jehosophat. At Tarquinia, an extensive table-land being applied to

the purpose, the tombs were conical mounds, for the most part artificially heaped up, but probably, where opportunity served, natural inequalities of ground were augmented or pared down to the requisite shape and angle. The apex was crowned by the crest or device of the family, and the base encircled by a wall of masonry. If the middle age battlement were removed from the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, and a conical mound raised upon the ancient structure, the whole would present the form of this class of tomb on a large scale.

‘An Etruscan necropolis,’ says our authoress, ‘must have had a striking effect, crowded with such monumental mounds, crowned with lions or sphinxes, and based upon foundations of solid masonry, with doors all round, and having cope-stones adorned with lions, sphinxes, and griffins.’—p. 158.

The above computation of Signor Avolta, and Mrs. Gray’s descriptions, would form much more reasonable foundation for a joint-stock excavation-company than those on which many seductive schemes have been raised. We must not, however, suppose that capital is all that is required, that the task of excavation is easy, or the reward certain. We are late in the field. Could we even claim to be the first who have been led there by desire of knowledge, or taste for the fine arts, still a passion older than these, older than Etruscan or Pelasgic rule, the *auri sacra fames*, has been beforehand with us, and an unplundered tomb is not the rule, but the exception. Nor was the reputation of these recesses for the precious metals their only attraction. At some periods of the Roman empire the finer Etruscan vases were perhaps as high in value in Rome as now. We cannot now fix the period of the spoliation, or identify the offender. Many tombs have doubtless been repeatedly ransacked. Avolta theorises that the very architects employed in their construction may have preserved the secret of the concealed entrance, and used for their own profit the ‘open sesame’ which was in their possession. It is more probable that the Roman conqueror may have begun the spoliation in the time of the republic: it is, we believe, certain that it was carried on to a great extent soon after the establishment of Christianity in the empire.

It would be beyond our scope and limits to enter into any detail of the wonders described in Mrs. Gray’s pages. The paintings which remain are even of more interest than the transportable objects which enrich the museum of the collector; for they tell us even more of the usages, the games, the feasts, costume, and mode of living of the extinct people, and bear even more expressive witness to their belief in life and judgment beyond the grave. To give a single example of this—in describing

scribing one of the first discovered and most remarkable of the painted tombs of Tarquinia, known by the name of the *Grotta del Cardinale*, Mrs. Gray says—

‘Another most remarkable frieze consists of a procession of souls to judgment, and among these one group in particular attracted our attention. It represented the soul of a person who had in life been of doubtful character, much both of good and evil being attributed to him, and in his case the nicely-balanced scales of justice trembled. He is dragged in a car before the judge by two winged genii, the one good and the other evil, who are contending for the exclusive possession of him. In the eagerness of dispute the car stops; they cannot draw it on, but remain stationary, to mark the uncertain reputation of the deceased. The evil genii are represented as black, and all the spirits wear a cothurnus. . . . The genii are all winged, and the souls, of which there are many, have no wings.’—p. 186.

In this instance the evil principle is embodied in human form, and only distinguished from his antagonist, or from the human subject of their contention, by colour; but in the *Grotta del Tifone* we are introduced to the very fiend of our own northern mythology. We cannot omit Mrs. Gray’s description of this remarkable painting:—

‘Our eyes were riveted on an extraordinary procession which occupied a small portion of the wall, to the right of the entrance. It is miserably injured, and will very soon be totally obliterated. It is a procession of dead, conducted by genii to their final abode of good or evil. The band is preceded by a good genius, as may be discovered from the serpents of eternity, which are twined round his head, and from the pleasing expression of his countenance. He bears a lighted torch. He is followed by a number of souls, and among them, two, a man and a woman, are distinguished for uncommon beauty. The very handsome and noble-looking youth is immediately followed by a monstrous fiend, in whom we recognise the most frightful development of the evil genius of Etruria, whose face and figure had been already familiar to us in scarabæi and vases. The eternal serpents encircled his head, and his face had the most frightful negro exaggeration with a brutish expression. One enormous claw was pouncing upon the shoulder of the unfortunate youth, while the hammer, the Etruscan badge of the angel of death, was raised in the other.* Behind him was the figure, lamentably defaced, of a female of surpassing loveliness, and in her beautiful brow and eye the most intense anguish was depicted. I shall never forget her expression of unutterable woe. To her was attached an infernal guard, similar to him who had pounced upon the youth, his brows encircled with the same serpentine fillet, and his features and expression exaggerated negro and brutish, only of a dark brown colour instead of a deep black. . . .

* Shakspeare’s ‘hang him, foul collier,’ would apply with marvellous precision to the Etruscan Satan.

They

They must have been portraits; but whom did they represent, and why were they thus represented? What had they done, and why were they thus singled out, to be handed down for two-and-twenty ages as the prey of daemons, and branded with the mark of reprobation?"—p. 197.

Micali, who gives a coloured engraving of this painting, observes upon the impartiality with which judgment is awarded to all ranks beyond the grave. The soul which travels into Hades in its chariot, and which Micali evidently considers as answering to our English definition of a respectable man, viz., one who keeps a gig, meets with the same treatment as the humbler spirits. It may be worth mentioning that the interpretation of this painting, adopted by Mrs. Gray from Micali, is one which, in the case of other similar representations, is controverted by Inghirami and others, who consider Micali's evil genius to be the Infernal Mercury, conductor of the dead. *Non nostrum tantas componere lites.* Those who are curious in the matter may consult the dissertation on the seventh plate of Inghirami's voluminous work in quarto. The style of these figures is Greek, and differs in some details of execution from the generality of the sepulchral paintings; but the inscriptions attached are Etruscan, and therefore prove the antiquity, while they fail to remove the mystery, of the Dantesque story which Mrs. Gray thinks must have been selected to point a moral to the succeeding generations of some great Etruscan house.

It is lamentable to think that treasures of art and antiquity, such as these, should be suffered to remain for the most part neglected and unguarded, and that they are fast perishing. A few fac-similes decorate the walls of the Gregorian Museum, but its founder, who as a collector deserves much credit, as a sovereign does little for the preservation of the sepulchres themselves whence the treasures of which he is the worthy and enthusiastic possessor were extracted.

Mr. Michelet, the author of a lively summary of the history of Rome, an agreeable decoction of Niebuhr and the other authors of new versions, speaks of the Etruscans as a people who held in horror the nudity of the Greek gymnasium. If this were all on which we could rest a denial of their Greek origin, the negative evidence would hardly be conclusive. The tomb called the *Chamber of the Inscriptions* at Tarquinia not only exhibits naked female dancers, but in the horse-races there represented the riders are naked—although in the wrestling match the combatants are clothed. A more indubitable proof of difference between Greek and Etruscan social habits is the association of the two sexes on the same *triclinium* at the feast, which is consistent with Egyptian practice but not with Greek. The height of the painted

painted figures is usually from two to three feet,—the fresco lately described is less in dimensions. Of the bright colours they appear to have used only the simple red, blue, and yellow, without mixing, as if they had combined them they could not have missed green, and would hardly have rejected it from their palette. Brown is rare. In some of these representations of races, the *velarium*, or occasional awning stretched over the spectators of the circus or theatre, distinctly appears, proving the invention to have been long anterior to the Romans, for whom it has been till now claimed.

Lucien Buonaparte is well known as one of the most successful excavators of Etruscan antiquities, though not the most retentive, for his acquisitions have been scattered by sale over all Europe. His own principality of Canino and the neighbouring site of the ancient Vulci have been the scenes of his operations. The mine has proved a rich one in all respects; but its chief interest of late has perhaps been derived from numerous discoveries of objects purely *Egyptian*. Among the articles of this class noticed by Mrs. Gray in the prince's collection at Musignano were ostrich eggs formed into cups, and painted with figures resembling those on the tombs of the Pharaohs, and small earthen vessels, resembling modern shooting-flasks, inscribed with hieroglyphics. These instances, and, we believe, many others, establish beyond all doubt the fact of intercourse and connexion with Egypt; but other evidence is required to demonstrate Micali's assumption that we must look to Egypt as the source of the early civilisation of Etruria. These proofs Micali finds in sufficient abundance for the overthrow of Lanzi, who in his day, while backing the pretensions of Greece against the East in general, was rash enough to challenge his adversaries to produce from Etruria a deity with four wings, or other similar monster of Phœnician origin. 'Four wings do I say,' writes Lanzi, 'show me one even with two!' The tombs had been by comparison imperfectly explored in Lanzi's time, and idols with any number of required wings have since been found in abundance, with many other indubitable symptoms of Egyptian and Oriental mythology. Vulci was a small but highly polished constituent portion of the Etruscan confederation, and the Prince of Canino, besides profiting by its ancient relations with Egypt, has been very fortunate in the articles of vases and gold ornaments. Probably no modern jeweller, unless possibly he were a Hindoo from Trichinopoly, could imitate a *parure* some thousands untold of years old in which the Princess used to appear at Roman *fêtes* and state occasions. The tomb called the Cucumella in this neighbourhood is worthy of notice for its peculiar architecture and arrangement, the mound of which

which it consists having displayed, when opened, the remains of two towers, one round, the other square.*

We have already adverted to the contents of the Regulini Galassi tomb at Cære or Agylla, as deposited in the Gregorian Museum; but we are unwilling to omit the description which, on her visit to Cære, Mrs. Gray gives of that part of this interesting monument, which was devoted to a female occupant. After due notice of the first chamber, in which reposed the lucumo proprietor of the famous inkstand, she proceeds:—

‘After this grave had been despoiled, the door leading into the other beyond it was broken down, and here was found a sight, if possible, still more wonderful, and yet, I am led to believe, by no means new to the people of Cervetri, though hitherto unrecorded. Here were vases of bronze still hanging on the wall by nails, a tripod, containing a vase for perfumes, and in a sort of a recess at the end were two large stones, about five feet from each other, on which had been placed the head and feet of the body buried here. Upon the stone next the end wall lay the extraordinary gold ornament I have described as shown at General Galassi’s, consisting of two disks with animals carved upon them, and two gold fillets; and sunk deep below the stone, or half leaning on it, was the superb golden breastplate, which I have also mentioned. On each side, where the wrists had once depended, lay broad golden bracelets, richly worked in relievo. Above or below the breastplate lay a clasp, composed of three spheres of gold; and at various distances between the stones were the little lumps of the same precious metal, which had been woven into the grand ceremonial dress of departed royalty. Now comes the wonder. This had been a woman! Whether a warrior-queen or priestess none can tell; but my belief is the former. Greatly honoured, and sovereign in power, she had certainly been; and her name was Larthia, which, as Lars means sovereign, or greatly-exalted man, probably means sovereign or greatly-exalted woman. . . . It is the opinion of Canina, the learned architect, that this tomb was constructed many years previous to the Trojan war; and Troy fell 1187 years before the Christian era. We therefore read the language, and scanned the dress and furniture, and saw the very dust of men who were contemporary with Jephtha, and the older Judges of Israel, long before the times of Saul and of David.’—p. 334.

We cannot quit the subject of this monument without observing that its architecture is as curious as its contents, and that, in some of the features of its construction, it resembles the so-called treasury of Atreus at Mycene, and, in others, exhibits the peculiarities of the style attributed to Thessaly and Lydia.

* ‘Many of the old towns upon the sea,’ says Mrs. Gray, p. 288, ‘where Italians go to shoot the wild boar, must offer a rich field to an antiquary, if it is true, as I have heard, that columns, and the heads, and legs, and arms of statues, are sometimes seen sticking out into the water, or above it.’

We have now followed the steps of our fair yet learned and eloquent cicerone over one or two of the principal scenes of her tour of exploration. We are unable to pursue her further course to Perugia, Chiusi, and other places of equal interest. Even from our partial notice it will appear that the line of study and research which her pages suggest may be prosecuted to good purpose by persons less active and persevering than herself. The museums of Rome, Tuscany, and Naples are open to those whose energies are unequal to cross-roads and trattorias. Veii is but two miles from the main road; Perugia is on it, Chiusi accessible. Other objects of Mrs. Gray's journeys are to be attained at the expense of various degrees of fatigue and inconvenience. To an active, and, in Homeric phrase, well-girt enthusiast, we should be inclined to recommend Castel d' Asso—rather, indeed, as a place for study and for sketching than for *scavo* speculation; for it would appear that most of its rock-hewn sepulchres have been long since plundered. We should argue, however, from Mrs. Gray's account, that it had been less carefully explored and described by recent travellers than the other principal seats of Etruscan magnificence; and it is certainly the Petra, or Jehosophat of Etruria. The artists who disseminate for the good of their fellow-creatures the knowledge of Hunt and Warren's blacking are little aware that they are plagiarists of the epitaph-writers of ancient Etruria. Speaking of this valley of tombs, Mrs. Gray says,—

'About a quarter of a mile from where we had first detected the hand of art we began to perceive deep regular lines of inscription in the rocks. The letters were a foot high, and sometimes chiselled two inches deep in the stone; they were all in the oldest Etruscan character, and evidently intended to be read at a distance, perhaps even from the other side of the valley.'—p. 395.

The sepulchres of Etruria afford evidence, not only of the power and virtues of the race they inhume, but they occasionally, also, with equal fidelity, bear witness to its frailties and its crimes. The deep reverence of this people for the dead, and the solemn sentiment of many of their sepulchral devices, are sufficient to show that the tradition of eternal truth, whether flowing through Egyptian or other channels, had reached them. That they were warlike, and could deal hard blows, we know from history. It is, however, scarcely probable that the sterner martial virtues attributed by all authorities to the Sabine race were equally characteristic of the Etruscan. Without adopting at once the theory of their Lydian origin, we still perceive the Asiatic impress in their addiction to the feast, the dance, and the other good things of this world, which militates, perhaps, as strongly as any other
argument

argument against Niebuhr's hypothesis of their descent from the Rhetian Alps. They were evidently a joyous race,—loved the ornaments of dress, and the pleasures of sight and sound. They feasted, wrestled, beat one another with fists, and, according to Aristotle, whipped their slaves to the sound of the Lydian double flute. The *lucumo* reclined on a gorgeous and embroidered couch, a cushion doubled behind his shoulders, and gazed, as might a modern pasha or rajah, on the voluptuous motions of the dancing girl. We pass no ascetic censure on these delectations,—if sack and sugar be a sin, God help the wicked,—and the symposia of our own and other northern nations would probably suffer by comparison with Etruscan refinement. The skill of their artists, however, was sometimes degraded, as male collectors know, to the office of perpetuating the record of their graver sensual vices.* We are sorry, also, to be compelled to state that, in the sarcophagus of one Velthuri, a man of family and rank in the Etruscan army, amid a large assortment of articles which indicate that he was a collector of *rococo*, a pair of loaded dice were discovered. These instruments, it is said, are not unfrequently found in the tombs. We would fain hope the indiscretions, indicated by their appearance in this instance, were all the defunct had to answer for towards the dark and buskined genius who wields his retributive hammer on the paintings of Tarquinia. On each side, however, of the same sarcophagus is a distinct representation of a human sacrifice.

It does not, indeed, as Mrs. Gray observes, necessarily follow that this delineation alludes to any passage in the life of Velthuri himself, as the sculptures of a sarcophagus have often no relation to the actions of its tenant. Other evidences, however, exist, which leave little doubt that human sacrifice was not unknown to the Etruscans; though there is no reason to believe that the practice was frequent. In one instance, of a vase now at Berlin, the painting, which was long supposed to convey proof that cannibalism was one of their indulgences, has turned out to be nothing more than a curious delineation of the process of moulding statues of *terra cotta* in separate pieces. The discovery of the moulds themselves has confirmed this interpretation. It would be hard on Sir F. Chantrey to be handed down to posterity as anthropophagous because some admiring disciple had sketched him in the act of fashioning the separate limbs of a Canning or a Munro.

Among the materials used by Etruscan artists ivory must be reckoned, but the specimens now extant are rare. The figure of

* Niebuhr positively denies this. We are sorry to differ from him on such a point; but though the Etruscans, like Shakspeare, may have been purer than their neighbours, we have seen but too much evidence of the assertion in the text.

the elephant appears in some of their paintings. In bronze their skill was doubtless great, and if we can adopt Mrs. Gray's estimate of the quality of some relievos in Campanari's possession, they rivalled the best Greek artists of the best time in this material; for she gives these objects the preference over the ornaments of the breast-plate supposed to be that of Pyrrhus, now in the British Museum. On the subject of the staple commodity of Etruria, vases and tazze, Mrs. Gray's volume contains some judicious remarks. The materials for this branch of Etruscan study are so numerous, and several distinctive peculiarities of the ancient manufacture at once so well ascertained and so inimitable, that the connoisseur is no longer in danger of fraud, and has hardly occasion to resort to the infallible tests with which chemistry provides him. The eye, indeed, must be well trained which could detect the modern portion of some repaired vases, but the sense of touch will discover a difference in the surface. All who have seen the Museo Borbonico must admit, that the more legitimate art of putting together the true fragments of ancient vases has attained in modern hands the acme of perfection, for some of the very finest of that collection have been recomposed of more than an hundred pieces. Such reconstructed vessels retain very justly in the market the full value due to their merit in respect of shape and design. A curious instance of a collector's good fortune is mentioned in the following passage (p. 218):—

'Cavalier Kestner has two most valuable vases, the first of which, consisting of sixteen pieces, he purchased from a peasant at Tuscania, and when it came to be put together it was perfect except one piece. This the minister did not choose to supply, choosing rather to keep his vase imperfect; but a year after he purchased another basketful of fragments from another peasant, who had found them at Monte Fiascone. I forget how many pieces he found, but I think thirty-seven; of these thirty-six made another beautiful vase, and the thirty-seventh exactly supplied the vacant place of the vase he had purchased the preceding year.'

The ring of Polycrates is the only instance with which we can match this story; we trust that in the modern case no compensating misfortune has occurred.

Reversing the practice deprecated by Horace, we will conclude our remarks instead of beginning them, *ab ovo*. Describing her visit to Campanari in his antiquarian domain of Tuscania, Mrs. Gray says (p. 301),—

'As I was leaving the room, I perceived in one corner a basket of eggs, which I naturally concluded that Signor Campanari had just sent out

out to procure for our supper; when, to our astonishment, he informed us that these eggs had contributed to a funeral feast some two thousand years ago, as he had found them in the tomb he had been that day excavating. I think it has been remarked, in the description of the pictured walls of Tarquinia, that many of the guests on the triclinia had eggs in their hands, and that they were the ordinary commencement of an Etruscan banquet.'

We have made our extracts without compunction, for the volume is not one of those which can suffer by this process, or be distilled into an essence which will leave the original mass vapid and tasteless. Mrs. Gray's sepulchral picture gallery has no intervals of daub or vacancy. She has won an honourable place in the large assembly of modern female writers, and at her death (*sero adveniat*) deserves a monumental vault adorned with relieves by Mr. Westmacott, and paintings by Mr. Eastlake.

ART. IV.—*De l'Instruction Publique en France, Guide des Familles. Edition populaire, tirée à 10,000 exemplaires.*
Par Emile de Girardin. Paris, 1840.

THE subject of this small volume, published in the cheapest form (the edition is said to be of 10,000 copies) for general distribution, is of vital interest, not to France alone, nor to Europe, but to the whole world. Europe, with the exception of two of its least civilised provinces, Spain and the Turkish empire, has now enjoyed a peace of twenty-five years;—a longer period of repose from the crimes and miseries of war than has blessed mankind, since that which has been called the happiest epoch in history—the period between the death of Trajan and the accession of the younger Antoninus. Nor has peace failed to fulfil its sacred mission. It is difficult to estimate the immense advancement in population, in wealth, in comfort, in commerce, in internal and international communication throughout every part of the continent—in education in most countries—almost everywhere in the general, social, and intellectual condition of the people, in national self-respect, and respect for the rights and independence of other nations. It would be impossible to imagine a stronger contrast than the actual condition of Europe and its state at the close of the war, with its desolated fields and bombarded cities, with its commerce annihilated, its agriculture impoverished, its population thinned by conflicts of unexampled magnitude, the people weighed down by insupportable taxation, and galled by remorseless conscription, and with all the national antipathies and jealousies

lousies exasperated by long oppression, and either intoxicated with the pride of victory and just revenge, or fiercely struggling with the shame and indignation of defeat. It might have been supposed, and may still indeed be supposed, that mankind had been made wise by the stern and convincing lessons of the previous half-century; that they would have learned how idle and expensive a luxury is war; that peace affords to the ruler, as well as to the subject, a nobler glory than military fame; that scarcely any territorial aggrandisement is worth the sacrifice which must be made to obtain it; and that there are few countries in which half the expenditure in the diminution of the burthens of the citizens, or the promotion of industry by some wise plan of internal improvement, would not add ten-fold to the wealth and power of the state, as well as to the happiness of the people.

The golden age of Roman peace and civilisation, in the nature of things, could not endure. Even now, indeed, we do not clearly comprehend the causes which pushed forward the vast successive waves of the northern and eastern barbarians on the enfeebled and degenerate empire—how it came to pass that these savage regions suddenly became so inexhaustible in their numbers, and irresistible in the inroads of their armies, century after century, from the first fearful gatherings on the Danube, in the time of M. Aurelius, to the Arabs under the Mahometan invaders, and the Tartars under Zengis, pouring forth their devastating hordes, and each spreading, as it were, another layer of barbarism over the whole surface of society. It might indeed appear as if the Divine Ruler had in his wisdom determined to infuse new and more vigorous life-blood into the remotest part of the effete and corrupted Roman empire, which even Christianity had not been able thoroughly to regenerate; that this was a severe but necessary process which alone could bring the whole of Europe—the north, as well as the south and west—into that general social system destined to give birth to modern civilisation.

But Europe and the civilised world may now seem perfectly secure from any barbarian invasion. The few tribes which wander over the steppes of Tartary, or plunder their neighbours in the ravines of the Caucasus, can never, humanly speaking, collect in such formidable masses as to endanger the kingdoms of the west. A few regular regiments, and some squadrons of flying artillery, would disperse them back to their native deserts; and in all quarters of the East, Europe is rapidly encroaching on the wildest recesses of savage life. These Tartar or Scythian hordes may be formidable as light-armed auxiliaries, as wild skirmishers around the regular armaments of that great power, which has once let them loose upon Europe in a war of defence and retribution,

retribution, and *may* slip them again from the leash in a war of ambition and aggression: but of themselves they are utterly contemptible as a military power. The world will never see again a Tamerlane or a Zengis.

But are we so secure against an internal barbarism which may grow up in the bosom of our own society, and combine some of the arts, the sciences, the manual dexterity, the arms, and even the military discipline of a more advanced state, with a recklessness of human life, and a thirst for plunder, not less wild and remorseless than that of the Hun or the Tartar? May there not be, even within the pale of the most advanced and civilised nations, vast hordes of men who either do or may soon yearn for war for the sake of war, for its excitement, its adventure, its hazards, for the mere occupation of minds which are weary of inactivity, and oppressed by almost the greatest of human miseries—energy without employment, the suppressed fire which finds no vent; which, not setting their own lives ‘at a pin’s fee,’ would think the lives of others as worthless as their own—which, as to property, have nothing to lose, and *might* gain at the great gambling-table of war—which have no reverence for law or order, or for that still higher restrictive authority which controls the Christian—which, in fine, are totally deficient in any check or restraint upon the resistless and unresisted propensity to agitation and violence?—This fierce and ungoverned population may, in the first place, be more dangerous to the internal peace of the unhappy nation within which it has grown up than to that of Europe. A civil revolution, if it is too strong for constitutional order—a civil war, if the constitution has vigour enough to resist its attack—may be its first result; but we may doubt whether a civil war in any of the great European countries would not lead of necessity to foreign war. The government of the disturbed country, by a false and wicked but yet not unnatural policy, may attempt to divert the raging torrent over its neighbours’ fields rather than its own; or the fire, having consumed all within its reach, may of itself spread in inextinguishable fury into other regions. The sword once drawn in any one of the more important states of the civilised world, there is no knowing what lands it will go through.

It is impossible to deny, that of all countries in Europe, France is the most likely to pour forth what we do not scruple to call this new tide of barbarism—of war with all its destructive ferocity, without those high and generous motives which may dignify war, and entitle its more distinguished captains to the lofty but much misused title of hero and patriot. Independent of the influence of recent changes in their political institutions, and the circumstances of our stormy times, during which agitation has become,

become, as it were, the breath of life, and events which, in more peaceful ages, would have been wondered at through centuries, and would have vibrated, as it were, through successive generations, have succeeded each other so rapidly as scarcely to raise a few days' astonishment—the mere fact of the vast increase of population, with comparatively little increase in employment, or industrial and honourable occupation, might of itself be sufficiently formidable; and this has taken place among a people of peculiarly lively, active, and, we may say without offence, unquiet character. It is a vast condensation of still collecting steam, without wheels to set in motion, and almost without a safety-valve. We are not ignorant, nor disposed to dissemble our own danger from the masses of our uneducated—we fear widely un-Christianised—manufacturing population. The smothered war-cries of Chartism and Socialism demand our gravest attention; yet our miners and manufacturers, at least *while at work*, have some occupation: their energy, however they may reserve it for their midnight treasonable meetings, or even for secret drillings, is at least partially exhausted by the inevitable labours of the day. But we are mistaken if in France there is not a much larger mass of energy and activity, in some places compressed in a narrow space, almost entirely without regular or absorbing occupation, and utterly stagnant, and therefore liable to be ruffled or fiercely agitated by the slightest breath. In the higher as well as the lower classes there is the same want of straight and regular paths in which steady industry or persevering ambition may ensure success in life. France has no 'backwoods' to which her discontented peasant may resort—to spend his surplus energy in warring with the forest, indulge his now harmless passions in the remote log-hut, and contend with the bear or the savage for his crop of Indian corn or hive of wild honey. How many a dangerous demagogue, who in a more crowded state of society might have endangered the peace of New York or Philadelphia—how many a fierce ruffian who would be panting to shoulder a musket (he cares not in what cause), is now hewing away at some trunk of tough hickory, or pointing his innocent rifle at a wild turkey! France is not, like America—almost throughout the Union—and England to a great extent—pervaded with an incessant commercial activity; she is not perpetually intent on going a-head; her state of society, the character of the people, the habits of subsisting on coarse food, and dispensing, in the remoter districts, with many of the comforts and conveniences which are become necessary to the lower orders in some other countries, combine, with the want of opportunity, to keep down that which is the main principle of industry and exertion in more enterprising and mercantile nations,
—the

—the desire of working out an honourable independence—or at least of advancing in the scale of society, either by regular and uninterrupted perseverance, or bold and adventurous speculation. Nor does France, nor can she indeed, relieve herself by continual and extensive emigration. Individual Frenchmen are scattered, by their own enterprising disposition, and by the easy facility with which they accommodate themselves to the habits and manners of other countries, over the face of the world. They are in the service not of Mehemet Ali alone, but of many other eastern sovereigns: they lie hid under foreign names, or high-sounding oriental titles. But France has no remote empire to which she is transmitting by every fleet masses of her superfluous people—a number of active, spirited, and adventurous youths, who may not now indeed hope to return with the wealth of nabobs, or the glory of a Clive or a Hastings, but have a path before them both of honourable ambition and by no means contemptible wealth; she is not covering the sea with her navies, and watching the first cravings of civilisation in the most remote nooks of the world, in order that she may pour in her manufactures; she has no Cape of Good Hope or Australasia, or Canada, upon which she can cast off her swarms; she is not, in short, propagating her language over regions to be measured by degrees of latitude and longitude rather than by miles or leagues.

We acknowledge that we looked not merely with forbearance, but with satisfaction, on the French conquests in Algiers. . . . Whatever apprehensions more jealous, and perhaps far-sighted, politicians might entertain of the growing predominance of France in the south; however formidable it might appear if she should eventually (as some of her ardent writers have boasted) make the Mediterranean a French lake, we could not but consider the opportunity of an outpouring of her burning lava upon districts which it might hereafter fertilise to a happier vegetation, as far more than a compensation to the other nations of Europe. That Africa, not so much from the warfare in which France is engaged with the Arabs as from the insalubrious climate, has been the grave of so many of her brave soldiers—that the service is therefore become unpopular—and that, by some fatality or infelicity, the French have rarely been successful in colonisation on a large scale—all this appears to us a subject not merely of generous regret, but a serious political or rather social misfortune. We cannot but hail any prospect of restoring that once rich and fertile land of culture and prosperity, the granary of Europe, and, in the early centuries of Christianity, the site of crowded cities and countless bishoprics, to its connexion with European civilisation—of reconquering that most utterly blasted

and

and desolated conquest of barbarism. For surely those who entertain the most jealous and hostile estimate of the French character since the Revolution will at least allow that anything is better than the savage pirates who have so long preyed with impunity on the commerce and even on the freedom of Europe. Northern Africa is irretrievable but by a foreign, and we may say, an European colonisation. But however successful and prosperous, beyond all present appearances, might be the French settlements in Africa, even this, we conceive, would be but an insufficient vent for the over-boiling population and compressed activity of the nation, if it should continue in its present internal state.

Yet what a nation might France have been if, to reckon only from the reign of Louis XIV., she had consumed one-tenth part of the energy or expenditure which she has wasted in disturbing the peace of her neighbours, and in conquests which have always been wrested from her hands, on the internal improvement of her provinces, on the development of her natural resources, on industrial opulence, and the advancement of her *people* in real civilisation. What might France be even now, if she would wisely avail herself of her natural advantages, and, instead of lingering behind—we will not say our own more narrow and richly-cultivated fields, but a large part of Germany—work out her own soil to its highest productiveness; establish a free and cheap communication between her remote provinces; make her vineyards and her corn-fields vie with each other by the rapid interchange of commodities!—if, instead of concentrating all her high-wrought and over-refined civilisation in one spot, she would equably disperse it over her whole surface; if, instead of the singular anomaly of a capital, at least vying with any city of Europe in splendour, in arts, in science—and provinces, where the most careless traveller may see how much is wanting to do justice to the capacities of the soil, and to the commercial resources—she would cease to be *Paris with a vast tributary domain*, and become really *France*, with only a noble capital for the residence of her monarch and legislature.

France might yet surely find at home an honourable and a profitable employment for a large portion of that energy and enterprise of character which is now either wasted, by being constantly drawn off to the overgrown capital, to increase the dangerous fermentation of its dissipated streets, to lie in unproductive idleness, or sit brooding over the ill-suppressed hope of some outburst either of foreign warfare or civil commotion, which may improve, and cannot well deteriorate, their condition.

These views are strikingly borne out and illustrated by the small work before us, which, though professedly treating on the subject of education alone, furnishes more information on the actual state of things in France than many ponderous volumes of statistics, certainly than the volumes of many laborious travellers. The author is M. Emile Girardin, of whom we made mention in a former article. M. Girardin was formerly a deputy; but the unfortunate issue of his duel with the celebrated Armand Carrel brought upon him such a storm of unpopularity that he has returned, we believe, to his original occupation of journalist. There is nothing, however, in this unhappy event, which seems to have darkened the prospects of the ex-deputy, to make us mistrust his statements, or decline his apparently sound and patriotic advice on his present subject. With the state of one leading portion of *la jeune France*, with the host of adventurers which crowd from all quarters to the metropolis, and by their bold activity and vehemence represent themselves as the organs, the voices of public opinion and sentiment, he must have, unless we are mistaken, great practical acquaintance—*quorum pars ipse fuit*. On the miseries thus self-inflicted by individuals on themselves, on the political and social dangers inseparable from the existing order of things, he may be, as far as we can judge, an honest and unimpeachable witness; and we shall assume his general veracity on the facts which he produces as of general notoriety, in a work which, by aiming at general diffusion, invites and defies contradiction. The book, we may add, is in many respects extremely well written, always lively, occasionally eloquent. This may be but the practised pen of the journalist; but we are inclined—we trust not through too much charity or simplicity—to attribute much of its merit as a work to the sincere and earnest convictions of the writer. At all events, it is a man of a certain station and position in the world, demanding to be heard in a statement, certainly not flattering or inspiriting, as to the existing condition of a most important political problem. We might have accumulated a mass of other works on the subject, reports of the successive Ministers of Public Instruction, and publications on education, almost as numerous, though less contentious and controversial than with ourselves; we have preferred, however, the simple promulgation of M. Girardin's views and opinions.

M. Girardin considers the present state of education in France as in an unsatisfactory and dangerous state, partly from its insufficiency, partly from the erroneous system upon which it is conducted. His work, it must be clearly understood, by no means confines itself to what is called popular education—to the instruction of the lower orders: the larger part of the volume relates

relates to the schools, academies, and colleges of the higher classes. He commences with the following principles:—

‘The best institutions, where the education of the people is not sufficiently profound and general to develop their principles, are only elements of disturbance cast into the bosom of society: for they create wants which they cannot satisfy; they are lavish of rights and duties; they weaken governments, which, by the multiplication of laws, render their execution impossible; they concentrate to excess in a few ardent minds those ideas which ought to be imperceptibly absorbed by the whole population. These ideas ferment and explode for want of vent. It is thus that institutions which produce more *power* than they can usefully employ, perish by the excess of that which it becomes necessary to compress. . . . The instruction of the people endangers absolute governments; their ignorance, on the contrary, imperils representative governments: for the parliamentary debates, while they reveal to the masses the extent of their rights, do not wait till they can exercise these with discernment; and when a people knows its rights, there is but one way to govern, to educate them. . . . The evil of our present times is this: the general ignorance perpetuates and renders necessary the centralisation of the executive power—the extent of one constitutes the force of the other. Every premature attack on this centralisation will be vain or dangerous. Though the tradition of monopoly may be destroyed, the ignorance of the great majority of the voters (contribuables) is so great that it would be impossible to substitute municipal (local) government. . . . By the public education I mean the primary education adequately endowed—the university education judiciously completed.’—p. 15.

M. Girardin proceeds, in a few pregnant paragraphs, to show the natural workings of the present system:—

‘What is the result of the primary education with an insufficient annual endowment?—The disorganisation (*déclassement*) of the population, the impoverishment of agriculture, the encumbering of manufacturing industry,—the agglomeration of a floating mass of turbulent men, who besiege the avenues of power, destroy all respect for the government which uses them, and rise in insurrection against that which repels them.’ (p. 16.)

‘A man who can read and write a little is still, in the country, a privileged being, who, in fact, possesses an incontestable superiority. It is rare that he does not abuse the elementary knowledge which he really possesses, by making it pass for that much larger share of knowledge which he still wants. Hence, he in general exercises and accumulates upon himself the functions of family secretary and counsellor, of advocate and notary of the village, which tends not a little to increase the number of law-suits.

‘If one child in a family has learned to read and write, from the time that he possesses that advantage over his father, he concludes that the occupation of the parent is incompatible with his knowledge: vanity misleads him as to his vocation, and makes him abandon the village for the

town. In place of a good husbandman, which he might have been, in a condition to substitute with judgment more perfect modes of cultivation for the erroneous processes which prevail, he goes—according as his parents can make greater or less sacrifices for his future prospects—to increase the number of artisans without work—or to swell the multitude who, little considering whether the industrial or liberal professions are overcrowded, while the land wants men of intelligence and vigour, await the destiny to which they aspire from a social revolution.

M. Girardin asserts that this, without exaggeration, is the consequence of the present imperfect system of education; but, if this be the case, either reading and writing must be a more rare accomplishment in the French communes than in our country villages, or the education, whatever it be, which is bestowed on our peasantry, must be of a sounder character. Our small farmers may aspire to apprentice one of their sons to the village attorney, and so hope to make reprisals on society for their losses in law; but we have never heard that this elementary instruction has been productive, to any extent, of this small restless ambition, or this discontent with their condition as labourers in husbandry.

There is, and always must be, a tendency in the country population to drain off to the towns, more especially towards the metropolis. At one time this was proceeding in England by a diseased and irregular process. Before the establishment of the new Poor Law, and the consolidation of the smaller parishes into unions, it was not uncommon for these small country parishes, when in the hands of one or a few proprietors, to pull down their cottages, and so force not merely their pauper and burdensome inhabitants, but, where the town was at no great distance, their own labouring poor, who *might* become burdensome, into the neighbouring town, where there were always speculating builders ready to run up rows of smart-looking, but wretched, ill-drained, and ill-ventilated hovels. Our manufacturing towns, which formerly drew off such large swarms from our own agricultural districts, have probably ceased to do this to any great extent, the void in the north of England and Scotland being filled up by the constant immigration of cheaper Irish labourers; but in all the more flourishing and increasing towns there is a constant demand for domestic servants, and the lower classes of artisans, which are no doubt supplied from the rural districts. How much is yearly swallowed up in the great and expanding gulf of London! But whether the supply exceeds the demand, to any great extent, is a difficult question. Every avenue to fortune, every opening to employment, is instantaneously thronged with competitors. From the highest to the lowest, from literature and the arts, the learned professions, law, medicine, and the clergy with their multiplying churches,

churches, commerce in all its branches, from the merchant princes of the City down to the small grocer and hardwareman, there is a busy vehement emulation in which many must fail, and many drag on with but a precarious livelihood. There are no doubt many noble hearts which, from misfortune or want of opportunity for distinction, are pining in secret and extreme misery; many minds of lofty genius which have never been able to force their way to notice, and are maddening with disappointment, and perhaps hostility to the existing order of things; there are a vast many more who have mistaken the flattering whispers of vanity for the conscious inspirations of genius, and whose failure, being more complete and more unexpected, is more bitter, more galling, more exasperating; and in this fermenting mass of disappointment, discontent, and despair, there must be constant danger of explosion. Among such numbers, whom their blighted hopes or actual privations make utterly reckless, there must be men prepared for any change. 'The world is not their friend, nor the world's law'—and they are ready to seize the first opportunity of making reprisals on the world, and accommodating the law to their own advantage.

But we conceive that the tide which sets into Paris is altogether out of proportion, in depth and strength, to that which flows into any other capital of Europe. All France comes to a head in Paris. While every English county town, except perhaps Winchester and one or two others, is stretching out on every side its rows of suburban houses, or is studded about with small villas, as full of comfort as they are usually deficient in taste, in France such changes are rare and uncommon. There is no appearance of generally increased condensation of population in the provincial cities. In the north of France, except Rouen, a few towns and villages on the sea-coast which are aspiring to be watering-places, and some cities where English settlers have either entered into building speculations or created a demand for new houses, the provincial towns appear not to have experienced any change since the days of Louis XIV., except that melancholy change which has converted churches and conventual buildings into stables, barns, or barracks. The total want of life and movement in a French provincial town, except on market-days, is almost melancholy—the utter stagnation of business, of interest, even of curiosity. The hoof of a horse is rarely heard, except when upon the high road the crack of the postboy's whip announces the arrival of some high-trunked and imperialed English barouche. To meet a gentleman riding, a carriage taking an airing of pleasure, or anything but now and then a lazy creaking cart, is a kind of event. Excepting perhaps the south,

south, where one or two of the cities aspire to the dignity of capitals, and some of the larger sea-ports, it might seem that the whole life of France was flowing into and beating at Paris. According to M. Girardin, almost all who are even half instructed abandon their native fields, and collect in the towns, while, from town and country, there is a still more constant and vast influx of this reckless class of adventurers of all sorts into the capital, where it is impossible that they should find regular and profitable occupation. Nor can it indeed be wondered that Paris should exercise this powerful attractive influence over the greater part of France. Where everything is open to real talent, industry, and enterprise; where there is no aristocracy, either of birth or wealth, to throng up the avenues to power, wealth, or distinction; among the greatest names in political influence, in science, in literature—names which are familiar to and commanding throughout Europe—there are few who have not forced their way by mere dint of intellectual vigour. The ready pen of the journalist, the bold and fluent tongue of the advocate, the rich or brilliant display of knowledge shown by the professor, have been their titles and patents. As in all countries, especially in one where want of self-confidence is certainly no national failing, for one man of real genius there will be hundreds of pretenders to it; for one who has the courage and industry to work his way up through the rude conflict of rival competitors, there will be thousands who think they ought to enjoy the reward without the exertion and fatigue of the strife—it can be no matter of astonishment that there should be so many eager to make a short cut to fame and opulence; that every kind of political, religious, and literary fanaticism should obtain its votaries; that everything violent, exaggerated, extravagant, should find a ready, greedy hearing; that there should be apostles of every strange doctrine, and proselytes to every creedless creed. It is here that Saint Simonianism found its disciples, the Abbé Chatel his few hearers; that Victor Hugo, and Dumas, and Balzac, have their ardent admirers and countless imitators, their heroes and their victims; that the gaming-table finds its maddening attendants, the Morgue its victims; the Fieschis, the Alibauds, and the Darmes, are drugged with the intoxicating poison of the revolutionary part of the press, and bewildered by the fanaticism of political faction to become the Ravallacs of a king, who, since he ascended the throne, has exhibited qualities most worthy of the station—and whose life is far more important to the peace and real greatness of France than that of any of her former sovereigns ever was or could be. Hence those Ishmaelitic tribes who have been well named *Emeutiers*, who dignify, in some cases, a schoolboy love of riot and

and mischief, in others the mere gratification of a restless vanity, and diseased yearning for distinction, with the sacred names of liberty and patriotism—who, weary of wasting their energies in coxcombical inventions in dress or manners, actually fancy themselves entitled to lead a great nation, and to plunge millions into the miseries of political convulsion, that their names may blaze for a day in a newspaper.

The French capital is at once the earthly paradise and the earthly hell of men of enterprise and adventure. To those who can find the narrow way, and force an entrance through the strait gate, it has the fulness of worldly joy—the wealth of millionnaires, banquets of the most refined luxury, the highest honours in the state—the ministerial palace, the adulation of one part at least of the press, the hosts of servile followers, whether to the benches of opposition or the Treasury—the higher and more intellectual enjoyments of the sciences, arts, and letters, which welcome the powerful patron—all that can gratify an honourable as well as less fastidious ambition. But for the multitude who throng the broad and beaten path, and are driven through the wide gate into the realm of disappointment, of wretchedness, of blighted ambition and ungratified passion, of penury which flees to the gambling-table to relieve or utterly to beggar, and so drive the wretch to the last act of desperation—in that abyss where there is indeed weeping and gnashing of teeth, what a mass of human misery, remorse, and despair, is every year, and almost every day, accumulated! How many spirits, noble perhaps before their fall, are surrendered up to the fiercest passions! Men of letters who have wrought out a fine vein of invention and eloquence in wild ephemeral novels; journalists who, with great powers, have been crushed in the collision, and, after sacrificing all their talents and all their principles for a party, have been thrown off as no longer profitable; men in still loftier paths, who by one success, by creating one sensation, have fancied themselves a power in the state, and find themselves nothing;—when we recount all these, with the numberless victims of vanity and self-conceit, can we wonder that there should be constantly among these multitudes, in that realm of darkness and woe, men whose ‘voice is still for war?’—for war with whom or in what cause they care not—war against order, against the existing state of things, war of insurrection, or foreign war, with any pretext or without it, either seizing the old revered name of liberty or of national dignity as the watchword of battle—pretending to be, or fancying themselves, jealous, nobly jealous, of the national honour, when they are actuated entirely by the uneasiness of their own condition—mistaking, and choosing to mistake, the discontent of political failure for the generous aspirations of patriotism. It is
this

this semi-barbarism of a large class which is so dangerous to the peace of France and of Europe. For the present it has been put down by the cautious good sense of the king, the weight of property, the better feeling of the more enlightened, we may perhaps add the extravagance of the war party; but who shall presume to say, where there is such a mass, a constantly accumulating mass, of inflammable substance, how soon, how dangerously, how fatally the conflagration may break out, and defy the strength of the government, and the active as well as inert resistance of the better and wiser classes of the community—of those who have all to lose, and nothing to gain in civil or foreign conflict?

The great remedy proposed by M. E. Girardin for this unparalleled condensation of presumptuous half-learning, more dangerous perhaps than ignorance, in the large cities and the capital, and the general ignorance which broods over the whole surface of the country, is *Education*;—but education—we hasten to forewarn our readers (lest they should think they are but to be put off again with the practical bathos, the lamentable last page, 'the suckling fools and chronicling small beer' of our friend Mr. Carlyle's very eloquent 'Chartism')—education with a peculiar end, and one, in his opinion, singularly suited to the circumstances and advantages of the French people. M. Girardin's work comprehends, as we have said, not merely popular education, strictly so called, or as it is generally described, *primary instruction*, but likewise the higher and professional education which is intended for all the upper classes of society. In the case of both the upper and the lower orders, M. Girardin hopes, by his scheme of education, to give an impulse towards a better destiny—to divert now wasted or misdirected energies into the safer channels of honourable and profitable employment—to change reckless and adventurous habits for those leading to peace, respectability, and happiness—he would show, in short, that there is a vast yet unbroken field of public usefulness and private welfare which will reward its cultivators with the best and purest of all recompence, moral and social improvement, and consequently the safest and best happiness; and which indeed, if carried out to its utmost extent, might (if we could entertain any unworthy jealousy) almost alarm us with the gigantic scope of wealth and strength into which it might develop the internal resources of France. We must first, however, examine the actual state of things, and its bearing on the formation of the national mind, habits, and opinions.

And first as to the primary or strictly popular education.

The difficulties which the primary instruction in France has to encounter are of two kinds—material and moral. Some of those enumerated under the former head, we acknowledge, rather surprise

prise us, if they operate to the extent asserted by M. Girardin. They illustrate, very forcibly, the want of internal communication and improvement. They arise, from the isolation of the hamlets—their distance from the commune where the school is placed; the bad condition of the old roads, which for half the year do not allow the children to go to school, particularly at the time when the inclemency of the season and the suspension of labour make their parents better able to spare them; the snows, which cover a large part (*une assez grande étendue*) of France for several months. To these are added the payments exacted from the parents, which are more than they can well provide; the want of expeditious methods of instruction, of schools, and schoolmasters. The actual state of France is illustrated by one or two very curious extracts from a ‘*Tableau de l’Instruction primaire*,’ by M. Lorain.

‘Two-thirds of the communes are without regularly-established schools; a building specially set apart for holding the classes is, we may say, an exception; the master opens a room for the children, which is in general his whole house—*livrant ainsi à des regards indiscrets des scènes de ménage burlesques et inconvenans*. We have found masters who gave their lessons in the open air, and these were the most prudent; others crowded their scholars in damp barns, in stables (where the warm exhalations from the cattle *étaient utilisées, au besoin, comme calorifères*), in hovels with scarcely any light, in cellars or lofts.’

The moral obstacles are the apathy of the parents, who are unwilling that their children should be wiser than themselves; the opposition of the clergy in many communes, who do not see that, by assisting the cause of education, they might increase their own influence, and enforce the respect even of the irreligious; ‘that their sacred ministry (these are the words of M. Girardin) summons them to take the lead in the intellectual emancipation of the masses, and the amelioration of their condition; that to walk with a firm step in the path of advancement (*du progrès*) is to follow the steps of Christ, who overthrew idolatry, abolished slavery, and on their ruins established the religion which proclaims all men to be brethren.’ There is besides the indifference and parsimony of the mayors and municipal councils, and the selfishness of the landed proprietors, who think that the progress of education will diminish the number and so raise the wages of labourers; above all, the miserable and dependent position of the teachers, who ought, according to M. Girardin, to take a kind of intermediate rank *between* the mayor and the clergyman (*curé*)—but whose present character and condition confirm the opinion that it will never be a respectable profession, and must always be abandoned to the least capable—to those who embrace it in despair

spair of success in any other. On the actual condition and attainments of a considerable number of schoolmasters in the provinces, we subjoin the following passage (including an extract from M. Lorain's *Tableau*), which is so clever and graphic that we must leave it in the original language; indeed, from its very cleverness, we must admit that it is liable to some suspicion of high colouring:—

Il faut consulter les témoignages enregistrés par M. Lorain, pour se faire une idée de la misère, de l'ignorance et de l'abjection de ceux qui jusqu'ici ont été employés à répandre l'instruction parmi le peuple. Dans le Cantal et la Haute-Loire, ce sont de pauvres dévotes, saluées par les paysans du nom de béates, qui, pour faire œuvre pieuse, transmettent aux enfans le peu qu'elles savent. Les premiers souffles de l'hiver, qui nous envoient les ramoneurs, font en même temps désertier les montagnes à des instituteurs ambulans, Béarnais, Piémontais, Auvergnats d'ordinaire, qui battent la plaine à l'aventure, jusqu'à ce qu'un hameau les ait loués pour la mauvaise saison, au prix de quinze à vingt écus. Ceux qui exercent dans le lieu natal sont ordinairement des infirmes, impropres à toute autre fonction. Une revue générale de cette triste milice mettrait en ligne des légions de sourds, de boiteux, de manchots, de rachitiques. On y verrait des épileptiques et des nains. Un de ces maîtres, signalé par les rapports comme l'un des plus capables, est sans bras et écrit avec le pied.—“Le cœur se soulève, dit M. Lorain, à la lecture de ce chaos de tous les métiers, de ce répertoire de tous les vices, de ce catalogue de toutes les infirmités humaines.”—Ces malheureux sont si faiblement rétribués, qu'il faut les excuser de joindre souvent un métier à leurs nobles fonctions. Quelquefois la leçon est récitée au bruit du marteau, ou bien la main calleuse d'un forgeron trace une exemple d'écriture; ou bien encore, le pédagogue s'interrompt pour faire une barbe, peser du tabac, ou partager une chopine en deux verres. Quelques communes, considérant la somme de deux cents francs, demandée par la nouvelle loi, comme un impôt vexatoire, se récupèrent en imposant à l'instituteur un service public, comme de balayer l'église, chanter au lutrin, sonner les cloches, particulièrement pendant les orages, suivant une coutume dont les dangers ont été souvent signalés. D'autres clauses assez ordinairement inscrites au contrat sont d'exercer, au besoin, le métier de fossoyeur et de battre le tambour pour les annonces et les convocations. Quels sont donc ceux qui se résignent à un esclavage aussi avilissant? Des gens affamés pour la plupart, et d'une ignorance telle, qu'ils sont rarement en état d'orthographe, que les inspecteurs en ont signalé plusieurs qui ne savent pas écrire, et que certains, vers les frontières, n'entendent pas même un mot de la langue nationale.”—*Revue des Deux-Mondes*, 15 Septembre, 1838.

This is a very curious passage. We have had much argument, both in and out of parliament, on the statistics of education; on the comparative extent to which it is carried in different countries, particularly in France and England; and some important conclusions

conclusions have been drawn on the results of education as compared with crime in France. Now what we would wish to know is this,—whether the pupils of this worshipful company of schoolmasters, the halt, the maimed, the deaf, and the blind, are set down to the educated or uneducated score of the account?

Among the remedies proposed by M. Girardin for this acknowledged deficiency both in the amount and quality of instruction are: 1. To make the elementary instruction a state affair, as the church is at present in France—to assimilate the schoolmaster to the minister of religion; 2 and 3. To determine the objects, and to improve the present imperfect and tardy methods, of instruction; 4. To deprive, from a fixed period, every voter of his suffrage who is unable to prove that he can read and write; from the same period to give the first numbers in drawing for recruits to those who are able to read and write; 7. To establish in every commune a school for girls,—if not a school, a separate class; 8. The encouragement of the publication of useful books and elementary journals at low prices.

As to the first of these divisions—the least sum, according to M. Girardin, which a schoolmaster should receive is 750 francs (37*l.* 10*s.*) per annum, ‘which is scarcely sufficient for a priest who lives by himself, without domestic establishment, and therefore is not more than sufficient for the maintenance of the family, often large, of a schoolmaster. His other advantages (*casuel*) may be the occasional instruction of pupils of a higher class, which will induce him to extend the range of his own studies.’ This, however, we would suggest, may possibly induce him to neglect his state charge for his wealthier class. The whole expense of this system of education throughout France is calculated at about thirty-two millions of francs, towards a million and a half sterling, which it is proposed to include in the budget. Secondly—as to the objects of instruction. The law presented to the Chambers in 1833 divided the primary instruction into two degrees: 1st. Primary elementary instruction, moral and religious instruction, reading, writing, the elements of the French language, arithmetic, the legal system of weights and measures; 2nd. Superior primary instruction, as in the first degree, linear drawing, measuring, practical geometry, principles of the physical sciences, and natural history, singing, elements of national and foreign history and geography. M. Girardin proposes the following additions and transpositions: ‘1st degree. Moral and religious instruction, the art of reading and writing correctly, *singing*, arithmetic, and legal system of weights and measures; 2nd degree—*Writing from dictation, analysis, the art of expressing with facility, book-keeping*, linear drawing, principles of mensuration and practical geometry, first principles

principles of geography, principles of agriculture and domestic economy, first principles of industrial mechanics (the force and resistance of different materials), first principles of chemistry, first principles of physics and natural history, first principles of physiology and hygiene, first principles of civil and public law, first principles of national and foreign history, and geography.' As to moral instruction, M. Girardin draws the proper distinction, which Rousseau had long ago pointed out, between instruction and education. The schoolmaster cannot supersede or supply the place of the parent, by whom all the early habits both of body and mind must be formed. In the school, the objects of chief importance are the choice of books, and a judicious plan of emulation and of punishment. The great principle of the latter is to avoid all discouraging and degrading punishments, which may harden the character, sear the heart, and give the child a dislike to his studies. It is of the first importance to make him like work, which is the main spring of public and private morality.' As to religious education, 'We consider,' says M. Girardin, 'that at the present day, with the prejudices which exist against the supposed encroaching spirit of the clergy, it must be separated from the functions of the schoolmaster. The liberty of worship having been recognised by the constitution, the necessary consequence of this is the obligation to leave to the ministers of each commune the duty of initiating the children in the belief of their parents.' On this subject we shall hereafter make some observations. Singing (*le chant*) M. Girardin has judiciously, we are of opinion, transferred from the second and superior to the first and more elementary part of popular instruction. It is of equal importance as a means and as an end. We have heard much of the extraordinary success of M. Wilhem, who is now appointed director and inspector-general of this science in the schools of France; and, by a simple instrument called a diapason, has introduced a taste and skill in music among adults as well as among the children of the schools, not less surprising from the feeling, or rather the passion, which it has excited, than from the remarkable fineness and accuracy of execution:—

'It is no longer (we are informed in a note by the editor of this volume) a few groups of children who come to catch the tone of this magic instrument, but multitudes, of which the number amounts in the schools of Paris alone to 2262; nor are they the children alone which this study attracts from all parts, but men of mature age, fathers of families, who come with their children, and are in turn their monitors or rivals; they are artisans who are not prevented by the fatigues of their daily labours, but with an incredible assiduity and perseverance qualify themselves to join in the crowded concerts which we have had the

the opportunity of applauding in the largest room in the Sorbonne. The number of adult pupils amounts to 1200, divided into eleven classes.

Music, or rather singing, which has always been among the chief methods of teaching, or at least of influence and guidance, in our infant-schools, is now introduced very generally into our national and other schools for older children. A gentleman, named Turner, has, with a very liberal devotion of his time and talents, set the example in our national schools; and various other systems have been adopted, with greater or less success, in other parts of the country. Though, perhaps, we are not to expect the same sudden outbreak of musical ardour and feeling in our graver and less sensitive population, yet the extraordinary taste for music which now seems to pervade English society shows the importance and the practicability of cultivating it to a great extent among our lower orders. For this reason we should be glad to hear that the system and the instrument of M. Wilhem had received a fair trial among us.* The improvement of our parochial psalmody would in itself be of inestimable value. Our cathedral churches in the metropolis, on the Sundays, are crowded beyond the means of accommodation, and even on the week-days there is a visible increase in the attendance, which may at least be ascribed in part to the greater taste for sacred music; and we cannot but see that, while our theatres are comparatively deserted, or, indeed, abandoned to a musical entertainment, the vast room of Exeter Hall is crowded with hundreds of all orders, listening with the most absorbed attention to the sublime oratorios of Handel. In a lower sphere, cheap musical entertainments are offered in what used to be the most shamelessly licentious and offensive part of the metropolis, and rooms crowded with casual visitors, among whom the most prudish and sanctimonious could not detect the least levity or impropriety of manner. It is indeed not merely a blameless, and therefore most desirable, popular amusement; but it may be made, as of old in Greece, and, as we conceive, in the present day in Germany, a legitimate and very powerful instrument of civilisation. It is the faithful ally of peace, of order, of religion. It becomes, then, those who take a lead in the important question of national education to try to improve and to perfect this powerful instrument of popular improvement to the utmost of their ability. The fewer Cassii we have in all orders the better. M. Wilhem's diapason, we trust,

* We understand that a class for the instruction of schoolmasters in music, upon the plan of M. Wilhem, has been opened at Exeter Hall by M. Hullah, under the patronage of the President of the Council, the Bishop of London, and many other prelates of the church, and distinguished laymen.

has not yet maddened to the Marseillaise; and even at any time, were England forced into a defensive and therefore necessary war, she would not be less formidable if she had learned to march, like the Lacædemonians of old,—

‘ In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders.’

M. Girardin places at the head of his superior kind of elementary instruction ‘writing from dictation, analysis, the art of expressing the thoughts with ease, and book-keeping.’ All these methods of teaching, except, we believe, the last, are now introduced, to a greater or less extent, in our better schools for the poor. They form part of what is called the Edinburgh system of Mr. Wood,—are partially and successfully practised, if we remember right, at Norwood; and indeed facility of expression is best gained from the system of clear and rapid questioning, by which a good teacher may in general be distinguished from a bad one, and which is the vital principle of all large and successful schools.

But by far the most important and peculiar part of M. Girardin’s system is the high place which he assigns to the first principles of husbandry and domestic economy. His theory is, that by nature France *was designed for a great agricultural country*. As yet she has not been true to her vocation: but, in raising agriculture to a science, and the cultivation of the soil to an honourable profession, in the elevation of the cultivators in intelligence, wealth, and virtue, he sees a counterpoise to the dominant influence of the great cities, and especially of the capital,—a check to the perpetual drain of the hardy and useful country labourers into towns where the arts and manufactures are already overloaded with workmen, and the higher professions and means of employment afford no fair avenue for exertion; he sees, in fact, a corrective of what we have ventured to call the dangerous barbarism of a large class, who are almost of necessity goaded into turbulence, and at war with all order and government,—the extension of a calm, peaceful, and happy civilisation, enriched by increased production, occupied by constant but not exhausting labour, content, though not without salutary emulation,—attached to the free institutions of the country, which give security to their property, their improvement, their domestic happiness.

‘The landed proprietors hold in their hands the destinies of France: for, by raising the lands which they possess to the value of which they are capable, they cannot fail to acquire a local influence, which, causing them to pass successively through the exercise of the elective franchise, the municipal councils, the office of mayor, the council of the arrondissement,

ment, the general council, must inevitably bring them at last to the representation of the interests of the country, and at the same time give them a real acquaintance with its wants.'—p. 186.

We must bear in mind, in any estimate of the future prospects of France, the subdivision of property, which is the natural effect of the present law of inheritance, equally among all the children. The result which might be expected from this law would be the gradual growth of a proprietary yeomanry, the cultivators of their own estates, a class to whom good education would be of the highest importance; but then, unless the law is in some way evaded or counteracted, this yeomanry must sink lower and lower, till we can scarcely understand how there could be sufficient capital to do justice to the land. The practical operation of the law, from what reasons we are unable clearly to explain, has been as yet by no means so extensive, nor the subdivisions of property by any means so minute, as might have been expected from the time at which it began to take effect. But M. Girardin founds his argument on the actual state of the cultivation and produce of France. The statistics we presume to be correct, as we are not aware that they have been controverted in France. We shall take them, as given in more full detail, from a memoir which he addressed, in 1894, to M. Thiers, then minister of commerce and public works:—

'The surface of France contains fifty-three millions of hectares of which twenty-five millions are of land capable of cultivation, and yet scarcely a *third* of the population eat (*qu. wheaten?*) bread; while four millions of hectares of good land, well cultivated and sowed with wheat, would be sufficient to feed, healthily and substantially, its thirty-three millions of inhabitants.* In England, agriculture occupies 13,396 square leagues. In France, agriculture occupies 27,400 square leagues, and the produce is about (*à peu près*) a seventh less. In England, 13,396 square leagues, worked by 7,500,000 husbandmen, yield a gross produce of 5,480,000,000 francs, that is, 40,000 francs per square league, or 722 francs per head. In France, 27,400 square leagues, worked by 22,000,000 labourers, yield only a gross produce of 4,500,000,000 francs, that is 16,000 francs per square league, or 200 francs per head.

'Of 49,863,609 hectares of land liable to taxation in France,	
25,550,159	are devoted to the cultivation of the cerealia,
4,834,621	are in meadow,
2,134,822	are in vines,
7,412,314	are in wood,
7,799,672	are in commons, pastures, heaths (<i>landes</i> , pâtis, bruyères, etc.)
48,705,514	

* A hectare of fertile land, well cultivated and sown with corn, produces easily 22 hectolitres, which weigh 1694 kilogrammes; while the average annual consumption of an individual may be estimated at 197 kilogrammes of wheat. The hectare 2.473614 acres.—*Note of the Author.*

‘The remainder is in gardens and buildings. . . .

‘In England, the neat weight of bullocks for the slaughter-house is 554 lbs.; in France, 350 lbs. The same proportion holds good as to calves, sheep, and lambs consumed in the respective countries. England possesses 10,500,000 head of cattle; and France, with a territory much larger, and a population so much more considerable, reckons only 6,700,000. In England, the cultivation of the rutabaga, the Swedish turnip, has increased its territorial revenue a milliard (of livres); while France still pays annually forty millions for silk from Piedmont and Lombardy, which she might grow on her own soil.’—pp. 448, 449.

This unenterprising and unimproving routine of agriculture does not prevail uniformly throughout France. Some districts have set the example of a bolder and more skilful cultivation; and their success is so great as to afford the highest encouragement.

‘If we would only go and see the degree of perfection to which agriculture has attained in the departments of the North, of the Drôme and the Isère, we should at once be convinced of the progress which still remains to be made, and the increase of produce of which it is capable; since the hectare of land, of prime quality, is worth, in certain parts of the Ardèche, for instance, 12,000 francs, in that of Morbihan 400 francs. However distressing, then, the condition of the cultivators may yet be, their sons ought to be very cautious how they abandon agriculture for any other employment, art, or profession; for the chances of profit are precisely in proportion to the progress which is still to be made.’—p. 167.

M. Girardin’s plan for the improvement of the agriculture of France embraces the instruction both of the labourer and the proprietor. He would make the first principles of agriculture, and of all the sciences which bear on agriculture, part of the primary education which is to be bestowed, at the cost of the state, on the whole labouring poor; he would raise agriculture to an honourable profession, and substitute, among the sons, at least, of the smaller farmers and proprietors, a strictly-professional education for that of the universities, which still retains, in his opinion, too much of the old classical system for this order.

‘In my opinion,’ he observes, ‘the government of France cannot occupy itself too actively in promoting a taste for agriculture; it cannot develop it too soon; the greater the general and manifest tendency to abandon husbandry for manufactures, on account of the higher wages of the latter, or even for the liberal professions, in order to the gratification of vanity; the greater the tendency to prefer a residence in towns to that of the rural communes—the higher is the importance of diverting and combating it by good books, placed in the hands of children, which will give them at once the desire of remaining in the condition in which they have been born, and of improving that condition; which will teach them very early how precarious are the wages of manufactures, how dangerous are the illusions held out by the liberal professions, and what
horrible

horrible misery is concealed under the luxury of great cities ; which may impress upon them most profoundly the true feeling of *conservatism and progression* : for a horror of the wisest innovations, a contempt for the most judicious methods of perfecting the ordinary processes, form, in general, the agricultural creed of the labourers, and education alone can change them.—p. 46.

Those in our own country who interest themselves in the education of the poor may derive some useful suggestions from M. Girardin—(leaving entirely apart the question of classical education, as concerns our higher orders).—The education should, as far as possible, be adapted to the future prospects and situation of the child. Whatever general knowledge is superadded to that moral and religious instruction, of which all alike stand in need, should be varied according to local circumstances. While our manufacturing poor might be wisely taught the elements of mechanics, of chemistry, as applied to the arts, and other obvious branches of science, as well as, perhaps, a wider sphere of general information, including, in our opinion, the first principles of political economy, —of wages, profits, capital—our peasantry would be more attractively and more usefully taught all that relates to cottage-economy, gardening, the keeping of domestic beasts and fowls, bees, the first elements of botany and vegetable physiology, and those other elementary parts of knowledge which our author suggests for the villagers of France.

M. Girardin would of course give a much higher education, in the same branches of knowledge, to the landed proprietors,—a class, which, as it actually exists, may, we presume, be described as something between our resident country gentlemen and our yeomanry. The present system of university-education he considers altogether unsuited to their future, and, as he would wish, more permanent occupation.

‘It is among the sons of proprietors in easy circumstances that our university education makes, perhaps, the greatest number of victims ; for it rarely happens that they are not sent hastily and without reflection to a college, from which they come forth, without guide, without experience, without superintendence, to follow, with the throng of youths of their own age, the course of a faculty, to run the risk of bad company in a populous city, to embarrass their fortune with debts, and injure their health with excess ; and that, instead of receiving a good rural education, from the age of fifteen to twenty, which would qualify them to become the bailiffs (*régisseurs*), or farmers of their parents, to manage their patrimony, to improve it, and to set the example of good methods of cultivation, applied with judgment to the land ; to place themselves, in short, at the head of a new generation, and of agricultural reform, which can alone, in France, put an end to the general beggary (*prolétariat*), to the demoralisation of the people, to the disorganisation

of classes, to the pernicious influence of Paris and the great cities, to political dissensions and social revolutions. When population is on the increase, and production is not, misery alone is making progress; when manufactures are embarrassed, and artisans are thrown out of work, revolutions are prepared by riots: for the power which represses them for a time, only suffers them to gather strength for a greater and more formidable outbreak. . . .

'The proprietors,' proceeds M. Girardin, in another eloquent passage, 'who do not manage their own property, who abandon the labours of the field for the idleness of towns, are traitors to their own interests: they deprive the land, from which they live, of the capital which is necessary to render it fertile; they abandon the elections to intrigue; they isolate themselves from all improvements; they desert the liberties which they ought to defend; they compel the municipal councils to recruit themselves with none but men without instruction or intelligence, who, in their turn, exclude them, when, by accident, they are present to take a part in the business; they are canvassers for paid offices, and disdain those of mayors; they reach, at length, the legislative tribune without having formed themselves, by municipal discussions, for parliamentary debates; there, ignorant and mute, they listen to the speakers, and, without respect or influence, increase the number of passive members; they sit without being able to trace out with accuracy any abuse of the government; they vote the budget, which they disapprove, but know not how to reduce—and quit the chamber to accuse it of ignorance and incapacity.'—p. 187.

These are singular revelations of the present workings of French society: they are evidently from the pen of a clever and practised writer trained in the school of journalism—and therefore, perhaps, to be received with some caution: but if the statement be true, that four-fifths of the whole population, of thirty-three millions, are concerned in the cultivation of the soil (p. 45); if six millions of these are landed proprietors (p. 191); and if the more astounding assertion be correct, or approximate to the truth, that of these thirty-three millions scarcely a *thirtieth part* can read (p. 53), it is impossible to deny either the paramount importance of the subject to the interests of France, and through France to Europe, or the justice of the author's principles,—the wisdom and necessity of elevating, by any means in the power of the government and of the Chambers, the agricultural part of the community. It is the old policy, in fact, as our author justly observes, of Sully himself. One, however, of the coactive measures of M. Girardin,—the disfranchisement of all voters, from a given period, who cannot read and write—whatever may be its expediency,—is, we suspect, far too wide and sweeping to be listened to with any favour by the imperfectly educated representatives of utterly uneducated constituents.

France already possesses a few establishments expressly designed

designed for agricultural instruction. We shall notice the most important of these when we arrive at that part of his work which treats on professional education. But before we leave altogether that which belongs to primary, and strictly popular education, we are inclined to make a few extracts from his chapter on schools for females, of which he estimates the importance very highly,—not too highly, in our opinion, in the present state of France, where everything which can give dignity and solidity to the female character is among those regenerating influences, to which alone we can look with rational and sober hope. We know not on what authority M. Girardin makes this striking assertion :—

‘There is no instance of a mother who can read and write, whose children are not likewise able to read and write. If it is impossible for the mother to send them to school, however laborious her occupation, she always finds time to teach them herself. This is not the case with the fathers, who, whether educated themselves or not, are utterly indifferent to the education of their children, and very rarely take the trouble of instructing them themselves, or even of ascertaining what progress they make in the school.’

He adds, ‘to give instruction to girls is to open a school in the bosom of every family; open, then, a school, or at least a class, for them in every commune.’ We are sorry to inform Miss Martineau, that M. Girardin, with all his respect for the importance of the sex, protests against what is called the ‘emancipation of women.’ In theory, at least, notwithstanding Lady Morgan, *Man* in France still aspires to be the *master*. Ridicule, our author does not scruple to assert, in utter condemnation of his countrymen for their levity and want of genuine philosophy, would be an insurmountable obstacle to all these lofty schemes of female independence: he uses even this gravely condescending tone, that the law of France, ‘in harmony with nature and the advancement of civilisation, does not enslave women; it respects and protects them.’ We proceed in his own words:

‘Dans l’éducation des femmes, c’est moins encore le bonheur de leur existence que l’utilité de leur mission qu’il faut considérer: dans toutes les descriptions et les dissertations, la femme n’apparaît jamais qu’en second ordre: de là l’imperfection de l’instruction qu’elle reçoit, quelque poétique que soit le nom qu’on lui donne de “*douce compagne de l’homme*,” etc. Considérée sous ce point de vue, plus pastoral que social, l’instruction superficielle des femmes s’explique; il n’est pas nécessaire, en effet, que leur instruction soit plus profonde, si leur destinée doit se borner à cette condition accessoire et passive. Mais si à l’idylle du poète vous substituez la pensée du législateur, si vous délaissiez le passé pour l’avenir, si à la place de l’épouse vous ne voyez plus que la mère, les rôles aussitôt changeront:—à la femme appartiendra le premier,—

mier,—à l'homme le second ; dans ce dernier vos yeux ne verront plus que le fils élevé par sa mère.

'C'est alors que l'instruction des femmes vous paraîtra incomplète et superficielle, entièrement contraire au but qu'elle devrait se proposer ; c'est alors qu'involontairement votre esprit se surprendra faisant justice de ces lieux communs qui étoient les sociétés, tels que ceux-ci : "*La femme est faite pour plaire et pour aimer—La femme, douce moitié de l'homme—compagne de sa vie, etc.*;" c'est alors que votre esprit s'empressera de reconnaître que des deux conditions de la femme celle de mère est la première, que celle d'épouse n'est que la seconde ; la maternité est sa vocation, elle élève la femme au-dessus de l'homme ; le mariage n'est qu'une fonction qui met au contraire la femme dans la dépendance de l'homme. Former des mères dignes de ce nom, capables d'exercer avec discernement cette première des fonctions sociales, tel doit être le but de l'instruction des filles ; former des épouses qui soient des compagnes douces, agréables et fidèles, sera tout naturellement le résultat de la bonne éducation puisée au sein de la famille ; cette éducation sera d'autant meilleure qu'elle sera plus commune, qu'elle aura pour rudiment des exemples plus souvent que des préceptes : sans y avoir été systématiquement préparée, soyez assuré que la fille sera toujours bonne épouse si l'éducation d'une bonne mère l'a faite à son image.

'Considérée sous ce point de vue tout maternel, quelle est l'instruction qu'il convient de donner aux filles ? quelles connaissances leur faudra-t-il acquérir ?

'A toutes les questions qui peuvent être faites nous répondrons par une seule ligne qui renferme tout notre programme de l'éducation des filles :

"IL FAUT APPRENDRE AUX FEMMES CE QU'ELLES DOIVENT PLUS TARD ENSEIGNER AUX ENFANS QUI NAÎTONT D'ELLES."

'En d'autres termes : Il faut donner aux filles et aux garçons *nés dans la même condition*, la même instruction ; afin que, dans l'avenir, les filles devenues mères accomplissent ce que l'Université ne fait qu'à demi, dispendieusement et révolutionnairement, et qu'ainsi soient assurées et l'éducation et l'instruction des enfans, sans nuire au bien-être de la famille et sans troubler la hiérarchie sociale telle que la comportent l'égalité civile et la liberté politique.—pp. 60-63.

The second part of M. Girardin's work treats on a subject with which, we apprehend, the ordinary reader is but little acquainted—the secondary, supplementary, or university education of France. This is, to a certain extent, under the authority and influence of the central government ; directly, or indirectly through the communes. We conceive that we shall render an acceptable service to our readers by giving a rapid survey of this subject. Our author includes under the general head of 'university education,' first, the secondary education (as contradistinguished from the primary or popular) ; and, secondly, the superior. The *secondary* education is that of the royal and communal colleges, who prepare for the *superior* education in the five faculties of theology, law, medicine,

cine, science, and letters. Both the royal and communal colleges, as we have said, are under the public authorities; but private establishments, distinguished by peculiar success in moral and religious training, or by the activity and solidity of their studies, may be converted into colleges 'de plein exercice.' They remain private establishments with the privileges of state institutions.

There are forty-two royal colleges, five in Paris, and one in each of the following cities:—Amiens, Angers, Auch, Avignon, Bastia, Besançon, Bordeaux, Bourges, Caen, Cahors, Clermont, Dijon, Douai, Grenoble, Le Puy, Limoges, Lyon, Marseille, Metz, Montpellier, Moulins, Nancy, Nantes, Nîmes, Orleans, Pau, Poitiers, Pontivy, Rennes, Reims, Rhodéz, Rouen, Strasbourg, Toulouse, Tournon, Tours, and Versailles. The communal colleges are 308 in number, all in connexion with the central academy of the department, but varying in number according to the extent and population of the department.

In the royal colleges the pupils receive the following religious instruction:—In the first year, the History of the Old Testament, in the second that of the New. Besides these, they learn the Catechism of the diocese, in which they are examined once a week by the almoner. The pupils of the sixth, fifth, fourth, and third classes receive instruction in the Catechism every Thursday before mass. In the second class, the rhetoric class, and the two classes of philosophy, a *Conference* on religion is substituted for the Catechism. All the classes learn some verses of the Scriptures every day in French, Latin, or Greek. They likewise learn, on Saturday, the Gospel for the following Sunday: the elementary classes in French, the sixth to the third in Latin, and the higher classes in Greek. In the elementary class, besides the sacred history, are taught French and Latin grammar, geography, arithmetic, and writing. In the classes of letters, the professor teaches to the sixth the sacred history, the *Selecta e Profanis ac de Viris illustribus urbis Romæ*, fables of Phædrus compared with *La Fontaine*, ancient geography, mythology—writing and arithmetic continued. Fifth class: selections from Justin and Cornelius Nepos, and of the *Epistolæ ad Familiares* of Cicero; the elements of Greek, fables of Æsop—ancient history, writing and arithmetic continued; living languages as determined by each college. Fourth class: in the morning, selections from Q. Curtius and Livy, Cicero's treatises *De Amicitia* and *De Senectute*, selections from the *Cyropædia*; in the evening, selections from the *Eclogues* and *Georgics* of Virgil, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and *History of Rome*. Linear drawing, and drawing the human figure, begin in this class, and are continued in the rest. Third class: selections from Sallust and Tacitus, the Latin and Greek moralists; in the evening, selections from

from the *Æneid* and the *Iliad*, History of the Middle Ages, Latin versification; French poetry illustrative of their studies is learned by heart. Second class: selections from Cicero's Orations and the *Iliad*; in the evening, selections from Horace and the *Æneid*, modern history (both this and the History of the Middle Ages with special reference to the History of France). Preparatory class of rhetoric: composition in French and Latin narrative. Class of rhetoric: morning class, *Conciones à Veteribus Historicis Excerptæ*, selections from the Orations of Cicero and Demosthenes; in the evening, *Conciones Poeticæ* and selections from the Greek tragedies, the principles of eloquence and the rules of composition; selections from French writers and dramatic poets learned by heart. Instruction in the sciences occupies the two last years. First year: the two first parts of philosophy, *viz.*, first, logic, and metaphysics; second, elements of mathematics, *i. e.*, higher arithmetic, geometry, rectilinear trigonometry, first notions of algebra. Second year: the last part of philosophy, a course of ethics, the law of nature and of nations; higher mathematics, comprehending statics, algebra, and its application to geometry; the physical sciences, chemistry, and the elements of astronomy. Every pupil must produce, before his admission, his register of birth, and of baptism, if he has not been confirmed, or received his first communion; *certificate of vaccination*; certificate of good conduct from the head of the school to which he has belonged before. The expenses are as follow:—The *pension* in the royal colleges of Paris is 1000 francs, including books as well as tuition, but there is an additional payment of 45 francs to the University. In the provinces, the pension is 750 francs in the royal colleges of the first class, 650 in the second, 600 in the third, but there is a further payment of 50 francs for books and expenses. Each royal college has thirty bursarships or scholarships, which are differently divided into whole, three-quarters, and half of the pension. They are usually given to the inhabitants of the department. The *trousseau*—the dress, linen, plate, and certain articles of furniture, with which each pupil is to provide himself—is regulated by a peremptory statute. The course of the studies in the communal colleges is very similar, though perhaps not quite equal to that in the royal colleges.

The books and editions used in all the colleges must be approved by the council of the University. These are selections from most of the classic authors, and *editiones expurgatæ* of some. The University has not given its sanction to any complete or methodical work, or course of moral or metaphysical theology, but the professors are recommended to select what may appear to them best and most suited to their purpose from the following

writers:—

writers :—Among the ancients, the Dialogues of Plato, the Analytics of Aristotle, the philosophical works of Cicero. Among the moderns :—‘ Bacon, *De Augmentis Scientiarum et Novum Organon* ; la Méthode de Descartes—ses Méditations ; le chapitre de Pascal sur la Manière de prouver la Vérité et de l'exposer aux Hommes ; la Logique de Port-Royal ; l'Essai sur l'Entendement Humain de Locke ; les Nouveaux Essais sur l'Entendement Humain de Leibnitz—sa Théodicée ; Recherche de la Vérité, par Mallebranche—ses Entretiens Métaphysiques ; De l'Existence de Dieu, par Fénelon ; De l'Existence de Dieu, par Clarke ; la Logique de Wolf ; l'Introduction de la Philosophie, de Gravesende ; Principes du Droit Naturel, par Burlamaqui ; Traité des Systèmes, l'Art de Penser, la Logique de Condillac ; Lettres d'Euler à une Princesse d'Allemagne ; Essai Analytique sur les Facultés de l'Ame, par Charles Bonnet.’

The *superior education* comprehends the five faculties in which are conferred the degrees of bachelor, licentiate, and doctor—Theology, Law, Medicine, Letters, and Sciences. There are seven faculties of Theology established at Paris, Aix, Bourdeaux, Lyons, Rouen, at Strasburg for the Protestants of the Confession of Augsburg (Lutherans), at Montauban for the Protestants of the Helvetic Confession (Calvinists). The following courses are given in the faculty of theology at Paris :—at the Sorbonne : Doctrine (dogme), morals, the Scriptures, ecclesiastical history and discipline, pulpit eloquence. Only a part of these courses are given at the provincial faculties. To be a bachelor in the theology a man must be twenty years old, be a bachelor of letters, have attended the theological courses for three years, and maintained a thesis in a manner satisfactory to the faculty. The examination for a licentiate in theology is the same as for holy orders. For the doctor's degree, dissertations, theses, and a public lecture are required. In the Protestant faculty of Strasburg are six professorships : doctrine, evangelic morals, exegesis, pulpit eloquence, ecclesiastical history, doctrines of the Helvetic (Augsburg?) Confession. It is among the regulations, that the knowledge of the language and literature of Germany becoming more and more necessary to the theologian, the scholars must prove that they have this qualification before they proceed to their degree. The examinations for degrees are public. In the Protestant faculty at Montauban are likewise six professorships of theology, properly so called : three, of evangelical morals, doctrine, ecclesiastical history, three, of philosophy, of Hebrew, of ‘ haute Latinité ’ and Greek.

There are nine faculties of Law : at Paris, Aix, Caen, Dijon, Grenoble,

Grenoble, Poitiers, Rennes, Strasburg, and Toulouse. The time of attendance is three years, with a further special course for the doctor's degree. The study of the first year is the Institutes of Justinian and the civil code; of the second, civil code, criminal legislation, code of civil and criminal proceedings, the Pandects; of the third, civil code, commercial code, code of magistracy (*droit administratif*). The special course for the doctor's degree is in the history of law, law of nations, constitutional law of France. Of Medicine there are three faculties: at Paris, Montpellier, and Strasburg. The departments are distributed into circles of faculties under these three centres. There are likewise secondary schools of medicine in many of the large cities. The lectures must be attended for four years; and there are five examinations, which include all the branches of medical science. The candidate may proceed as doctor in surgery or doctor in medicine, or, on certain conditions, in both. The pupil in the faculty of medicine must be a bachelor of letters; by a regulation of the year 1836, he must likewise be a bachelor of science. This regulation has had the remarkable effect of diminishing, in a very considerable degree, the number of students, which, in the three faculties and secondary schools, was 1522; in 1837, 744, and in 1838-9, 596. The respectability of the profession, justly observes M. Girardin, is likely to gain rather than lose by this defalcation in numbers. There are also schools for pharmacy established in the same cities as the three faculties.

There are *seven* (nine?) faculties of Sciences: at Paris, Bourdeaux, Caen, Dijon, Grenoble, Lyons, Montpellier, Strasburg, Toulouse. The faculty of Sciences in Paris consists of two branches: mathematics and physics. The mathematical of three courses: the differential and integral calculus, mechanics, astronomy. The physical of four courses: chemistry, mineralogy and geology, botany and vegetable physiology, zoology and physiology. There is a further first course of general and experimental physics. The examination for the baccalauréat differs according as the student intends to follow the profession of medicine, or to confine himself to science. To be admitted into the faculty of Science it is necessary to be a bachelor of Letters. The payments, we should observe, for all these courses are strictly regulated by the ruling authorities.

Of Letters—which we see is considered the primary faculty, the study of which, and the degree, are necessary for admission into the others—there are faculties at Paris, Besançon, Bourdeaux, Caen, Dijon, Strasburg, Toulouse. In the faculty at Paris there are nine courses: Greek literature, Latin eloquence, Latin

Latin poetry, French eloquence, French poetry, Philosophy, History of Philosophy, Ancient and Modern History, Ancient and Modern Geography. It is decided by chance in which of these branches the candidate for the bachelor's degree is to be examined. The nine branches are divided into three lists, and one list drawn from the urn, and the candidate examined in the three subjects it contains. The examination lasts three quarters of an hour. To be a bachelor in Letters the youth must be sixteen years old, and must have attended a certain number of courses. There is a normal school, it should be added, at Paris (Rue St. Jacques, 115), to provide instructors and professors for all academies connected with the University of France. It is under the especial control of the minister of public instruction.

The *collegiate* education of France may thus, as to the age of the pupils and the kind of instruction, correspond with our great *public schools*. With the exception of the philosophical, and perhaps the rhetoric classes, if the programme is to be taken as the maximum of attainment, they would fall below our Eton, Harrow, or Rugby. The national literature is made more decidedly a part of the system; but the classical, which, as with us, is the groundwork of the whole, does not appear to reach so high a standard. If indeed we may judge from their literature, the study of Greek is at a low ebb in France. Many of the most distinguished writers, we will not say condescend, but seem reduced to quote the Latin translations of Greek authors. The name of Letronne ranks very high, and that of Boissonade is well known, but these scholars stand almost alone. The *Faculties* may be considered in some respects to correspond with our *Universities*. But our schools and colleges are an inseparable part of our national institutions. They have grown out of, and tended to form, our national character almost as much as our laws and constitution; they are irregular, unsystematic, infinitely varied according to the impulses and necessities of the times; they slowly conform to the more profound changes, while at the same time they resist the momentary fluctuations, of opinion; from a high classical tone they descend, by successive gradations, till they are met by schools (in general private establishments, but which are now partially commenced in connexion with the Church and public institutions) of a more mercantile and practical character. When they are private, the pupils are liable to be the victims of shallow pretension, superficial show, and bold speculation, which impose upon fond and weak-minded parents; but in general the practical good sense of the country refuses to be misled, to any great extent, on a subject of such vital importance.

ance. We have thus some of the dangers and inconveniences, but we have all the advantages of freedom—the constant self-adaptation to the habits and wants of the people.

But our Universities cannot be said *strictly* to correspond to the Faculties of France, as, though in theory we still grant degrees in law and medicine, as well as in arts and theology, the professional education in the two former departments is scarcely commenced in Oxford or Cambridge. It is another and most important intermediate step between the school and the world. But the inestimable privilege of our universities is their total independence of the government. It is right, it is the bounden duty of the French government to extend its authority over the higher as well as the lower branches of education, because without the impulse, and without the control of the government, it would scarcely exist; but for a community like that of England, where there is perfect freedom but no equality, richly-endowed universities are at once the consequence and the safeguard of our most important national institutions.

Our business, however, is not with the educational system of England, but with that of France. The two great evils which M. Girardin—and a much greater man than M. Girardin, M. Guizot himself—seems to have long ago apprehended with his calm sagacity, are the centralisation and the uniformity. This centralisation has arisen out of the necessity of the case. The uniformity of education has appeared perhaps, to the hasty and inexperienced observer, the best guarantee for political equality; but if it may produce political, it cannot produce social, equality. It may give to all an equal right, an equal desire, in a certain sense an equal chance, of fortune and distinction; but where there is not fortune and distinction for all, it cannot give them to all. It sends the whole youth forth on the same few narrow and crowded roads, and prevents them from forming new roads, which at least would advance many to the same end. Of the immense mass of persons in France, whether of proprietors—so much increased by the circumstances of the last half-century, by the division and subdivision of the large estates of the church and of the nobility—or of successful mercantile men who have made a certain fortune, and are able, either without any or at some sacrifice, to give their sons a collegiate education—the greater part either consider that they have done their duty, or are unable to do more. They cast them loose to follow one of the liberal professions, the law or medicine (the church, we fear, has few attractions for this class), or to gain a precarious livelihood by the public press, or to solicit (long, perhaps, and vainly) employment in a public office. Agriculture and commerce are repudiated as beneath young men who are at
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one bound to overleap many steps in the social scale—to start at once to eminence, perhaps to the foremost seats in the Chamber of Deputies, or the rank and emoluments of ministers—or at least are to shine in the world of letters, and take rank among the *millionnaires* of 'Journalism.' As to those whose more easy circumstances enable them to give their sons the luxury of a classical education—a luxury, and indeed a generous and noble one, which, from our different social system, the larger numbers of persons of rank and fortune, the greater extent of our liberal professions, including our still richly-endowed and still daily expanding Church, must, among us, be far more general—they are too apt to leave their sons utterly ignorant of the management, at all events utterly incapable of the improvement, of their estates and fortunes. But if the sons of this wealthier class, thus altogether emancipated from parental control, are content to cast their lives on one throw, to sacrifice the ease and respectability of their manhood and age to a wild youth of vanity and folly—this is but the usual temptation of rank and wealth committed to young and irresponsible hands—temptations perhaps more dangerous from the greater tendency of the French to gather to one brilliant focus in Paris, where there must be more than an ordinary prodigality and excess to create that sensation which is the ambition of this section of *la jeune France*. It is the far larger class of youths, the children of parents by no means in easy circumstances, who, in misjudging but natural tenderness, have spared no cost to give their sons a classical education, under the erroneous conviction that such an education must lead to fortune—it is these who are the *victims* of the present system.

'When breakers make the approach to a coast or a harbour dangerous, the government sets up a beacon: here there is no warning to the parents of the dangers to which they expose the destiny of their children; no voice proclaims to them that an education too much the same for all classes, imprudently and indiscriminately given, casts a vast number of adventurers upon society, and perpetuates, in the bosom of the country, agents destructive of that well-being which arises out of peace and order.

'Poor youths! separated from the multitude by education, at a distance from the upper ranks by want of fortune, crushed in their intermediate sphere by countless competitors, and obliged, notwithstanding all this, to wear the outward appearance of easy circumstances, from a lingering feeling of respect for the education they have received—these unhappy youths, if they are ambitious, of capacity, and courage, have no other prospect but political convulsions; if they are laborious, modest, they resign themselves to accept some small employment of clerks (*commis*)—generally worse paid than artisans or day-labourers, above which the social hierarchy appears to place them, merely that it may be more oppressive and exacting towards them.'

With

With the useful design of setting up a beacon not merely to warn the navigator of his danger, but to guide him into the port, M. Girardin has compiled his 'Guide des Familles,' which fills one-half of the volume before us. The object is to substitute a good professional education for the more general system of instruction; to induce parents to consider the character and disposition of their children before they finally decide on their destination; to inform them what institutions actually exist in France, in which they may qualify their sons for their future course of life; and, by showing how insufficient these establishments are for the wants of the country, to induce the government and the legislature to engraft such institutions, on a much wider and more general scale, upon the education of the people.

In this part of the work a separate chapter is assigned to each profession or pursuit, and the institutions connected with it. M. Girardin states what he considers the natural qualifications requisite for success in each line, with the means which all may, or ought to be able to command for their improvement.

1. Agriculture.—The agriculturists are divided into two classes: husbandmen, and farmers of their own estates (*cultivateurs*, and *propriétaires agronomes*).

The natural qualifications for an agriculturist of the first class are strength, good sense, patience. The previous acquirements for this, as for all classes, are the primary education both of the lower and superior kind, which the state ought to furnish and enforce on all alike. Their professional education he would make to comprehend book-keeping—('A husbandman,' he observes, 'is a manufacturer of corn and of other commodities: a regular method of keeping accounts is as imperatively required of him as of a shopkeeper')—the elements of geometry, geology, physics, and chemistry; of mechanics, in order to judge of the comparative value of the instruments of agriculture; hydraulics, for purposes of irrigation; botany, vegetable physiology, zoology, as far as regards the habits and care of domestic animals; the veterinary art, domestic architecture, and every branch of domestic economy. If it be objected that all this knowledge may be, and in England is perhaps, to a certain extent, practically and experimentally learned, or taught by rural tradition, the vast tracts of productive but unimproved land in France prove that there they are neither so taught nor so learned there.

There are no institutions whatever in France accessible to the *husbandman*, where he may learn to become a scientific agriculturist. One, it seems, was established at Coëtbo in Morbihan, where both the board and instruction were gratuitous. It differed from Hoffwil in receiving only one class of pupils, who were to be

be instructed, both theoretically and practically, in all that related to rural concerns. It was also a kind of normal school for agricultural teachers. This establishment, however, has not succeeded. We do not quite understand the somewhat enigmatic causes of its failure. 'Il est à regretter qu'il n'ait pu se soutenir sur ses bases primitives, et qu'il ait rencontré pour obstacles des intérêts personnels irréconciliables avec la haute pensée de désintéressement et de bien public qui avait présidé à son établissement.'—p. 173. There is no other institution of the same nature, though M. Girardin mentions, under this head, the royal veterinary schools of Lyons, Alfort, and Toulouse.

For the agricultural *proprietors*, farmers of their own estates, M. Girardin would require as previous qualifications, a spirit of order and of observation, perseverance and foresight, and the art of management. Besides the primary education of the first and second class—they should receive a superior elementary instruction, in rural and commercial law, statistics, natural history, breeding and improvement of cattle, rural architecture and mechanics. There are three institutions of this nature in France—of course utterly inadequate to the wants of this large class—but furnishing, in some degree, a model for scientific and experimental schools of agriculture. One is at Grignon, near Néauphe (Seine et Oise). It is a farm of 500 acres, of very various soil, with wood of different kinds, water-courses, a large lake or piece of water, irrigated water-meadows; all inventions in agricultural implements and machinery are brought to trial; the farm-yard contains every kind of cattle, teams of all sorts and breeds—Swiss, Norman, and cross-breeds of bulls and cows; 1000 head of sheep, Merinos, English, Artesian, Solognese, Vendomese, with all the cross-breeds; swine of the English, Anglo-American, and Anglo-Chinese breeds; threshing-machines of the best kind, a cheese-dairy, a botanic garden, a nursery garden, an orchard, and mulberry plantations. The course of instruction lasts two years. In the first year are taught:—1. elementary mathematics applied to mensuration, taking plans and levels; 2. topography and drawing; 3. practical elementary physics and chemistry, practical botany and vegetable physiology, as applied to cultivation and planting; 4. first principles of the veterinary art; 5. rational principles of cultivation and farming; 6. principles of rural economy, employment of capital, and internal management of farms. In the second year are taught:—1. principles of husbandry in their application to the art of production and its employment; 2. mathematics, as applied to mechanics and hydraulics, and the elements of astronomy; 3. physics and chemistry applied to the analysis of earths, waters, manures, &c., distillation,

and

and the economical employment of heat; 4. mineralogy and geology, applied to the use of various fossil substances, boring and sinking wells; 5. culture of the kitchen garden and orchard, woodman's craft, and the knowledge of useful or destructive insects; 6. rural architecture, as applied to buildings, roads, water-dams, and drains, &c., making of lime, mortar, cement, &c.; 7. law, as relates to property in land; 8. principles of *hygiène* for men and animals. All these courses are illustrated by practical experiments, in winter and in summer. The pupils are taught to guide the plough and to use other implements of husbandry, and to study all the details of the internal management. The pupils are free pupils or house-boarders: the first must be twenty, the latter fifteen years old. The *pension* for free pupils is 1500 francs; for house-boarders 1300, with 300 more for a separate apartment. There are twenty-five scholarships of 300 francs given for house-boarders. Each pupil brings his *trousseau*. The Institut Agricole of Roville appears to be a much smaller establishment. That of Grand Jouan (Loire Inférieure) is situated in a department which contains a vast deal of heath and shifting sand. It has a more extensive farm than Grignon; it has 500 hectares of land of every kind of quality: and the object is to bring this into cultivation. It professes to teach—1st, practical, 2d, theoretic agriculture. There are courses of lectures apparently as extensive, though differing in some parts from those of Grignon. The expense is 250 francs per quarter. The pupils remain two, three, or four years, according to their capacity and progress. There is also a course of agriculture in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers at Paris, and an Ecole Royale Forestière at Nancy.

We pass over the chapters on Arts et Métiers, or mechanics and artisans, that on Trading and Merchants, and the two professions of Law and Medicine, all of which contain much useful information and much sensible advice. We turned with curiosity to the head of Letters, and with anxiety to that of Theology—the Clergy. On the former, however, M. Girardin is unexpectedly brief; his advice is almost summed up in one old truism—*viz.*, that in this course of life 'mediocrity is synonymous with misery.' The great school for this class is the College of France in Paris, which unites names of the highest European fame both in science and literature:—In science—Binet, Lacroix, Biot, Savart, Majendie, Thenard, Elie de Beaumont; in Greek—Boissonade and Letronne; in Oriental Literature—Des Granges, Stanislas Julien and Bournouf; with Michelet on History, and Lherminier on Law.

M. Girardin appears deeply penetrated with the importance of

of religion, and of the influence of the clergy on the general educational regeneration of France. But it is impossible not to feel that he writes in a tone of discouragement and despondency. Those, he says, who estimate earthly enjoyments at their real value may render great service to their country by devoting great talents to the Christian ministry:—

‘Quelle heureuse et rapide régénération n’opérerait pas chez un peuple cassé de vieillesse l’homme de talent qui, animé du zèle de la maison de Dieu, comprendrait ce que le Christianisme doit être à une époque où toutes les idées tendent à l’application des ces deux principes fondamentaux de notre religion selon l’Evangile—*l’égalité et la fraternité des hommes* ! Il aurait saisi le seul moyen d’assurer le triomphe de la religion et de lui rendre son premier éclat.’—p. 315.

We protest, as we have always protested, against this degradation of Christianity to a vulgar principle of democracy. The equality of man, it is true, is a fundamental principle of the gospel; but it is not a social, a worldly equality of rank, of position, of fortune, or even of political rights, with which it has no concern; it is an equality in the sight of God, an equality in the blessings and privileges of the gospel; in the humanising and ennobling graces of the Christian character, the true happiness on earth, the consolation in sorrow, the conscious immortality in death, the eternal life in Christ Jesus; the redemption through the same Saviour, the sanctification by the same Spirit; the everlasting blessedness in the presence of the same Universal Father. It unites mankind indeed in one brotherhood, but by far finer and more subtle links than is implied by the tainted word *fraternity*; that spirit of evangelic charity which blends into one the Church of Christ throughout the world; of which the source and well-spring is common prayer, the action benevolence, the affection love to all mankind.

The Ecclesiastical ministry worthily filled, M. Girardin asserts to be the noblest of professions; yet it is not, he says, and in one sense he says truly, by any means lightly to be recommended to adults. In his opinion it is peculiarly suited for those who, having been tried by the misfortunes of life, have been supported by a lively faith, who are no longer bound by any earthly tie, and may therefore prepare themselves by study and reflection for the most beautiful mission of man, speaking to the people from the pulpit the language of Christianity, without making it lose the majesty with which it has been arrayed by the Fathers of the Church and the great Christian orators. But what hope is there that the 30,000 parishes of France will be supplied with men thus disciplined in the chastening school of adversity, and at the same time elevated above the depression and despondency of that
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state by pure Christian faith? The mass of the clergy must be trained by education for their sublime, but, we fear, ill-rewarded, and as far as respects worldly distinction, inglorious career. The government appears in some degree sensible to the importance and the difficulty of the question. A million of livres is devoted to scholarships attached to the diocesan seminaries. But from what class are the candidates for the ministry to be sought? Where are to be found those high and precious qualifications which M. Girardin justly demands from those who aspire to this sacred office?—simplicity of tastes; humility of spirit; resignation and force of character; charity; the love of study and of truth. Our author has not been able to shrink from this unavoidable question. The immense spiritual militia necessary for all the parishes of the kingdom 'can only be recruited from the same sources as the army;' in other words, the lowest order of the community. In some respects, we agree with M. Girardin, this may be of direct advantage. The religious impulse once given, and given in the right direction, it will be desirable, and even necessary, that the clergy, who are to pass their days in a secluded hamlet, among rude and uninstructed peasants, performing very laborious and painful duties on a scanty stipend, should be taken from a class among whom ease and luxury are unknown; of simple and unambitious manners, and raised above the general level only by their sanctity of character and superior Christianity of mind and conversation. We shall not be suspected of disparaging those lowly men, who from the days of the Apostles have arisen in the Christian Church; some of whom have at once seized, as of undoubted right, the highest stations; or in a lower sphere have instinctively, as it were, displayed the purest gentility of manners, Christian courtesy, and dignity; and so have taken their place in the high and acknowledged aristocracy of virtue and benevolence. But—taking this portion of the population of France according to M. Girardin's own description—it is no encouraging prospect that this class are to supply the mass of the clergy, who are to officiate in a community at once in a high state of civilisation, and, as regards peace and good order, in a semi-barbarous condition—a community either sunk in apathy or actuated by violent and uncontrolled passions. Religion itself, unless it becomes a passion, will scarcely find active or self-denying proselytes for its service; it will be a fierce, and probably an ignorant fanaticism, or nothing. The difficulty we fear is immeasurably increased by the political state of the country, and the apparent impracticability of dis severing religious from social passions and interests. There can be no doubt what would be the wise—the Christian course—for the clergy of France at the present juncture.

junction. To stand aloof in resolute dignity, and in secluded devotion to the purely spiritual part of their mission, and refuse to mingle with any of the contending factions of the state—to be neither Bourbonist nor Republican; to repudiate, with the same fixed determination, a La Mennais, with his turbulent (he calls it *Evangelical*) democracy, on the one hand, and on the other, a school whose leaders we respect too highly to name in connexion with that restless zealot; who themselves enamoured of the poetry—the poetry in stone and on canvass—of the thirteenth century, think it possible to reconstruct, in the present day, the vast and universal Cathedral of Romish worship—at the same time that they would bring back much of the power of the ancient monarchy. On one part of this great question, the events of the last twenty-five years, and the unpopular position in which the clergy of France now stand with a large and powerful part of the community, have read a painful but instructive lesson. Nothing can have been more unhappy or more fatal to the real interests of religion than the identification of the Church of France with the ultra-Royalist party. It was natural, perhaps, that those before whose memory still swam the remote but ineffaceable images of the Revolution—in whose ears were yet ringing the feeble cries of their brethren, plunged into the river—or who had hardly dared to avert their sight, in the days when the thousand eyes of suspicion catered for the guillotine, from the orgies of the goddess of Reason—it was natural for these to consider the only hope of religion as resting on the strength of the throne; it was natural, it was pardonable—but still, as a question not merely of common expediency, but of high Christian prudence, it was much to be regretted; and adversity, however sometimes, is not always the best school for wisdom.—And what were the measures adopted to win back to the ancient faith and its observances a people deeply tainted with irreligion, or trained in the reckless discipline of long and unrestrained military licence?

The better course would assuredly have been to have kept the ritual, as far as possible, within consecrated precincts; to have brought it into collision as seldom as might be with the angry passions and deep-rooted prejudices of the mass. It should have remained, where it was secure from insult, if not sure to command veneration. It should not have paraded itself through the streets, where its presence excited mockery, or led processions through a population in which scorn and hatred were but ill suppressed. Within the churches everything should have been done to preserve an impressive, and, as far as might be, an attractive majesty—all should have been studied which is so imposing in the Roman Catholic ceremonial, the habits, the gorgeous altar, the processions,

sionals, the music, the preaching itself—the Masses, sometimes in the blaze of noonday, sometimes in the solemn twilight, sometimes at the deep and serious midnight. There Religion should have remained in its profound mystery, to which, at first, perhaps the few would slowly and timidly have gathered; but which would gradually have drawn within its sphere, and, what is still more important, have retained as serious and conscientious proselytes, all who in the trials of life could find no refuge but the altar—in its sorrows no consolations but from the Christian Gospel; all who, when the sublime truths of Christianity were thus divested of that which clashed with their blind, it is true, but deep-seated prejudices, would have rendered it their tardy, but not less sincere, homage. But this calm and dignified course was not that generally pursued. There was an attempt to awe the people into religion by ceremonies which had lost all their awfulness. No doubt, in countries still unshakenly Roman Catholic, the procession of the Host through the streets, the sudden cessation before its presence of all worldly business—the silence at once of the hum of traffic, the laugh of pleasure, the scream of contention—the whole multitude falling at once on their knees—must confirm the devotional feeling. Every act of faith increases the energy and intensity of faith. But when the Host was carried through ranks of soldiers, whose only principle of veneration was obedience to regimental orders; when it passed, as we have seen it, through file after file, some listlessly leaning on their muskets in undisguised weariness at the whole affair—some in whose eyes might be seen the twinkling, and on their lips the slight curl, of ill-suppressed scorn—some whose sullen aspect betrayed still moroser feelings;—while the general population, at least in Paris, stood looking on as they would at any other spectacle—this, instead of enforcing involuntary reverence from the hard and unbelieving, would at least have an unfavourable effect on the wavering, and would weaken rather than confirm the devotion of the believer. It was all too much an affair of government and police; and, where government was unpopular, and the police searching and oppressive, it could not but share in the unpopularity, and appear at best but as a solemn mockery.

The clergy themselves, in their outward approaches to a people thus in great degree alienated from them, should have confined themselves, as far as possible, to those gentle and well-timed ministrations of which the hardest heart cannot but feel the holiness, the sublimity, the Christianity. Of these blessed offices, such is the commanding sanctity of our religion, the worst, in the worst days of revolutionary madness, in theory at least, admitted the beauty; and when they would abandon themselves to the spontaneous

spontaneous and yet undistorted emotions of the heart, could not be witnesses without admiration. The ministers of Christ should have been by the bed of sickness, to soothe ; in the house of sorrow, in the dwelling of the orphan and the widow, at least (when in their poverty they could give no more) to give the sympathy, the consolation, the hope of faith. Their Gospel should, as of old, have been addressed to the poor ; and the blessedness promised to those that mourn should be turned to the account of Him who chastens us for our profit. They should have gone about not so much in authority as in love ; not evidently aiming at their lost power, but rather at the disinterested promotion of the pure evangelic spirit. We fear that the conduct especially of the missionaries, who were at one time spread in restless activity throughout France, was anything rather than in this winning and conciliatory spirit. Everywhere they set up, at every cross-road and turning, their flaring, new-painted crucifixes. Now, in a believing country, where such symbols have been of ancient and immemorial usage ; where the crucifixes themselves, overgrown perhaps with moss and weather-stained with age, have been hallowed by the reverence of successive generations ; where the pedestals have been worn by the genuflexions, the burning kisses, and the tears of true worshippers : all this, though to the sterner judgment but image-worship of the Redeemer, still, as in the former case, could not but deepen faith by its constant exercise, and make devotion more devout ; the very rudeness of the art speaks of antiquity, and shows that it is a venerable relic of the piety of former days. But when these images were all glaringly new, with every agonising circumstance aggravated by the very clumsiest hewer in wood, who, by the help of the brightest vermilion, and the prodigal use of all the highest and most strongly contrasted colours, contrived to unite only the painfulness of truth with the coarsest unreality, we may judge, by their distressing effect on a religious Protestant, what must have been their startling and revolting effect on men devoid of religion. We question whether the rudest peasant, who had passed through the fiery ordeal of these times with his faith unscathed, would behold such images without some revulsion—unless, indeed, he chanced to look at them with something of political rejoicing at the triumph of the old royalist party. And as if the people of France had not vices enough calmly to argue down, as if the stern spirit of indiscriminate anathema was the language best calculated to retrieve their lost influence, the missionaries chose as a chief subject of their condemnatory preaching the old, national, and, we believe, generally innocent, amusement of the people. If we are to trust Paul Louis Courier, which certainly we do not without much reservation, their most earnest

endeavours were employed to suppress village dancing. Courier, of course, did not neglect the opportunity of cutting them to the quick with the sharp edge of his finely-polished satire.

However they may secretly deplore it, it is absolutely necessary that the clergy of France, to fulfil their beneficent mission with any hope of success, must acquiesce in the existing order of things. Without lowering themselves to a vulgar democratic tone, and speaking no language but that of a pure, earnest, enlightened Christianity, they may show that the blessings of their religion are entirely independent of and superior to political circumstances. By going back to the original and vital essence of Christianity, the establishment of principles, the forming dispositions, bridling passions, disciplining affections, without immediate regard to the circumstances of the times or the prevailing prejudices; by viewing their flocks as Christians and responsible beings before God rather than as royalists or republicans, they will, in fact, far better attain their worldly end—promote good order and law with more remote, perhaps, but surer efficacy. There is truth and wisdom in the following observations of M. Girardin. We leave them in the original language, as we would not, above all, weaken the remarkable statement as to the present condition and tenure of royalty in France:—

‘ En France, la souveraineté du peuple est un fait victorieux qu’il est infiniment moins dangereux de reconnaître que de méconnaître. Assurément la valeur du principe peut être discutée, contestée, mais non pas la réalité du fait. La société se gouverne, elle n’est plus gouvernée; le pouvoir monarchique n’a plus qu’un souffle; il n’existe plus que par une dernière prérogative, qu’il est constamment menacé de perdre, l’hérédité! A cet égard il ne faut donc plus se faire d’illusions; il ne reste à la royauté dépouillée du diadème qu’une couronne d’épines.

‘ Cet état de choses doit appeler toute l’attention du jeune clergé; il ne faut plus songer à contenir par la résistance matérielle le torrent démocratique; on s’épuiserait en vains efforts; il ne faut plus penser qu’à le diriger habilement par le développement du sentiment religieux, par l’ascendant de la raison, par la suprême loi du bien public. Puisque le pouvoir n’a plus à son service la force matérielle, que de moins il ait pour auxiliaire la force spirituelle!

‘ Un admirable avenir nous paraît réservé en France au clergé catholique, s’il sait le comprendre, s’il sait dignement s’y préparer, s’il sait s’élever par la science à la hauteur de la mission à laquelle il est appelé par le développement de la démocratie, s’il sait enfin apprendre à parler avec éloquence et simplicité le langage qui soumet la multitude en la relevant à ses propres yeux, en s’emparant de ses passions et en nobilissant ses instincts.’—pp. 318, 319.

With regard to education, the course of the clergy appears perfectly clear—to befriend and advance it by all their influence. It is quite

quite manifest that in France it cannot and will not be placed altogether under their control; as a body, we must acknowledge that we do not think that they are themselves sufficiently advanced to be entrusted with such a charge; they have enough to do in their own more important department; their position in the new order of society, their duties, their poverty, their yet suspected influence, must leave them no higher an office than auxiliaries, rather than directors, of the popular instruction; but by becoming useful, zealous, and sincere auxiliaries, by maintaining not merely a good understanding, but a feeling of sympathy and concord with the schoolmaster, they will obtain a directing and controlling power, the more efficient because less felt; by showing no unworthy jealousy, they will secure, in the schoolmaster, a friend instead of a rival, who, far from refusing them a share in the attention, in the respect, in the heart of his pupils, will perceive how his own lessons are elevated, improved, by being blended with religion.

But we must not pursue this subject: we will only add that M. Girardin's book likewise contains an account of the military schools of France, for the navy as well as the army, and the engineering. These, we doubt not, are excellent. He has one chapter devoted to the instruction of public men, from whom he demands qualifications which we fear might, if severely exacted, repel many who aspire to be statesmen in England as well as in France. The aptitude for this high mission is *only* 'esprit vaste—jugement sûr—présence d'esprit—volonté ferme—caractère conciliant—haute moralité.' What would be the effect of the application of this test to the cabinets of Europe? M. Girardin considers that professional instruction for public life exists in Paris,—'à peu de chose près—mais rien n'est coordonné, rien n'est obligatoire.' The principal sources of instruction for his young statesman would be the higher lectures delivered in the College of France. In the following list there are some names which would command universal respect:—

'Ainsi l'Economie Politique, que devraient savoir également le chef du bureau, le sous-préfet, le préfet, le conseiller d'état, le professeur de l'université, le magistrat, l'officier, le marin, le diplomate, le ministre, tous les fonctionnaires publics enfin, à quelque branche de l'administration qu'ils appartiennent, est professée au Collège de France, les Mardi et Samedi, par M. Rossi; et au Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, par M. Blanqui, aîné.

'La Philosophie est professée à la Faculté des Lettres, par M. Valette, suppléant de M. Laromiguière; par M. Poret, suppléant de M. Cousin; et par M. Jouffroy, suppléant de M. Royer-Collard.

'L'Histoire est professée au Collège de France, les Lundi et Jeudi, par M. Michelet; à la Faculté des Lettres, par M. Lacretelle, et par M. Lenormant, suppléant de M. Guizot.

'L'Histoire

' L'Histoire des Législations comparées est professée au Collège de France, les Mardi et Samedi, par M. Lherminier.

' L'Histoire du Droit de la Nature et des Gens est professée, les Lundi et Vendredi, au Collège de France, par M. de Portetz, et à la Faculté de Droit de Paris, par M. P. Royer-Collard.

' Le Droit Administratif est professée à la Faculté de Droit de Paris, par M. le Baron de Gérando, conseiller d'état.

' L'Histoire du Droit est professée à la Faculté de Droit de Paris, par M. Poncelet.

' Le Droit Constitutionnel Français est professée à la Faculté de Droit de Paris, par M. Rossi.

' L'Eloquence Française est professée à la Faculté des Lettres, par M. Gérusez, suppléant de M. Villemain.

' La Géographie est professée à la Faculté des Lettres, par M. Guigniaut.'—pp. 397, 398.

M. Girardin and others would propose to erect a new faculty under the appellation of 'Faculté des Sciences Politiques et Administratives.'

We have thus laid before our readers the present state of education in France, with what appear to us, in many respects, wise and enlightened suggestions for its improvement. As to the exact truth of the statements of M. Girardin, and the practicability of his measures, we are content to wait the sounder and better informed judgment of that calm and sagacious statesman who now takes the lead in the administration of France. Often as the noble lines of Virgil have been cited, and sometimes on unworthy occasions, we are so struck with the justice of their application to M. Guizot at the present juncture that we cannot but recall them to the minds of our readers:—

' Ac veluti magno in populo quum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus ;
Jamque faces et saxa volant ; furor arma ministrat :
Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si fortè virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant ;
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.'

But the storm is lulled, not allayed : the depths of the ocean are yet, and must be still, we fear, for some time, in a state of angry and dangerous fermentation. The only permanent change in national character can be wrought by national education. To this subject the penetrating mind of M. Guizot, enlightened by the study of mankind in the pages of history, has been especially devoted. To him we look with confidence that all will be done, and well done, which the circumstances of the times, the national character, the condition of the people, permit to be achieved by an upright and patriotic minister.

ART. V.—*Fugitive Verses*. By Joanna Baillie. London. 1840.

IN a late article in this Journal on some of the most distinguished living authoresses of our country, we observed that the name of Mrs. Joanna Baillie was designedly omitted. She stood alone and aloof from the rest, and needed neither praise nor notice. The celebrity which fixed the attention of our boyhood—

Cui nostra primo paruit auspici

Ætas,—

and which has long since ripened into an enduring fame, seemed to wave away the periodical critic from this venerable lady's retirement.

The publication, however, of the present volume is a direct address to us; and we would fain take the opportunity which it affords us to say a few general words on the writings of one whom, as a poet, we scruple not to oppose to every other woman of ancient or modern times, save only that immortal lyrist of the old Greece, whose words breathe and burn, and whose broken snatches are the pulsations of a heroine's heart.

In that entire and wonderful revolution of the public taste in works of imagination, and indeed of literature generally, which contrasts this century with the whole or the latter half of the preceding, and which—while referring to Cowper, and not forgetting 'Lewesdon Hill,' or Mr. Bowles's first two or three publications—we must nevertheless principally, and in the foremost rank, ascribe to the example, the arguments, and the influence of Wordsworth and Coleridge,—in this great movement Joanna Baillie bore a subordinate, but most useful and effective, part. Unversed in the ancient languages and literatures, by no means accomplished in those of her own age, or even her own country, this remarkable woman owed it partly to the simplicity of a Scotch education, partly to the influence of the better portions of Burns's poetry, but chiefly to the spontaneous action of her own forceful genius, that she was able at once, and apparently without effort, to come forth the mistress of a masculine style of thought and diction, which constituted then, as it still constitutes, the characteristic merit of her writings, and which at the time contributed most beneficially to the already commenced reformation of the literary principles of the country. Those only who can now remember the current literature of the end of the last and the beginning of this century; those only who have read Darwin, who have read Hayley, who have read—*divitias miseræ*—or even looked over, or looked at, the mountain of vapid trash which, in
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the shapes of epic and lyric, didactic and dramatic, poems, then papered the town, and was worshipped as Parnassus itself; such only can adequately conceive all the merit, or all the effect, of 'De Montfort,' 'Ethwald,' or 'Basil.' The 'Remorse,' though written before, was not given to the public till long afterwards; and Mr. Wordsworth's tragedy was, where it now is—and will, we fear, ever be—in the bottom of a box—*where sweets compacted lie.*

It is true that these dramas have not succeeded on the stage; and the cause of their failure in that respect may be pointed out without much difficulty; but the good service they were to do upon the poetic criticism of the country depended infinitely more on the deliberate perusal of intelligent persons, especially the young, than on the transient and too frequently capricious approbation of a theatrical audience. The 'Plays on the Passions' were slowly, but in the end extensively, circulated. Many, whose yet unyielded prejudice made them neglect or even ridicule the 'Lyrical Ballads,' were unconsciously won over to the adoption of the essential principles of the literary reformation then in progress, by works in so different a form, and coming from so opposite a quarter. The very defects of the views and arguments with which the authoress—not herself fully sensible of the part she was in truth acting—accompanied her works, made her less an object of suspicion to those whose literary animosity had been provoked by the determined, unevadeable protest and manifesto of Wordsworth, in his celebrated Preface; and hundreds gradually learned to understand and appreciate the merit of unsophisticated expression and truthful thought and feeling from these entertaining Plays, whom that Preface and 'Alice Fell'—assumed to be an exemplification of its principles—had indisposed to the study and admiration of some of the finest poems in the English language, which were unluckily printed in the same volumes with it.

Mrs. Joanna Baillie's plays have not succeeded on the stage. They never will succeed there—except that perhaps one or two of her comedies, cut down to farces, might possibly pass current with good broad acting. Omitting some subordinate obstacles, we think the one, universal, and sufficient cause of this to be the singular want of skill with which she *conducts* the interest of the plot. You have little to expect and nothing to see grow in the progress of the action. Your tears flow in the first act, which is half a sign that they will not flow in the last. The cardinal secret of the play is invariably out in the very commencement, and the auxiliary secrets are accordingly deprived of their proper effect. This is a fault decisive on the stage. The most spirited dialogue, the most moving situations in particular parts, can never

never countervail it. The popular playwrights of the present day understand the rule perfectly, and very prudently neglect every other consideration in comparison with it. No matter how trashy the dialogue, they keep up the interest; they very cleverly augment it as they go on, and the adroitest hand amongst them explodes it in the last scene, as from a Leyden jar. He goes off in a flash of fire, and the spectators feel a shock. Whereas, Mrs. Joanna Baillie's electricity escapes; it never accumulates for a discharge.

Fatal as this is on the stage, where curiosity and a craving for stimulus are the almost exclusive emotions, it interferes in a comparatively small degree with the calmer and better founded pleasure of the mere reader. He has time and attention for the separate parts, can feel the merit of lively dialogue, weigh the truth of a general reflection, and muse on the beauty of single images. Who has ever witnessed the representation of those two great *tours de force* of the master of the Gothic drama—the ‘Merchant of Venice,’ and ‘Henry VIII.’—without experiencing a sense of languor during the last act of each? Yet who, again, ever finished the quiet perusal of those same acts without—especially in the latter instance—being steeped in deep, trance-like repose of mind, through which the dark passions of the past action faintly appear like the distant skirts of a broken thunder-storm in an evening of June? Hence it is, that weak and pointless as these Plays on the Passions have appeared when tried on the stage, they are pre-eminently entertaining, if we may venture so to express it, to the leisurely student: the want of that unicity, growth, and consummation of interest, which is essential to the acted drama, is to the reader partly compensated by the diffusion of a gentle and more equal interest throughout all the parts, and partly by the easy vigour and flowing originality of the dialogue. In this lies the peculiar strength of Joanna Baillie; in this she is as unquestionably superior to the present fashionable playwrights as they are to her in producing an effect by striking positions and startling development. The colloquial inaccuracies omitted—how they survived a first edition we cannot conceive—the style of these tragedies is almost faultless. It is never affected, never forced, never stuffed with purple patches of rhetoric; it has no ranting harangues or claptrap epigrams; it is always clear, direct, sensible; it is tender and passionate, grave and dignified, and, rising upon occasion, rises with a natural spring, and soars, like all true passion, but for a moment.

It was no doubt a mistake to set about composing separate plays on separate passions. It is not according to the course of human action: no man in his senses is ever so under the dominion

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of any one passion or impression as that he can be truly taken to be a permanently embodied representation of it. Such a man, so actuated, is, and is known to be, a monomaniac. We suppose it is not necessary at this time of day to show that 'Othello' is not a play upon Jealousy any more than upon Slander; whereas 'Romero' strikes the reader as something like an *exercise* upon the given theme. No man that loved as Othello loved could, without miracle, have escaped the trap laid for his soul; whilst Romero's jealous fury is the self-emanating impotence of a mind that has no real reverence for the object of its affection, and is indeed, towards the conclusion, contemplated as a blind folly by all the other personages of the play. Another ill effect of Mrs. Joanna Baillie's plan is that her principal characters have too much the air of puppets, predestined to a certain precise path of action, and yet undignified by any such dark incumbency of Fate as seems to brood over the noble struggles of the old Greek drama. You know that nothing will be allowed to save the victim in either case; but we are often tempted, in the modern instance, to throw the blame on the sufferer's own head, and exhale our sympathy with 'A wilful man will have his way!' It is indeed the crucial test of first-rate dramatic genius so to reciprocate the action of circumstance and mind, of force and will, as to present a conspicuous and an interesting picture of that which we every one of us exhibit day by day to our neighbours or ourselves in miniature; without which alternate, or rather co-instantaneous, interchange and counter-check, perpetually operating, man in real or scenic life loses the properties of manhood, and becomes an idiot or a maniac. We are far from meaning that Mrs. Joanna Baillie has always failed before this test; but we think she has often so failed, and that the plan upon which she wrote had a natural tendency to make her so fail.

Again, it appears to us that the exigency of her plan has in some instances induced her, for the sake of uniformity, to confound the materials and the limits of tragedy and comedy. It is not true that every passion becomes comic merely because you surround it with a comic apparatus. Farcical it may, perhaps, be—a grim grotesque of tragedy; but that is as alien from the genuine spirit of comedy as a dance of witches from the May-day sports of rustics on a village green. There was many a blood-besprinkled farce enacted within the shadow of the Paris guillotine, but not one of all who witnessed such, grin as he might, ever thought it comic. Virtue and wickedness are, *in eodem genere*, unfit for comedy; the mere absence of virtue is no deficiency. Hence vices belong to comedy, crimes to tragedy. It was Congreve's great fault that he introduced directly wicked

wicked characters into his plays. No wit could make Maskwell a fit subject for comedy. And the analogy to the passions is immediate and complete.

Anger may be highly comic; Resentment, also, may be so accompanied and contrasted as to be compatible with the spirit and object of comedy: but Hatred, the settled frame of the mind properly so called, is, if dramatic at all, taken singly by itself, endurable only on the dark background of the tragic scene. You cannot bring Baltimore in any shape nearer to comedy than as a very grave parody on De Montfort. So the mere weakness of the mind or the nerves, which induces overwhelming terror in the presence of danger to life, may be *arrayed* in circumstances of tragic interest: but the simple imbecility of nature, unaccompanied by any spurious pretensions to courage, is no more fit subject for comedy than epilepsy or the headache. Amorous and La Fool, Parolles, Bessus, and Acres are all, in their different species, highly comic; but Valdemere's boasting is so occasional, so purely defensive, that the mere physical failing is exposed without any of that relief, wanting which such an exhibition possesses no element of comedy in it. Valdemere is simply to be pitied as a weak man, upon whom his cruel friends have, as Antonio says, 'played an abominable trick.'

But, having freely made these general remarks, let us again express our admiration of the wonderful elasticity and masculine force of mind exhibited in this vast collection of dramas. Unequal as some of them are in merit, there is not one that will not well repay perusal. The writing is sometimes plain; but then we are spared the plaster and Dutch metal of our stage-favourites. Where the line is not poetic it is at least good sense; and the spirit breathing everywhere is a spirit of manly purity and moral uprightness. Few books of entertainment can be placed in the hands of the young so safely and profitably as Mrs. Joanna Baillie's plays, taken generally; and we should have said universally, were it not for the too plain implication in one of them, the Martyr, of the opinions entertained by this excellent lady on an equally awful and fundamental article of the Christian faith, as to which we deeply lament her dissent from the Catholic Church. We have already said that mere curiosity is the craving least gratified by the Plays on the Passions: they appeal to higher aspirations; and we can truly say that, great as our youthful admiration was, a critical re-perusal in middle life has deepened the impression we had always retained of their excellence. Let us, before we pass on, be permitted to quote a part of a scene in De Montfort—familiar to most, but possibly for the first time brought before the eyes of some of our younger readers.

'De

De Mon. No more, my sister, urge me not again;
My secret troubles cannot be revealed.
From all participation of its thoughts
My heart recoils: I pray thee be contented.

Jane. What! must I, like a distant humble friend,
Observe thy restless eye and gait disturbed
In timid silence, whilst with yearning heart
I turn aside to weep? O no, *De Montfort*!
A nobler task thy nobler mind will give;
Thy true entrusted friend I still shall be!

De Mon. Ah, Jane, forbear! I cannot e'en to thee.

Jane. Then lie upon it! lie upon it, *Montfort*!
There was a time when e'en with murder stain'd,
Had it been possible that such dire deed
Could e'er have been the crime of one so piteous,
Thou would'st have told it me.

De Mon. So would I now—but ask of this no more.
All other troubles but the one I feel
I have disclosed to thee. I pray thee, spare me.
It is the secret weakness of my nature.

Jane. Then secret let it be: I urge no further.
The eldest of our valiant father's hopes,
So sadly orphan'd: side by side we stood,
Like two young trees, whose boughs in early strength
Skreen the weak saplings of the rising grove,
And brave the storm together.—
I have so long, as if by Nature's right,
Thy bosom's inmate and adviser been,
I thought thro' life I should have so remain'd,
Nor ever known a change.—Forgive me, *Montfort*,
A humbler station will I take by thee;
The close attendant of thy wandering steps,
The cheerer of this home, with strangers sought,
The soother of those griefs I must not know.
This is mine office now: I ask no more.

De Mon. Oh, Jane, thou dost constrain me with thy love—
Would I could tell it thee!

Jane. Thou shalt not tell me. Nay, I'll stop mine ears,
Nor from the yearnings of affection wring
What shrinks from utterance. Let it pass, my brother,
I'll stay by thee; I'll cheer thee, comfort thee;
Pursue with thee the study of some art,
Or nobler science, that compels the mind
To steady thought progressive, driving forth
All floating, wild, unhappy fantasies,
Till thou, with brow unclouded, smilest again;—
Like one, who, from dark visions of the night,
When the active soul within its lifeless cell
Holds its own world, with dreadful fancy press'd

Of some dire, terrible, or murderous deed,
Wakes to the dawning morn, and blesses heaven.

De Mon. It will not pass away;—'twill haunt me still.

Jane. Ah! say not so, for I will haunt thee too;
And be to it so close an adversary,
That, tho' I wrestle darkling with the fiend,
I shall o'ercome it.

De Mon. Thou most generous woman!
Why do I treat thee thus? It should not be—
And yet I cannot—O that cursed villain!
He will not let me be the man I would.

Jane. What say'st thou, Montfort? Oh! what words are these?
They have awaked my soul to dreadful thoughts.
I do beseech thee, speak!

By the affection thou did'st ever bear me;
By the dear memory of our infant days;
By kindred living ties,—ay, and by those
Who sleep in the tomb, and cannot call to thee,
I do conjure thee, speak!—

Ha! wilt thou not?

Then, if affection, most unwearied love,
Tried early, long, and never wanting found,
O'er generous man hath more authority,
More rightful power than crown or sceptre give,
I do command thee!—
De Montfort, do not thus resist my love.
Here I entreat thee on my bended knees.
Alas! my brother!

De Mon. (*raising her, and kneeling.*)
Thus let him kneel who should the abased be,
And at thine honour'd feet confession make.
I'll tell thee all—but, oh! thou wilt despise me.
For in my breast a raging passion burns,
To which thy soul no sympathy will own—
A passion which hath made my nightly couch
A place of torment, and the light of day,
With the gay intercourse of social man,
Feel like the oppressive airless pestilence.
O Jane! thou wilt despise me.

Jane. Say not so.
I never can despise thee, gentle brother.
A lover's jealousy and hopeless pangs
No kindly heart contemns.

De Mon. A lover's, say'st thou?
No, it is *hate*! black, lasting, deadly hate!
Which thus hath driven me forth from kindred peace,
From social pleasure, from my native home,
To be a sullen wanderer on the earth,
Avoiding all men, cursing and accursed.

Jane.

Jane. De Montfort, this is fiend-like, terrible !
 What being, by the Almighty Father form'd
 Of flesh and blood, created even as thou,
 Could in thy breast such horrid tempest wake,
 Who art thyself his fellow ?
 Unknit thy brows, and spread those wrath-clench'd hands.
 Some sprite accurs'd within thy bosom mates
 To work thy ruin. Strive with it, my brother !
 Strive bravely with it ; drive it from thy heart ;
 'Tis the degrader of a noble heart.
 Curse it, and bid it part.

De Mon. It will not part.—I've lodged it here too long.
 With my first cares I felt its rankling touch.
 I loathed him when a boy.

Jane. Whom did'st thou say ?

De Mon. Detested Rezenvelt !
 E'en in our early sports, like two young whelps
 Of hostile breed, instinctively averse,
 Each 'gainst the other pitch'd his ready pledge,
 And frown'd defiance. As we onward pass'd
 From youth to man's estate, his narrow art
 And envious gibing malice, poorly veil'd
 In the affected carelessness of mirth,
 Still more detestable and odious grew.
 There is no living being on this earth
 Who can conceive the malice of his soul,
 With all his gay and damned merriment,
 To those by fortune or by merit placed
 Above his paltry self. When, low in fortune,
 He look'd upon the state of prosperous men,
 As nightly birds, roused from their murky holes,
 Do scowl and chatter at the light of day,
 I could endure it ; even as we bear
 The impotent bite of some half-trodden worm,
 I could endure it. But when honours came,
 And wealth and new-got titles fed his pride ;
 Whilst flattering knaves did trumpet forth his praise,
 And groveling idiots grinn'd applauses on him ;
 Oh ! then I could no longer suffer it !
 It drove me frantic.—What, what would I give—
 What would I give to crush the bloated toad,
 So rankly do I loathe him !

Jane. And would thy hatred crush the very man
 Who gave to thee that life he might have taken ?
 That life which thou so rashly didst expose
 To aim at his ? Oh, this is horrible !

De Mon. Ha ! thou hast heard it then ! From all the world,
 But most of all from thee, I thought it hid.

Jane. I heard a secret whisper, and resolv'd

Upon

Upon the instant to return to thee.
Didst thou receive my letter?

De Mon. I did! I did! 'Twas that which drove me hither.
I could not bear to meet thine eye again.

Jane. Alas! that, tempted by a sister's tears,
I ever left thy house! These few past months,
These absent months, have brought us all this woe.
Had I remain'd with thee, it had not been.

And yet, methinks, it should not move you thus.
You dared him to the field; both bravely fought;
He, more adroit, disarm'd you; courteously
Return'd the forfeit sword, which, so returned,
You did refuse to use against him more;
And then, as says report, you parted friends.

De Mon. When he disarm'd this curs'd, this worthless hand
Of its most worthless weapon, he but apared
From devilish pride, which now derives a bliss
In seeing me thus fettered, shamed, subjected
With the vile favour of his poor forbearance;
Whilst he securely sits with gibing brow,
And basely baits me like a muzzled cur,
Who cannot turn again.—

Until that day, till that accursed day,
I knew not half the torment of this hell,
Which burns within my breast. Heaven's lightnings blast him!

Jane. O this is horrible! Forbear, forbear!
Lest Heaven's vengeance light upon thy head
For this most impious wish.

De Mon. Then let it light.
Torments more fell than I have known already
It cannot send. To be annihilated,
What all men shrink from; to be dust, be nothing,
Were bliss to me, compared to what I am!

Jane. Oh! wouldst thou kill me with these dreadful words?

De Mon. Let me but once upon his ruin look,
Then close mine eyes for ever!—

Ha! how is this? Thou'rt ill; thou'rt very pale;
What have I done to thee? Alas, alas!

I meant not to distress thee—O my sister!

Jane. I cannot now speak to thee.

De Mon. I have killed thee.

Turn, turn thee not away! Look on me still!
Oh! droop not thus, my life, my pride, my sister!
Look on me yet again.

Jane. Thou too, De Montfort,
In better days wast wont to be my pride.

De Mon. I am a wretch, most wretched in myself,
And still more wretched in the pain I give.
O curse that villain, that detested villain!

He

He has spread misery o'er my fated life;
He will undo us all.

Jane. I've held my warfare thro' a troubled world,
And borne with steady mind my share of ill;
For then the helpmate of my toil wast thou.
But now the wane of life comes darkly on,
And hideous passion tears thee from my heart,
Blasting thy worth.—I cannot strive with this.

De Mon. What shall I do? —(Act ii. sc. 2.)

The characteristic qualities of Mrs. Joanna Baillie's poetry in her Dramas are, to a considerable extent, to be found in the very charming collection of poems, which, under the title of 'Fugitive Verses,' she has with equal good sense and modesty just given to the world. Many of these, it appears, have been printed before; but the collection is to us, and probably to the greater part of our readers, almost entirely new. It contains the productions of the poetess in her earliest and latest years, and in all of them we have the same healthful tone, the same abundance of thought, the same clear and forcible style, freckled with the same amount of petty inaccuracies of language. A summer's day would suffice for eradicating these teasing weeds, that seem left on purpose to worry the purist; and we heartily wish some poor scholar might be commissioned by Mrs. Joanna to do the work. It is a pity that there should be any drawback whatever to the praise with which this volume, and indeed the other poetical works of this excellent writer, might be accompanied.

We have already hinted our suspicion that Mrs. Joanna Baillie was not always conscious of what constituted her own peculiar merit as a poet, or, accordingly, of her literary affinity to some with whom she does not appear to suppose herself in the smallest degree connected. 'Modern poetry,' she says, 'within these last thirty years, has become so imaginative, impassioned, and sentimental, that more homely subjects, in simple diction, are held in comparatively small estimation. This, however, is a natural progress of the art, and the obstacles it may cast in the path of a less gifted or less aspiring genius, must be submitted to with a good grace.' (*Preface*, p. vi.) Surely Mrs. Joanna Baillie's reading, both before and since the era she assigns, must have been singularly circumstanced to justify to her own mind such a remark as this. We are disposed to state the reverse, or something near it, to be the fact. If 'homely' (not meaning, we presume, vulgar) 'subjects in simple diction' are holden in less estimation now than when many of the poems in this volume were composed, we must demand of all the Reviews and all the Magazines the meaning of their perpetual acknowledgments of the services rendered to the cause

cause of poetry by that ancient Talus of unsimple diction who dwells at Rydal. We must appeal to Wilson, and especially to his 'Unimore.' We must drag Heraud and his 'Roman Brother' from their hiding-place; Milnes and his 'Poetry for the People' must answer; Taylor, Talfourd, and Kenyon, Trench and Moultrie, Sterling and Hartley Coleridge must be asked; and Dana and Bryant must speak from over the Atlantic.* These will all say that a time there was, indeed, when crazy fancy, and rant, and sentimentalism passed current respectively for imagination, and passion, and thought; when a *lingo grande*—made up no scholar knows how—usurped the place of English, and the dearest associations, and the most affecting images in man's daily life, could not be mentioned in serious verse. Since that time, under the circumstances which we began by noticing, criticism has been reformed; and in a sense—not apparently intended by Mrs. Baillie, because the very pieces which she excepts are for the most part instances of it—the laws and scope of the imagination have been better understood, the sources of genuine passion proved, and the *sentiment* of the last age—the unlaid ghost of defunct thought—has been frightened off. Necessarily coincident with this convalescent state of the public mind (for it is not a perfect cure yet) has been an eager return to a wholesome diet in matter of language; and we think we can assure our authoress that the free, natural, and unsophisticated diction generally prevalent throughout this present volume would not have earned for her from the 'Monthly Review,' or 'British Critic,' of 1800, the hearty praise which the 'Quarterly Review' of 1841 now takes the liberty of bestowing upon it. It is almost as true of her as it is untrue of Shakspeare, that she has grown 'immortal in her own despite.' She seems to regard as models writers to whom she is happily most unlike; and her plays are in general so much more legitimate than the principles of dramatic poetry laid down in her various prefaces, that we wish for our own satisfaction the one might henceforth be allowed to fight their way down the stream of time without the incumbrance of the other.

The poems in this volume are in various styles, and in them all the authoress seems to us successful, except in her Scotch Songs and Hymns for the Kirk. Of the former, we should say that they have a forced air, as if the writer had set about inditing them with no genius but that of patriotism to aid her. They are not so much Scotch—as we understand Burns, Hogg, Ramsay, Ferguson, and the inestimable, unowned Minstrelsy of the elder

* Let us here also mention the name of Mr. George Darley, whose dramatic chronicles, 'Thomas à Becket' and 'Ethelstan,' we have read with high pleasure, and strongly recommend to public attention.

day—as mere English verses purposely dashed here and there with words only in use beyond the Tweed. They appear to us as stiff and uncouth as Burns's attempts in serious English. Indeed it would have been little less than a miracle if the writer of *De Montfort* had preserved or attained the spirit—the *knack*—of the genuine Scotch song;—a species of poetry unique, and not admitting exportation, having a simple point, a pathetic terseness, and a musical brilliancy of phrase, not imitable by dint of talent, and of which we see no traces in the attempts before us. Neither do we think the Hymns designed for the use of the Kirk at all calculated for such a purpose. Without subjecting them to the parallel of the Davidic Psalms, we think the Kirk had good grounds for not recommending them for general adoption. In fact, they are not composed with an insight into the peculiar nature and spirit of congregational singing, or, as we should venture to conjecture, with any knowledge of music on the part of the author. The Scotch, who are a brave and enterprising people, might sing them under command; and so they might 'Paradise Lost,' or even the late Speech from the Throne.

Where or what the fault precisely is, it may be difficult to say; but, as it is, the English seem to have less understanding of, or spirit for, congregational singing than any other people of Christendom. The Church of England, as such, has left this most important part of divine worship to be performed in the licensed strains of Sternhold or Tate, or according to the caprice of individual clergymen. We cannot be wrong in saying, that this is a flagrant abdication of duty. Not to insist that a very small portion of the Hebrew Psalter can possibly be an adequate or even fit exponent of the emotions of a Christian congregation, what will be said in respect of the great facts and doctrines of Christianity? Where is the Church's Hymn for the Nativity? For the Crucifixion? The Resurrection? The Ascension? The Descent of the Spirit? Is it not a strange thing to a reflective mind to enter a church full of Christians on Easter-day, and to hear some few of them only singing at all, and those few singing the balderdash version, in bad English, of a Jewish psalm, having no more reference to the resurrection of the Saviour than to the capture of Jerusalem? And this defect—a very grievous defect—one that has, perhaps more than any other single cause, contributed to that cold, indeavour, drawing-room tone which prevails in our public worship—cannot be supplied by setting this or that eminent clergyman to translate the whole Psalter anew, or to compose an entire Hymnody. No man is sufficient for such a work. The last 300 years have produced in England about six good versions of a Hebrew psalm, and the same number of hymns. Bishop Ken
alone,

alone, to our recollection, was twice successful. The thing to be desired is a small anthology from the numerous attempts that lie upon the face of our literature, and this collection to be invested with something like Church authority, or Church preference at least. Towards such a collection a small volume of hymns, edited in 1833 by Mr. W. W. Hull, would be found a very useful assistant; but some of the very best hymns and psalms we have would need revision and alteration to make them as perfect for the purpose as they might be made. It may be mentioned that the Dutch Reformed Church is provided with a singularly excellent collection of psalms and hymns, chiefly taken from the equally good collection generally used by the French Protestants. The French 84th Psalm is a model of the way in which the Hebrew psalm may be rendered fit for the purpose of Christian prayer and praise. The collection of the German Lutheran Church is also excellent. It is remarkable that the finest version of a psalm in existence is that by poor Camoens of the 137th. *By the waters of Babylon, &c.* :—

‘ *De Babel sobre os rios nos sentamos,
De nossa doce patria desterrados,
As mãos na face, os olhos derribados,
Com saudades de ti, Sião, choramos.* ’ &c.

The Exile was sitting on the shore at Macao, his guitar by his side, his eye on the ocean, and his heart on the Tagus.

But to return. Mrs. Joanna Baillie has, we think, succeeded very well in her ballads in a romantic and supernatural vein. They are all, more or less, good; especially the ‘Elden-Tree’ and ‘Lord John of the East.’ ‘Sir Maurice’ is not so clearly narrated as it should be—but it is still a very striking poem; and there is great power of the same kind shown in ‘Malcolm’s Heir.’ We wish it were in our power to present one of these ballads entire to our readers; for the effect lies so much in the whole piece, that we should do the author injustice by giving an extract only.

Highly, however, as we estimate her ‘Ballads of Wonder,’ we by no means think them the best parts of this volume. She is more impressive and original in passages of ordinary life, and in the expression of domestic affection. There are many small poems in this collection of that gentler character which appear to us beautiful; and amongst these we particularly notice the ‘Lovers’ Farewells,’ the ‘Banished Man,’ the ‘Two Brothers,’ and the ‘Parrot.’ But it is very gratifying to us to feel that the happiest composition in this volume is that which we dare say cost the authoress the least effort,—the following very elegant and affecting address to her excellent sister, Mrs. Agnes Baillie, on her birthday. It

is not necessary that the reader of this poem—to appreciate its beauty—should have enjoyed the privilege of seeing these two admirable ladies—models of that grace which survives youth—mutually supporting and supported—dignifying the simplest life, and rendering lovely the unconcealed touches of a sacred old age. But we believe these lines are not more beautiful in themselves than they are precisely true in fact.

‘ Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy and dashed with tears
O’er us have glided almost sixty years,
Since we on Bothwell’s bonny braes were seen,
By those whose eyes long closed in death have been,
Two tiny imps, who scarcely stoop’d to gather
The slender hare-bell on the purple heather;
No taller than the fox-glove’s spiky stem,
That dew of morning studs with silvery gem.
Then every butterfly that crossed our view
With joyful shout was greeted as it flew,
And moth and lady-bird and beetle bright
In sheeny gold were each a wondrous sight.
Then as we paddled bare-foot, side by side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,*
Minnows or spotted par with twinkling fin,
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within,
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment.

‘ A long perspective to my mind appears,
Looking behind me to that line of years,
And yet through every stage I still can trace
Thy visioned form, from childhood’s morning grace
To woman’s early bloom, changing how soon!
To the expressive glow of woman’s noon;
And now to what thou art, in comely age,
Active and ardent. Let what will engage
Thy present moment, whether hopeful seeds
In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore
In chronicle or legend rare explore,
Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play,
Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
To gain with hasty steps some cottage door,
On helpful errand to the neighbouring poor—
Active and ardent—to my fancy’s eye
Thou still art young in spite of time gone by.
Though oft of patience brief and temper keen,
Well may it please me in life’s latter scene,
To think what now thou art and long to me hast been.

* ‘The manse of Bothwell was at some considerable distance from the Clyde, but the two little girls were sometimes sent there in summer to bathe and wade about.’

‘Twas

'Twas thou who woo'dst me first to look
 Upon the page of printed book,
 That thing by me abhorred, and with address
 Didst win me from my thoughtless idleness,
 When all too old become with bootless haste
 In fitful sports the precious time to waste.
 Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
 At which my dormant fancy first awoke,
 And ghosts and witches in my busy brain
 Arose in sombre show, a motley train.
 This new-found path attempting, proud was I,
 Lurking approval on thy face to spy,
 Or hear thee say, as grew thy roused attention,
 "What! is this story all thine own invention?"

' Then, as advancing through this mortal span,
 Our intercourse with the mixed world began,
 Thy fairer face and sprightlier courtesy
 (A truth that from my youthful vanity
 Lay not concealed) did for the sisters twain,
 Where'er we went, the greater favour gain;
 While, but for thee, vex'd with its tossing tide,
 I from the busy world had shrunk aside;
 And now in later years, with better grace,
 Thou help'st me still to hold a welcome place
 With those whom nearer neighbourhood have made
 The friendly cheerers of our evening shade.

' With thee my humours, whether grave or gay,
 Or gracious or untoward, have their way.
 Silent if dull, oh precious privilege!
 I sit by thee; or if, call'd from the page
 Of some huge, ponderous tome which, but thyself,
 None e'er had taken from its dusty shelf.
 Thou read me curious passages to speed
 The winter night, I take but little heed,
 And thankless say, "I cannot listen now,"
 'Tis no offence; albeit much do I owe
 To these, thy nightly offerings of affection,
 Drawn from thy ready talent for selection;
 For still it seem'd in thee a natural gift,
 The letter'd grain from letter'd chaff to sift.

' By daily use and circumstance endear'd,
 Things are of value now that once appear'd
 Of no account, and without notice past,
 Which o'er dull life a simple cheering cast;
 To hear thy morning steps the stair descending,
 Thy voice with other sounds domestic blending;
 After each stated nightly absence met,
 To see thee by the morning table set,

Pouring

Pouring from smoky spout the amber stream
 Which sends from saucer'd cup its fragrant steam :
 To see thee cheerly on the threshold stand,
 On summer morn, with trowel in thy hand,
 For garden-work prepared ; in winter's gloom,
 From thy cold noon-day walk to see thee come,
 In furry garment lapt, with spatter'd feet,
 And by the fire resume thy wonted seat ;
 Ay, even o'er things like these, sooth'd age has thrown
 A sober charm they did not always own.
 As winter hoar-frost makes minutest spray
 Of bush or hedge-weed sparkle to the day
 In magnitude and beauty, which bereav'd
 Of such investment, eye had ne'er perceiv'd.

' The change of good and evil to abide,
 As partners link'd, long have we side by side
 Our earthly journey held, and who can say
 How near the end of our appointed way ?
 By nature's course not distant :—sad and reft
 Will she remain,—the lonely pilgrim left.
 If thou art taken first, who can to me
 Like sister, friend, and home-companion be ?
 Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,
 Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn ?
 And if I should be fated first to leave
 This earthly house, though gentle friends may grieve,
 And he above them all, so truly proved
 A friend and brother, long and justly loved,
 There is no living wight, of woman born,
 Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn.

' Thou ardent, liberal spirit ! quickly feeling
 The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing
 With sorrow and distress, for ever sharing
 The unhoarded mite, nor for to-morrow caring—
 Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day,
 An unadorn'd but not a careless lay,
 Nor think this tribute to thy virtues paid
 From tardy love proceeds, though long delay'd.
 Words of affection, howsoe'er expressed,
 The latest spoken still are deem'd the best :
 Few are the measured rhymes I now may write ;
 These are, perhaps, the last I shall indite.'—pp. 219, 222.

With these most affecting verses we think it well to conclude these few remarks, trusting that nothing in them will be found inconsistent with the profound respect we feel for Mrs. Joanna Baillie's name, and that the freedom in which we have indulged will be accepted as a guarantee for the sincerity of our praise.

ART. VI.—*Trifles from my Portfolio ; or, Recollections of Scenes and small Adventures during Twenty-nine Years' Military Service.* By a Staff Surgeon. 2 vols. 8vo. Quebec. 1839.

THIS gentleman makes so very free with other people's names that we have no hesitation about mentioning his own. Dr. Henry was attached, during a long series of years, to the 66th regiment, and, as we are told, equally appreciated in the mess-room and the hospital—a sturdy, jovial, humorous little Irishman, and a skilful surgeon. *Puellis nuper idoneus*, he has recently taken to himself a Canadian wife and farm, and amused his leisure by inditing these 'Trifles,' which are, in fact, pretty copious memoirs of his adventurous campaigns in the fields of Venus as well as Mars. We have had of late so many 'Military Recollections' that the title did not particularly attract us; but, after the volumes had been on our shelves for more than twelve months, we casually took them down; and a perusal so amused us, that we must invite our readers to a participation in 'the feast of reason.'

The early part, in which he records his boyhood, youth, and professional education, offers nothing worth dwelling upon; and though his account of his experiences in the Peninsula contains several lively passages, they relate to scenes which have engaged so many clever pens—from Gleig to Quillinan—that we think it better to step on to India—for which region the 66th regiment embarked exactly as the news of Bonaparte's escape from Elba reached the Downs, March, 1815. As they started, our author betted 'a dinner that the Great Man would be caged again by the 15th of April'—a curious anticipation of Ney's pledge to Louis XVIII.—and a good dinner it must have been, since we find it hinted that the bill cost the sanguine doctor nearly 100*l.* 'in expensive Calcutta.'

Among the best of his Indian chapters is that describing a voyage from Dinapore to Cawnpore:—

'In the beginning of July we embarked on the Ganges, now full to the brim. If any person wishes to luxuriate among roses let him repair to Ghazepore, where the whole country, for some hundred or two of square miles, is thickly covered with them. Rose-water and the exquisite attar of roses are, consequently, cheaper here than in any other part of India; though the latter, when genuine, must always be a most expensive article, from the enormous consumption of roses in its preparation. It takes a prodigious quantity of the petals to make an ounce of attar; and to produce a quart bottle would require, I suppose, a heap about as big as St. Paul's.'—vol. i. p. 184.

This fragrant exordium contrasts vividly with what comes after. When we reflect that the inhabitants of the valley of the Ganges
are

are in number at least thirty millions ; that the superstitious reverence for the sacred river induces every family who can possibly approach it to commit their dead to its waters ; and that for the greater part of the year the atmosphere is very hot,—we may form some notion of the multitude of human corpses, in every stage of dissolution, that must be perpetually mixed with or buoyant on the flood—the surface waters must be actually a decoction of putridity. It can be no wonder that infectious diseases, with cholera at the head, should eternally hover over this gigantic open sewer of Bengal, and diverge far and wide from its centre of corruption. Dr. Henry has a description of the scene too painful to be quoted. We can but allude to the enormous flocks of vultures and other birds of prey eternally flapping and screaming over the floating masses of decay, tearing and disembowelling naked carcases of men, women, and children. But the horror of horrors is the fact that the voyager can never keep near the shore for an hour at a time without seeing some old, worn-out, decrepit grandfather or grandmother, carried to the verge of the stream by the hands of their own offspring, their mouths stuffed with the holy river-grass, and the yet gasping bodies tumbled into the flood. We are weary of hearing that such usages could not be interrupted without alienating the minds of the Hindoos. No superstition was supposed to be more deeply rooted than the horrid one of the Suttee—but a single rescript put that abomination down—and, except from certain sleek Brahmins interested in the matter of burning fees, not one voice has been heard to complain of the abolition. The same as to infanticide in some extensive districts, where it had prevailed from a remote antiquity. Who can doubt that all these diabolical atrocities have always been perpetrated amidst the secret loathing of the priest-ridden population of India ? It is of the very essence of such tyranny that it succeeds in suppressing all outward show of aversion on the part of its victims :

‘ *Ducitur iratis plaudendum funus amicis.*’

The feelings of humankind are the same everywhere ; and we are well convinced that the authority of a civilised government could in no way be strengthened so effectually, as by making itself felt wherever it extends, to be the immitigable enemy of every usage that wars against the instincts of natural affection.

Nay more—we venture to say that the English government in India can never gain anything by authorising spontaneously any act that tends to compromise it in the eyes of the natives, as if it were, as a power, indifferent to the distinction between Idolatry and Christianity. The majority of the better educated natives are, we may rest assured, infidels to the creed of their ancestry.

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These of course are very apt to suppose that the same is the condition of professing Christians, who do not hesitate to collect revenues and superintend processions for the benefit of Hindoo or Mussulman temples. Sincere Hindoos and sincere Mussulmans, on the other hand, must be shocked with our interference. Nobody but the priest who pockets the money will ever thank us, and he despises us too. Where anything has been undertaken in a distinct *Treaty* with an as yet independent State, the obligation, however unfortunate, must be discharged: but we should never step one inch beyond what the exact letter of the compact binds us to.

The Sutte was in full vigour when Dr. Henry made the voyage. We must quote one of his shortest descriptions of it:—

‘This cruel scene took place close to the water’s edge, near a huge banyan-tree, whose branches, spreading far and wide, were supported by the vigorous shoots they had sent down into the earth—now grown into strong pillars—like decrepit parents by the piety of their children. It was about ten o’clock at night, and, I suppose, two hundred people were present. The victim was very young—not more than seventeen or eighteen—and though looking *a little wild*, yet she distributed the flowers and sweetmeats to her friends and relations with a certain degree of composure; and then mounted the pyre with a firm step, kissed her husband’s lips, and lay down beside him. Before this time several fruitless attempts had been made by two of my brother officers and myself to dissuade her from this terrible self-sacrifice—No, no—if she lived she would be an outcast from society—forced to perform the lowest offices—lose her high caste (she was a Brahmin) and be contemned and despised henceforward by all her acquaintances, friends, and relatives. Thus artfully have the Hindoo priests intertwined their sanguinary rites with human pride and vanity, and made these cogent principles subservient to their own ambitious and avaricious purposes.

‘As soon as this unfortunate woman had placed herself beside her husband, a kind of cage, made of bamboos, was put over them, smeared with ghee, or buffalo-butter, to make it more combustible, and a horrible din of tom-toms, gongs and human voices was set up, evidently for the purpose of stifling the poor creature’s cries. A quantity of dry wood, leaves, &c., surrounded the funeral pile, and was now set fire to, and blazed up fiercely at once, so as in all probability to save further suffering, and suffocate the victim in a few seconds. In a short time the whole was one glowing flame, which, when swayed to one side by the wind, gave the spectators a glimpse of the two blackened objects in the centre. It was altogether a dreadful sight—an infernal sacrifice, at the perpetration of which demons might rejoice!’—vol. i. pp. 188, 189

Well may the Doctor exclaim—

‘When we witness all these horrors in heathen lands, it is scarcely possible for the most thoughtless to avoid reflecting on the infinite obligations our favoured quarter of the globe is under to Christianity, and society generally, in all places pervaded by its influence. Christian women,

women, too, have been placed under a vast debt of gratitude to this benign religion. Its divine Founder raised them to an equality with the other sex, by his countenance and gracious society when he lived on earth, and by the ennobling influence of his doctrines ever since, and the tone of purity which they have shed over human relations. Fresh triumphs of Christianity in favour of the weaker, but more virtuous sex, are now passing daily before our eyes, amongst which the recent abolition of female infanticide and widow-burnings in the East stand out in strong relief. In the Polynesian Archipelago we also witness the progressive instruction, purification, and elevation of the female savage in the social scale—or rather, we see the elements of society created where all was dark, dismal, and bloody barbarism before.

‘And well, and zealously, and affectionately, has woman paid her tribute of good works for the benefits her sex has received from Christianity, from the very times of its first promulgation till the present day. Indeed its propagation, under a superintending Providence, was much dependant on the ministry of women, and their powerful suasion with the rougher half of mankind; and amidst multiplied instances of early bad conduct and apostacy amongst men—there is only one solitary case of female guilt amongst the Apostolic converts; and she, Sapphira, acted plainly under the evil influence of her husband. No woman ever slighted, or neglected, or despised, or blasphemed, or betrayed the Author of Christianity, or any of his Apostles—No—no.

“*She ne’er with treacherous kiss her Saviour stung—
Nor e’er denied him with unholy tongue:
She, when Apostles shrank, could danger brave—
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave!*”

—vol. i. p. 190.

It is not often that our author rises from his easy sensible conversational tone; but passages like this *tell* all the better for their paucity. Turn a leaf and we find him in his usual vein—narrating how the commanding officer had two pretty maiden sisters on board, and how the surgeon acquitted himself as their courteous squire:—

‘One calm and clear evening, when the fleet had *lagowed* for the night at a rich mango tope, with smooth velvet turf underfoot, the sisters, the colonel, and myself, strolled along the beautiful bank—the elder on his arm and the younger on mine. The pairs, however, soon separated, and my companion and I sauntered along, following a path through the trees, until sunset: we then discovered that we were two miles from the boats, and the short twilight of the East soon began to darken apace. Hastening home, we left the circuitous path we had come by and tried a near-cut through a field; but here an unforeseen obstacle interposed. A rivulet, which higher up we had crossed by a rustic bridge of a log thrown over it, had become wider and deeper as it approached the Ganges, and now required a good running leap. In this dilemma I proposed to go round by the bridge, but my young friend would not hear of it—“You have no idea how active I am—jump first and

and I'll bet you a pair of gloves I'll follow." Then, after another remonstrance, and the expression of a hope, as delicately as such an idea could be embodied in words, that her under-garments were sufficiently capacious—I jumped over. Angela then took a running leap, following the leader; but, alas! the petticoats of those days were very circumscribed—the envious muslin clung around, and hampered the active limbs of the unfortunate young lady; who, arrested in mid career, uttered a piercing shriek and plumped into the middle of the torrent.

'At first I could not help a slight laugh, but I soon perceived it was no laughing matter, as the stream was six or seven feet deep and running with great rapidity, and I knew not well what to do. Throwing myself in, however gallant and chivalrous, would be useless, as I should also be borne away by the strong current. So, telling Angela there was no danger, I ran down the bank, parallel with the floating and screaming beauty, and waiting for a favourable opportunity to make a snatch. After one or two failures I caught her bonnet, but the riband under the chin gave way, and down the torrent she went, with her loosened hair streaming behind her on the water like a mermaid's. At last, when she had been carried down a hundred yards, I succeeded in seizing a handful of her humid tresses, and brought her safe to land.

'Poor lady, she was sadly frightened; and as she clung to me more affectionately than was quite comfortable, considering the state of her clothes, I heard such honeyed expressions as "guardian angel," "preserver of my life," "debt of everlasting gratitude," uttered, *sotto voce*; which, however, I was not bound to hear. She deferred the hysterics until we reached the boat, but then we had them in abundance.'—vol. i. pp. 196-198.

There is a rather un-Hibernian touch of coldness in the Doctor's conduct here, or at least in his way of telling it; but we beg our fair readers not to be too hasty in their judgment. His uncommon apparent callousness to the grateful exclamations of the rescued damsel is sufficiently accounted for by an incident recorded in the chapter immediately preceding. The staff-surgeon appears throughout his book as one of the most susceptible of his gallant nation; but on this occasion he was armed in proof. A certain part of the human fabric which does not in his case deserve to be considered as merely 'one of the larger viscera,' had just undergone a serious laceration, and the wound was now protected by the first hardness of *cicatrix formata*. In justice to the gentleman we must turn back for a moment to his encampment at Dinapore, which the regiment had reached on the 20th of March.

While here our friend had suffered terribly from heat of the climate in the first instance; and secondly from the bright eyes of a certain Miss S—— M. He describes very pleasantly both these sorts of miseries.

'There was no moving out of the house except for an hour in the morning

morning and evening; and all day within, existence was little better than a succession of gasps and gapes.

'Perhaps one's breakfast is the only meal *eaten* in India; all the rest are sad piddling work and merely a form. When I returned from my professional duty there was, *primo*, my shave—and I take some credit for having virtuously resisted all temptations here to soapy-sloth—for I was always my own barber. *Secundo*, my refreshing shower-bath. *Tertio*, a breakfast of the first order of merit; and *quarto*, my hookah. For, ever watchful at his post, behind my arm-chair, there stood Bhastee Rhamm waiting for the close of the meal to hand "Doctor Saahib" the incomparable chillum; and to retire, with the usual low salaam, to a reverential distance, until the nod of approbation from his master should make him happy. Then were the feet thrown carelessly upon the table—the odoriferous smoke was slowly inhaled, and the ample bowl of Mandarin tea, its morning accompaniment, sipped voluptuously.

'After an hour spent thus, the rest of the day, it must be confessed, was heavy in hand. There was no reading attentively without headache—writing involved perspiration to a dissolving extent. Playing backgammon—in addition to the necessity of dry linen every hit or two—burst the tympanum. Playing chess burst the brain. Playing billiards was a labour of Hercules. Thus, were there great difficulties in finding any rational mode of passing the day; and, for want of a better, I thought I might as well fall in love.

'I by no means wonder that this said inexplicable matter, love, has been so much and so universally lauded in all ages and nations. If it were for no nobler reason than the entire exemption from feeling the little ills and inconveniences of life which a true passion confers—and the gilding which it sheds upon the homely landscapes around us—it would be deserving of all praise. Truly, as Wordsworth expresses it—who no doubt spoke from experience—

"There is a comfort in the strength of love;

"Twill make a thing endurable, which else

Would upset the brain."

When I fell in love, I suddenly found myself proof against all the *désagréments* of hot winds, mosquitoes, blue devils, and all that was diabolical in Dinapore. My passion was a conductor through which all atmospherical annoyances and disturbances passed without molestation or injury, after it was once set up. Independent of this subordinate and somewhat selfish consideration, there is no small delight in making yourself agreeable to a pleasing young woman; in discerning daily new chords and harmonies of feeling, and sentiment, and opinion between her and yourself; and in seeing with your own eyes the growing expansion of little buds of amiability into lovely flowers; not to mention the thought that the sweet bouquet they will make is to be worn in your own bosom.—vol. i. p. 179.

In a word, the Doctor amused himself charmingly during six weeks, and though nothing had ever been said about *love*, the gentleman had looked it in so many ways, without perceiving any symptoms

symptoms of displeasure, that at any given moment the fatal declaration might be very likely to escape from his lips. We gather that the thing occurred under very pretty circumstances—to wit, at the close of a ball, as he escorted his fair friend to her own door by moonlight. What he said, or what she answered, we are not told; but the lover passed a sleepless night until he had his couch conveyed out into his verandah:—

‘The graceful form of S—— was painted in my sleeping fancy, dressed in bridal white, and her fair countenance radiant with smiles. She presented me a letter with a myrtle-leaf for the device of the seal, and the words, “*Je ne change qu’en mourant*,” impressed upon the wax. I seized the letter and opened it. Then, awful sound, a loud clap of thunder awoke me at the instant; not visionary and unreal, but substantial, pealing, atmospheric thunder; accompanied by the most vivid and incessant lightning, and a deluge of rain, which soon dispelled the beautiful illusion, and sent me into the house wet to the skin.

‘Unfortunately this hot night, in which I had chosen to sleep *al fresco*, and to dream all manner of delightful things, was the breaking up of the monsoon, which is always terminated by a terrific storm. The elements continued to roar away without intermission for four or five hours; and the resplendent lightning, as it illuminated the big drops of rain with the brightest prismatic colours, appeared as playful as if it was the most harmless thing in nature.

‘The change in the aspect of the vegetable world next morning was most striking; the four months’ dust had been washed off the face of the earth; the grass had already begun to show its tender green; the air was cool, clear, and balmy, and the frame felt refreshed as the lungs gulped in the invigorating fluid; and the spirits, long depressed by heat, dust, and other discomforts, recovered their elasticity and cheerfulness.

‘I breakfasted with the M——s, but S—— did not make her appearance. There appeared a *géné* and singular air about the whole *ménage*, especially in the deportment of the host and his wife, much at variance with everything I had before witnessed in that happy and united family. After breakfast M—— requested me to walk into the library, and thus addressed me: “My dear fellow, I perceive there has been a sad mistake. We all esteem you highly, and wish for the continuance of your friendship; but—but—S—— has been for some months engaged to be married to a gentleman in Calcutta.”

‘When one cannot adequately express excited feelings on any subject it is wise to be silent; a line of conduct sanctioned by great examples, and convenient on the present occasion.

‘Crabbe’s graphic pen has described the different appearance of external nature under opposite moods of mind, in the case of a lover visiting his mistress, and returning from the interview.* I cannot approach within a thousand leagues of his inimitable touches, but I can tell in my own homely way how miserable I felt that day. As I returned, the air, so deliciously pure in the morning, felt muggy and unrespirable; the

* See the *Lover’s Journey*.

heat was intolerable; the mosquitoes atrociously sanguinary and numerous; nothing was as it ought, and everything as it ought not to be. The palanquin bearers jerked and shook me, as if on purpose. At my evening visit to the hospital several patients were worse than should have been better, and had evidently retrograded intentionally, as if to spite me. At dinner the punkahs did not move properly; the mullagatawny was cold, and the wine hot; even Bhastee Rhamm, the *nonpareil* of Hookabadars, failed to please. At last I went to bed thoroughly disgusted; but even there misfortune continued its persecutions; for two or three vagrant mosquitoes had slipped in when the servant was closing the gauze around me, and it was slap, slap, slap, buzz, buzz, buzz, all night.'—vol. i. p. 183.

This April story, then, must plead the Doctor's excuse for resisting as he did the drowning scene of July, 1816. And since we have introduced the earlier romance, let us now see its conclusion.

In January, 1817, the regiment is once more embarked on the Ganges. This time the voyage is down the river, and in the course of it he is once more, after the lapse of half a year, brought into contact with the family of Major M——. The friendship had not been broken off—how absurd that any friendship ever should be!—by an unsuccessful explanation with a young lady. The Major was now commandant at Allahabad: he invited the Doctor to spend a week or ten days with him in passing: *this* proposal was accepted, and a fortnight's leave obtained:—

'I found this amiable family well; and was not a little surprised to meet S—— still unmarried. She was in distress; for some unfavourable disclosures had been made respecting the character of her lover, and his honour was suspected relative to certain gambling transactions, in which he had been engaged at Calcutta. Besides all this, he had been dangerously ill; and was now cruising about in a pilot schooner off the Sunderbunds, by medical advice. I was received with the most affectionate cordiality by every member of the family.

'Lovely affianced girls should not be permitted to move about in society for any considerable time, breaking people's hearts hopelessly, and spreading distress and envy, and all kinds of bad feelings and sensations around. They ought to be made to marry within the month by act of parliament. Here, for instance, was myself brought once more within the circle of a very delightful young lady's charms; and under circumstances, too, that did not altogether preclude hope. Yet, though well aware of the danger of my position, I had neither the power nor wish to fly from the dangerous fascination. Even the confiding freedom of her manner, reposing trust in my sense of propriety, and the easy unreserve of our intercourse, whilst they showed the unaffected ingenuousness of her nature, excited distressing repinings at perceiving the full value of the prize allotted to another.

'Thus delicately circumstanced, I spent a fortnight at Allahabad; a golden time. The whole family, from some over-estimate they had formed

formed of certain professional services I had done one of them, considered themselves under obligations, when in truth I was the obliged party. They therefore, one and all, exerted themselves to crowd into this final visit, before we should part for a long separation, every *agrément* and pleasure possible: morning and evening drives on beautiful roads; dinners, dances, music, Waverley novels, then in full blow, and brought from Calcutta by *dawk*, or post. In short, whatever of agreeableness and enjoyment the kindest solicitude of refined minds could suggest, and ample means afford, were concentrated in that exquisite visit.'

This is only one of half-a-dozen tender mishaps which the staff-surgeon, now safely anchored in the harbour of Hymen, amuses himself and his readers by recording. On all such occasions he appears to have acted the part of a sensible as well as a sensitive man, and sought the cure of wounded affection where alone it can be found, in strenuous exertion of one kind or another. This, indeed, is the grand moral which he always delights to insist upon. The one secret of human happiness is occupation, or, as he phrases it, 'the experience of my life, as of all rational people, proves that the lazy Sybarite who first exclaimed *Dolce cosa far niente* told a gigantic fib.'

'Nature, ever wise and beneficent, intended there should be no idle people in the world, but that occupation and enjoyment should go hand in hand, mutually enhancing each other. Even the laziest people must find or make some employment; and the gross Yorkshire boor, whose *beau idéal* of happiness with 1000*l.* a-year, was to have nothing to do but "eat fat beeacoon," found it necessary to add, "and swing upon a gaeate."—vol. ii. p. 28.

Before the end of 1817 our author was torn unexpectedly, and very much to his disgust, from India, his regiment being ordered to strengthen the garrison at St. Helena. The voyage, however, seems to have been of use to him; at least we meet, after its commencement, with no more 'harpings on my daughter.' The new society, female as well as male, found favour in his eyes, and he made one—whenever wind and weather allowed—in the nightly dance upon deck. He is energetic in his commendations of this exercise on shipboard. There, at least, says the doctor, there is no truth in Petrarch's morose dictum, '*Chorea circulus cujus centrum Diabolus*;' for *Diabolus* he reads *Hygeia*.

The chapters on St. Helena are perhaps the most interesting in the book; and there is one much calumniated individual, whose reputation will be materially served by the extracts we are about to offer from them; for, as our readers will see, Dr. Henry entertained originally no favourable opinion of Sir Hudson Lowe, but on the contrary disliked his manner, undervalued

valued his capacity, and was pre-disposed to consider him in the wrong, and his unhappy prisoner in the right.

We can understand, and, we hope, appreciate the motives which induced Sir Hudson Lowe to submit in silence, at the time, to the charges made against him by Buonaparte and some of his French followers, so loudly re-echoed by our own liberals, and still, we need not add, in vogue among various classes not only on the continent, but in this country. The Governor of St. Helena had but one simple statement to offer in answer to all that was or could have been alleged against him—namely, that his treatment of Buonaparte was in strict accordance with his instructions. It was to his own government alone that he, their servant, owed an account of his conduct; and as they, after the death of Napoleon, appointed him chief of a colony infinitely more important than St. Helena, there could be no doubt, in any dispassionate mind, that his administration in the most difficult, delicate, and painful of tasks had fully satisfied the then authorities of Downing Street. But now that most of those authorities, and, among others, Earl Bathurst, Sir Hudson's immediate superior, have long since passed not only from power but from life, we cannot see on what sound principle the survivor acts in refusing to do himself justice with the world at large—as it is too clear that he still continues the subject of general prejudice—by producing to the light of day the very letter of the orders which he received from the colonial department on first accepting the care of Napoleon, and of the official decisions on all the questions which he must have submitted to that department while his office lasted. We are persuaded that it is in his power to set himself right in every the minutest point that has ever been fixed on by his enemies; we do not believe that in so doing he would leave the slightest spot on the fair fame of Lord Liverpool's cabinet, or any member of that cabinet, dead or living: and we must add, that we do not believe her majesty's present ministers would now have the least objection to his adopting the course which we have been taking the liberty to suggest. While Lord Holland was still among them, the case might have been different. That 'good easy man,' lax in principle but bigoted in prejudice, had allowed his *amour-propre* to be hopelessly mixed up with the cause of the French Revolution in all its phases and in all its consequences. He had, as the very last follies of his life showed, a French and not an English heart, whenever matters of that sort came into question. But now that he is gone, and Holland House closed, we apprehend there is no English minister, at least none of any substantial weight in or out of the cabinet, who would object to a final clearing-up of the St. Helena controversies

troversies, and (which we venture to consider as in that case inevitable) of the character of this most unfortunate officer of the British crown. Even in the pages with which we are now dealing, there occur various little insinuations, which—at the same time that they increase the value of the author's testimony by evincing that he *never* became Sir Hudson's partisan—must be viewed with pain by him as showing the extent to which the hostile prejudice still lingers even among persons compelled in the main to acquit and approve him. Nothing can be completely effectual but the publication *in extenso* of Sir Hudson Lowe's original instructions from, and subsequent correspondence with, Lord Bathurst—one of the most humane and amiable men of his time, as we firmly believe, and also one of the most prudent statesmen reared in the school of Mr. Pitt.

We must add that, if Sir Hudson Lowe's *pride* makes him turn a deaf ear to such hints as these, there is another and a far higher consideration behind—one to which we cannot believe him insensible. We are well satisfied that by doing what we propose he would be rendering most essential service to the character of his country. The whole transaction ought on every account, public and private, to be now at length laid bare and settled for ever.

In the mean time we proceed to our citations:—

'The first excitement of being in the immediate neighbourhood of Napoleon having subsided, and himself and everything about him being invisible, we began to find our time very heavy in hand. To be sure we saw black balls hoisted, indicating that ships were in sight; which was the case almost every day in the year—the island being in the direct high road from India: we observed signals flying, and communicating from one hill to another, and R. O. B. telegraphed daily about two o'clock, from the post near our barracks to Plantation House, the Governor's residence, meaning, "All right at Longwood." We also had the advantage of descriing ships, from our high position, nearly thirty leagues off—like motes on the edge of the horizon; and of watching the cruisers attached to the station, hovering about the rock to windward and leeward. Vessels, too, when they could find or make any decent excuse, would touch at the island to get a chance of a glimpse at Buonaparte, and to carry home with them all the gossip they could collect. One very common trick of the masters was to start their water-casks on the run from the Cape; invent some plausible fib of a leak or something else, to tell the windward cruiser, and thus get permission to stop two or three days for a fresh supply.

About a month after our arrival the regiment was inspected by Sir Hudson Lowe, and afterwards we all dined at Plantation House. Two other officers and myself got beds. The style was good—the wines first-rate; and although the governor appeared somewhat reserved, and

a little absent at times, Lady Lowe kept the conversation from flagging. Nobody seemed disposed to like Sir Hudson, but we were all delighted with his wife. Lady Lowe was not a good figure, but she had a fine face, laughing eyes, much talking talent, a fair and beautiful neck, and lovely arm. In short, she presided at her own table with much grace and brilliancy, and was altogether a very captivating woman. . . .

'The governor appeared to be much occupied with the cares and duties of his important and responsible office; and looked very like a person who would not let his prisoner escape, if he could help it. His countenance was unpleasing, and from first impressions, I entertained an opinion of him far from favourable. If, therefore, notwithstanding this prepossession, my testimony should incline to the other side, I can truly state that the change took place from the weight of evidence, and in consequence of what came under my own observation in St. Helena. Poor man, he has since that time encountered a storm of obloquy and reproach enough to bow any person to the earth. Yet I firmly believe that the talent he exerted in unravelling the intricate plotting constantly going on at Longwood, and the firmness in tearing it to pieces, with the unceasing vigilance he displayed in the discharge of his arduous duties, made him more enemies than any hastiness of temper, uncourteousness of demeanour, and severity in his measures, of which the world believed him guilty.'—vol. i. pp. 210-212.

We infer from this passage that Dr. Henry still imputes to Sir Hudson Lowe some exhibitions of 'hasty temper and uncourteous demeanour' in his intercourse with Napoleon—and some *not necessary* 'severity' in his official measures. It is exactly from these charges that we are anxious to see Sir Hudson cleared. He now must perceive that even persons who do him justice in the main, cling to the belief that there was some ground for such imputations.

Dr. Henry happened to be called in when one of the Bertrand children met with some accident, and after this he seems to have been occasionally consulted by various members of the establishment at Longwood. Their representations, it would appear, served to propitiate in some measure Buonaparte himself; and the Doctor had, with some of his brother-officers of the 66th, at length the honour of a presentation:—

'Napoleon always appeared to me a being of an unique character—isolated—unapproachable—*sui generis*, or rather a genus in himself. Possessing a daring and comprehensive mind, which could at the same time conceive the most magnificent schemes and designs, and embrace all the prospective steps and minute details necessary for their accomplishment, he found himself at once pushed on by fortune into an elevated station, and then raised himself to the highest by consummate political talent and military skill, directing the chivalrous devotion of masses of enthusiastic soldiers. But, as has been well said, lord though he was of France, and almost of Europe, he was never thoroughly master

master of the little world within; for the fierce Italian passions would boil up in his bosom, and often overboil, without effectual constraint. At length rendered giddy by the immense elevation he had attained, and the constant whirl of his perilous prosperity, he yet soared higher; but the ascent could not always last, and he began to totter to his fall. One fatal false step was on the towers of the Escorial, and another, still more fatal, on the domes of the Kremlin. Long and bravely, and tenaciously, notwithstanding, did he cling to his lofty position; and when he found himself falling, attempt to regain it with astonishing power of resilience; but the fiat had gone forth against him, and it was all in vain. At length he tumbled down hopelessly and for ever, without the smallest sympathy from mankind to soften his fall.

‘As to his moral character, I believe his warmest advocates can say little in his favour. He was utterly devoid of any honest ethical principle, reckless as to right and wrong—conscienceless—remorseless. His uniform rule through life was—the end justifies the means.

‘On the afternoon of the 1st of September, 1817, we called at Marshal Bertrand’s house, fifty or sixty yards from the residence of Napoleon, to pick up the Marshal, who accompanied us to the billiard-room, where we found Counts Montholon and Gourgaud. After waiting five or six minutes, the folding-doors of the ante-chamber were thrown open; we entered, formed a ring round the room, and in about a minute Napoleon walked into the circle.

‘He was dressed in a plain dark green uniform coat, without epaulettes or anything equivalent, but with a large star on the breast, which had an eagle in the centre. The buttons were gold, with the device of a mounted dragoon, in high relief. He had on white breeches with silk stockings, and oval gold buckles in his shoes, with a small opera hat under his arm. Napoleon’s first appearance was far from imposing—the stature was short and thick—head sunk into his shoulders—his face fat, with large folds under the chin—the limbs appeared to be stout, but well proportioned—complexion olive—expression sinister, and rather scowling. On the whole, his general look was more that of an obese Spanish or Portuguese friar than the hero of modern times. Buonaparte walked round the room, with an attempt (as it seemed) at the old dignity, and addressed a few words to most of the officers.’—vol. i. pp. 214, 215.

Nothing could less deserve quoting than the Doctor’s notes of the conversation that ensued—the most commonplace of questions and replies—slightly seasoned now and then by impertinence on the one side—awkward, stammering stupidity on the other. One trait alone seems worth picking out:—

‘He then passed to Lieut.-Colonel Dodgin, C.B., who had several clasps and medals on his breast. He was, besides, a remarkably fine military-looking man, and when walking with me in London had been more than once mistaken for the Duke of York. Napoleon looked at him with some complacency, and took hold with his fingers of the most glittering of the batch of distinctions, which happened to be the Vittoria medal;

medal; but as soon as he read "that word of fear," he dropped it instantly. It was no mere fancy of mine, but a matter of plain fact, observed and spoken of at the time by us all, that his gesture was exactly that of a person letting fall something unexpectedly and disagreeably hot. . . .

'As we walked home to Deadwood, and calmly reviewed what had passed; and compared the appearance, manner, and conversation of Buonaparte with our preconceived ideas, prepossessions, and expectations, the general feeling and result was disappointment; but this might have been reasonably anticipated. Without reference to the usual sobering effect of vicinity and contact in dissipating the gilded halos with which a sanguine fancy invests distant and remarkable objects, the interview with Napoleon had dissolved a glory, *par excellence*. A fascinating prestige, which we had cherished all our lives, then vanished like gossamer in the sun. The great Emperor Napoleon, the hero of modern times, had merged in an unsightly and obese individual; and we looked in vain for that overwhelming power of eye and force of expression which we had been taught to expect by a delusive imagination. At our mess-dinner the same evening our illustrious neighbour had evidently fallen off by one half from our notions concerning him, of the day before.'—vol. i. p. 221.

Our author, indulging in no second-hand tattle, but simply noting down what occurred to himself from day to day, between 1817 and 1821, throws a good deal of light on the character and conduct of almost every personage mixed up in the Longwood melodrama. O'Meara's manners and conversation interested and pleased his by no means fastidious countryman; and he remained, in spite of many odd symptoms, a firm believer in his integrity, until the following incidents at last forced conviction upon him. In February, 1818, Buonaparte's *maître-d'hôtel*, Cypriani, a faithful servant, who had followed all the vicissitudes of his fortunes from the time when he was a lieutenant of artillery, in 1794, was seized with an inflammatory disorder, and O'Meara requested Dr. Henry's assistance, which was promptly given and continued till the death of the patient.

'I am obliged to tell that, in the course of my attendance at Longwood, I was not a little surprised to find that Napoleon had never visited his devoted servant during his last illness. No doubt but this piece of Imperial condescension would have been highly gratifying to the patient; yet it is a fact that no visit ever took place, although the sick man's chamber was under the Emperor's roof, and not twenty feet distant from his bath. I have reason to believe, however, that during the last evening of Cypriani's malady, and when he was in a state of delirious insensibility, his master proposed to see him, but was dissuaded by Mr. O'Meara, on the ground that the patient would not then be in a state to recognise the Emperor. With no small degree of absurd *charlatanerie*—if I may be forgiven for using the word with reference to such

a man—

a man—Napoleon, on that occasion, expressed an opinion that his presence might re-animate the expiring efforts of nature, as it had, he said, under desperate circumstances, retrieved the almost fatal disorder of his army at Marengo, and some other of his battle-fields.

‘Some time after Cypriani’s death Mr. O’Meara called on me at Deadwood, with a smiling countenance, to tell me he was the bearer of good news, on which he offered me his congratulations. The Emperor, it appeared, had consulted him as to the propriety of giving a fee or a present to the English physician who had attended his servant; and the result was that a present had been preferred,—an order having been given for a breakfast-service of plate to be sent out by Rundell and Bridge.

‘This was all very pleasing information; and it was not unnatural for me to felicitate myself on the prospect of such a present, coming from such a quarter. Waking visions, too, of the pride I should hereafter feel in exhibiting my tea-service, or in asking my friends to the first *déjeuner*, where it would be sported—might be forgiven; mixed with speculations, also, as to the probable pattern of the plate. Unfortunately the sequel proved that, as there are many “slips between the cup and the lip,” so an accident may occur sometimes between the teapot and the cup.

‘A few days after this communication Mr. O’Meara again called; but this time his countenance had no such *riant* expression as on the former occasion. A difficulty had occurred. A statute had passed in England lately, constituting the acceptance of any gift from Napoleon, or any of his suite in St. Helena, a criminal act. It was therefore necessary, previous to any further step, to ascertain how I felt disposed, and whether I would consent to accept the Emperor’s present clandestinely, and without the knowledge of the Governor. This, it was now the object of Mr. O’Meara’s visit to ascertain,—the Emperor, he assured me, having an invincible repugnance to hold any conversation whatever with Sir Hudson Lowe; or, as he expressed it, to permit any gift from himself to be contaminated by passing through the hands of “*Cain*,” as was his favourite nickname for the Governor.

‘I took a little time to consult with my friends; more, indeed, as a thing usual in such cases, than from any doubt as to what was proper to be done. Two hours after Mr. O’Meara returned to Longwood, with the information that all must be above board, and nothing done illegally or clandestinely. I heard no more of my plate.

‘The thing was plain enough—a palpable attempt at a bribe, to enlist even so humble an individual as myself, “*l’homme d’Empereur*,” and to bind him down to future obedience by making him first commit himself in a wrong action.

‘This did not altogether rest on Mr. O’Meara’s assertion, as afterwards, in returning from St. Helena, General Montholon assured me that the present was, *bonâ fide*, intended for me, and would have been sent if the above-mentioned difficulty had not come in the way.’—vol. i. pp. 232-234.

Notwithstanding all this, Dr. Henry expresses his opinion that
Sir

Sir Hudson Lowe was not justified in requesting the officers of the 66th, as he soon did, to expel O'Meara from their mess, of which, on his arrival, he had been admitted an honorary member. He thinks the mess 'ought not to have been implicated in the quarrel so long as Mr. O'Meara conducted himself among them *comme il faut*, and nothing affecting his character as an officer and gentleman could be substantiated.' We perfectly agree in *this* opinion. But what if Sir Hudson Lowe had been distinctly informed of, not one, but several repeated attempts of O'Meara to bribe British officers to become 'the men of the Emperor'? The worthy Surgeon of the 66th, we *may* suppose, kept his own secret, except to a few friends;—but we have been grossly misinformed, if others, similarly tampered with, had not considered it their duty to reveal all the circumstances to the Governor.

As to the final ejection

'Of the stiff surgeon, faithful to his cause,
Who lost his place, and won the world's applause,'

Dr. Henry uses tender enough language—but we apprehend the real truth of the case is sufficiently indicated:—

'With regard to Mr. O'Meara himself, I have no doubt, and I think no reasonable doubt can be entertained, that he suffered himself to be cajoled and fascinated—I will not say corrupted—into the admirer, adherent, agent, and tool of Napoleon.'—vol. i. p. 234.

We like the delicate distinction between a British officer's being 'fascinated,' but not 'corrupted,' into the 'agent and tool of Napoleon,'—diligently employing himself in the attempt to 'corrupt' other British officers,—*'palpable attempts at bribery.'* But, to resume:—

'Mr. O'Meara was dismissed from the British service for having officially stated, or insinuated, that Sir Hudson Lowe had suborned him to poison Buonaparte, or sounded him respecting such a crime, nine or ten months before he made the communication to government. The Secretary of the Admiralty said, "You have either fabricated this most grave accusation, or it is a true bill. If it is false, you are unworthy to remain for a moment in the service: if, on the other hand, the horrid and improbable charge is true, you have grossly violated your duty in concealing such an atrocity so long." Now I do not perceive any way of escape from this dilemma.

'That a young major-general, appointed to one of the most important and lucrative commands in the gift of the Crown, should have lost sight of his own interest so far as to desire to shorten the existence of the life of his lease carries absurdity on the face of it, even putting out of sight any moral consideration of the question. If, as I believe was the case, Mr. O'Meara wilfully misconceived some peevish expression of the Governor, in a moment of irritation at some *tracasserie* going on at Longwood, and construed it into this horrid design or desire,—then, after

after brooding over it nine or ten months, made it the subject of an official charge,—I dispassionately think his conduct was vile, and that he richly merited dismissal from the service.'—vol. i. p. 235.

On O'Meara's removal, Buonaparte, as is well known, declined to allow the attendance of any medical man appointed by Sir Hudson Lowe, distinctly insinuating his suspicion of poison. Antommarchi came by and by; but in the mean time the Governor ordered Dr. Verling, of the artillery, to take up his abode at Longwood, in a separate part of the building. What followed?

'Dr. Verling is an esteemed friend of mine; and I know that he was well qualified in every respect for the duty on which he was employed, being a clever and well-educated man, of gentlemanly and prepossessing manners, and long military experience. After he had been four or five months resident at Longwood, overtures were one day submitted to his consideration by Count Montholon, of a very delicate nature; and after some preliminary matter, a formal proposal was made to him of a sum of money, equivalent to the principal of which his British pay was the interest, if he would agree, *sub rosa*, to be the friend of Napoleon, or, as Montholon expressed it, "l'homme d'Empereur." This was indignantly rejected, and the fact reported immediately to Sir Hudson Lowe, accompanied by a request from Dr. Verling to be relieved from a post where he was subject to such an insult. The governor, however, would not accede to my friend's request, and Dr. Verling remained at Longwood till the arrival of Dr. Antommarchi.'—vol. i. p. 239.

In the next page we have a pleasant little anecdote of the illustrious captive himself. Our Doctor one morning found the usually gay and flirty Madame Bertrand in a very sulky mood:—

'It appeared that her two white kids, great pets of the children—particularly of Hortense, her beautiful little girl—having unfortunately trespassed on the Emperor's little Chinese garden, were slain by his own hand. The *on dit* was that he had become very irascible lately, from the circumstance of a bullock belonging to the East India Company having broken into this private spot. On this invasion of the "sacred territory," (poor man—his France was now reduced to narrow limits,) he called lustily for a gun, and wounded the intruder severely. Not long after, the innocent kids jumped over the boundary; and a fit of the Corsican again coming on Napoleon—he shot them both.'—vol. i. p. 241.

A few more extracts will bring us to the close of this chapter.

'In February, 1821, it began to be known that Napoleon was seriously ill; and, in addition to his bodily sufferings, had lately undergone much mental distress from certain reports of the infidelity of the Empress Maria Louisa, that had found their way to Longwood. He complained of constant pain at the pit of the stomach, with sickness and total loss of appetite; and suffered great agony from two or three emetics in succession, which Antommarchi prescribed. At length he declined all medicine, and flung the last potion that was offered out of the window.

'The

'The state and ceremony which the Great Man still maintained amongst his dependants were sometimes carried to a ridiculous extent. No one was ever allowed to be covered in his presence in the garden or about the premises; nor even in his blandest mood, when conversing in great good humour with his suite, was any of the highest rank—even the Grand Marshal Bertrand—permitted to be seated. Up to the last hour of consciousness this etiquette was preserved, and Antommarchi more than once alluded to this in conversation; declaring that he had been often exhausted to the verge of fainting, by preserving a standing posture during his long attendances in the dying chamber.

'From the first, Napoleon appeared to be aware of the nature of his malady; referring it to disease of the stomach, of which his father died, and with which the Princess Borghese was threatened. Arnott assured me at the time that his patient would often put his hand on the pit of his stomach and exclaim—"Ah! mon pylore—mon pylore!"

'The 4th of May was an unusually stormy day in St. Helena, where the wind not only always blows from the same quarter, but is also for the most part of uniform strength. During the night it increased to a strong gale; and although the barracks at Francis' Plain were much sheltered, our little wooden houses shook as with an earthquake, and we were in momentary expectation of being blown into the neighbouring ravine. At two o'clock in the morning an officer of ours, who had slept at Plantation-House the night before, came galloping to my door, bare-headed, and only half-dressed, with a summons for me to go instantly to the Governor's—his youngest child being taken suddenly and dangerously ill.

'I found the little patient apparently gasping its last under a terrible attack of croup; and the peculiarly distressing sound of the spasmodic and stridulous breathing audible over half the house. "The child must instantly be bled," I said. "Good G——, Sir," said Sir Hudson, "bleed an infant of this age!" "Yes," was the reply; "else the child will be dead in ten minutes." "But, Doctor, you won't be able to find a vein." "We'll try." So the little sufferer's arm was bandaged—a tiny vein opened, and when three ounces of blood had flowed, the breathing became comparatively quiet and easy; and after some medicine had been given, the child fell into a sound sleep.

'During my residence in St. Helena, opportunities of observing minutely the character of Sir Hudson Lowe were not wanting; and I believe nobody could fill all the ordinary relations of domestic life and of society better than this much calumniated man. *He was, to my certain knowledge, a kind husband and father, and, I believe, an excellent magistrate and civil governor. He obtained the consent of the slave-proprietors in the island, with some difficulty, to abolish slavery prospectively in 1818, without receiving any compensation; and carried the humane instructions of the British Government into effect on this delicate question with much address and talent.* The abolition was dated, with grace and propriety, from Christmas-day; after which doubly-auspicious day for the blacks, no slave could be born in the island,

island, and the supply by importation had long been stopped. *Perhaps this cautious and judicious disenthralment would have been a good model to follow in the great change that has lately been effected in the West Indies; and might have prevented some of the evils that have already ensued, and more that are yet to result, from a sweeping and premature emancipation.*

The very weighty statements in favour of the governor, which we have underlined in the preceding extract, seem to us to acquire additional value from the obviously artless way in which the writer introduces them; and we may say the same as to what follows:—

‘The morning of the 5th of May continued very blustery and stormy, and, according to the old notion already alluded to, the conflict of the elements was symbolical of the violent struggle of a master-spirit with the last enemy that was then going on at Longwood; for Buonaparte was dying.

‘I remained at Plantation-House with my little convalescent patient. The Governor went early to Longwood, staid there the whole day, and did not return until all was over. The important event of the day was naturally the chief topic of conversation in the evening, as Sir Hudson took a hurried dinner previous to writing his despatches; and, in bare justice to an ill-used man, I can testify that, notwithstanding the bitter passages between the great departed and himself, the Governor spoke of him in a respectful, feeling, and every way proper manner. Major Gorregeur, I think, observed that the deceased was the most formidable enemy England ever had; and the writer, that Providence appeared to have taken that favoured country under its special guardianship, and covered the island for many centuries with a shield of adamant, against which all hostile potentates, from Philip of Spain to Napoleon, had shivered themselves to pieces. “Well, gentlemen,” said the Governor, “he *was* England’s greatest enemy, and mine too; but I forgive him everything. On the death of a great man like him we should only feel deep concern and regret.”’—vol. ii. p. 5-7.

We cannot pass on without recalling to our readers’ notice *one* article in the last will and testament of Napoleon. The document is now at Doctors’ Commons, and contains a codicil to the following effect:—

‘24th April, 1821.—Item. I bequeath ten thousand francs to the subaltern officer Cantillon, who has undergone a trial upon the charge of having endeavoured to assassinate Lord Wellington—of which he was pronounced innocent. *Cantillon had as much right to assassinate that oligarchist, as the latter had to send me to perish on the rock of St. Helena!!!*

Dr. Henry was present at the *post mortem* examination, and at the request of Dr. Shortt he penned the bulletin on this occasion, although, from some rule of etiquette, his name was not affixed to it. He now says:

‘Death

'Death had marvellously improved the appearance of Napoleon, and every one exclaimed when the face was exposed, "How very beautiful!" for all present acknowledged they had never seen a finer or more regular and placid countenance. The beauty of the delicate Italian features was of the highest kind; whilst the exquisite serenity of their expression was in the most striking contrast with the recollection of his great actions, impetuous character, and turbulent life.

'As during his eventful career there was much of the mysterious and inscrutable about him, so, even after death, Buonaparte's inanimate remains continued a puzzle and a mystery; for, notwithstanding his great sufferings and the usual emaciating effects of the malady that destroyed him, the body was found enormously fat. The frame was as unsusceptible of material disintegration as the spirit had been indomitable. Over the sternum, or breast-bone, which is generally only thinly covered, there was a coat of fat an inch and a half thick; and on the abdomen two inches; whilst the omentum, kidneys, and heart were loaded with fat. The last organ was remarkably small, and the muscle flabby; in contradiction to our ideal associations, and in proof of the seeming paradox, that it is possible to be a very great man with a very little heart.

'Several peculiarities were noticed about the body. He appeared at some time to have had an issue opened in the arm, and there was a slight mark like a wound in the leg, but which might have been caused by a suppurating boil.* The chest was not ample, and there was something of feminine delicacy in the roundness of the arms and the smallness of the hands and feet. The head was large in proportion to the body, with a fine, massy, capacious forehead. In other respects there were no remarkable developments for the gratification of the phrenologists.'

O'Meara had always insisted that the disease was in the liver; and Antommarchi had echoed his assertion. Dr. Henry continues:—

'The diseased state of the stomach was palpably and demonstrably the cause of death; and how Napoleon could have existed for any time with such an organ was wonderful, for there was not an inch of it sound.

'Antommarchi was about to put his name to the bulletin, with the English medical gentlemen, when he was called aside by Bertrand and

* Buonaparte received a bayonet-thrust during the siege of Toulon. The writer of certain 'Confessions of a Spy' in the United Service Journal for October, 1840, says (p. 211), 'We entered the first dwelling we came to, where we found a surgeon dressing a wound in the arm of General O'Hara, who, it appeared, had sunk exhausted by the side of the house. And in another apartment of the same building was Napoleon Buonaparte, waiting for surgical attendance to bandage a rather severe bayonet-thrust in his right thigh. The medico would have waited upon him first, but he gallantly yielded the priority to the British chief, who, I was informed, was in a great measure indebted to him for his life, as he was found fainting from the loss of blood, and the exasperated soldiers were about to put him to death, when Buonaparte came up and prevented it.'—These 'Confessions' contain some most curious revelations. We cannot suppose that the distinguished conductor of the *Journal* would have printed them without previous inquiry.

Montholon, and after this conference declined signing. The reason was, no doubt, that such proceeding on his part would contradict the diagnosis of Mr. O'Meara.'—vol. ii. pp. 9, 10.

'The island appeared relieved from an incubus by the death of Napoleon; and that disagreeable state of watchfulness, restraint, and coercion, under which all had felt themselves so long, was at once relaxed. The sentries were withdrawn from the numerous commanding points about the rock—the cruisers ceased to interfere with strange vessels—the fishermen resumed their labours without police surveillance; and the *taboo* was everywhere taken off. Yet St. Helena, on the whole, had been much benefited by the presence of Buonaparte—great sums of money had been disbursed by the garrison and the fleet; an improved tone had been communicated to the insular society—the blot of slavery removed—agriculture stimulated; and the wretched goat-paths turned into good roads by military labour; to say nothing of prospective advantages from future visitors, attracted to the rock by the celebrity it had now obtained.

'When about to quit St. Helena, some of the foreigners were found to be considerably in debt to the shopkeepers in James's Town, and one of the highest rank amongst them owed no less a sum than between nine hundred and one thousand pounds. Payment being delayed, legal measures were threatened, and all was consternation at Longwood. In this dilemma application was made to the governor, who handsomely guaranteed payment of the debt; thus removing the principal difficulty in the way of their embarkation. I have heard that the amount was paid soon after their arrival in Europe, and I should expect nothing else from the high character of the distinguished debtor. This generous behaviour of the governor, together with other acts of kindness to the exiles after Napoleon's death, notwithstanding the abuse they had all, publicly and privately, showered upon his character, show that Sir Hudson Lowe was a very different man from what he was represented by his enemies at the time, and what the world still believes him to be.'—vol. ii. pp. 12, 13.

Before we quit the island with our Doctor, we must let him be heard as to the commissioners of the other allied powers:—

'We had three Commissioners in Saint Helena; from Austria, France, and Russia, viz.: Baron Sturmer, Le Marquis de Montchenu, and Count B——. These gentlemen were never recognised by Napoleon, who would not see or hold any intercourse with them. Perceiving after a short time that the illustrious captive was quite safe in the vigilant custody of Sir Hudson Lowe, their station became altogether a sinecure—they enjoyed themselves as they might, and gave themselves no concern about him.

'The Baron was a very pleasing gentlemanly person, with a pretty Parisian wife, but no family, to their great regret. The Count was also a gentlemanly man, but somewhat eccentric, nevertheless very social and amusing.

'Foreigners laugh at our English modesty and delicacy, particularly in love matters. We generally choose seclusion and privacy when making

making tender avowals, and shrink from obtruding any of the little manœuvres of *la belle passion* on the gaze of a third party. Effect and display and *eclat* are, however, so necessary to social enjoyment on the continent, that even a *tête-à-tête* with one's mistress requires a certain *quantum* of publicity to give it the proper zest. When Count B—— was making love to Miss Johnstone, Lady Lowe's daughter, we used to meet him at dinner at Plantation House, and when the gentlemen left their wine to join the ladies in the drawing-room, the Count, another officer of our regiment, and myself, generally retired together. On seeing Miss Johnstone sitting between her mother and Lady Bingham, the enraptured Commissioner would give his arm to each of us and saunter in front of the ladies—nudging us every minute or two, gazing on the betrothed, and pointing out her various charms, *en connoisseur*, with the greatest enthusiasm, "Look, my dear friend—*O ciel!* what a neck—*Dieu d'Amour!* what an exquisite bust—what a profile—what an expression—what an *ensemble* of charms!" Of course, as in duty bound, we could only acquiesce. "Look at that attitude," he would resume—"how delightfully easy—how graceful!" "Happy Count," we would reply—"happy Count, with such a prospect—but you will be *furieusement jaloux*—you will let nobody speak to your wife—*n'est-ce pas vrai?*" "*O que non—pas du tout je vous jure*—but see, Lady Bingham rises—*il faut me nicher—il faut me nicher—Adieu.*"

'Count B—— married the lady after a long courtship. She was young and handsome, and the gentleman neither the one nor the other. There was a gay wedding at Plantation House, and great mirth and enjoyment. At dawn the next morning a disconsolate individual was noticed wandering alone through the grounds, and the gossip of the island amused itself for a week with various stories of some trick that had been played, and of shut doors and barricaded bed-chambers. But whatever truth there might be in these reports, it is certain that I met the Count and his fair bride riding out three days after, happy and glorious, that I felicitated the parties, and got cake and gloves.

'But, my old patient Montchenu, thou art, alas, no longer in the land of the living. I do therefore feel no delicacy in praising thee as thou deservest to be praised.'

The sum of these praises comes to this—that the Marquis was one of the oldest of the French nobility—had been pronounced by Napoleon to be the greatest fool in France—was a prodigious *gourmand*—a great admirer of Buchan's Domestic Medicine—and excessively reluctant to call in Dr. Henry in a case of inveterate dyspepsy; which, however, he at length did.

'I attended the Marquis for several months, and finding his recovery was slow in the valley, he was recommended change of air to the higher part of the island. As soon as Sir Hudson Lowe heard this, he invited him to Plantation House, and I rode there to see him two or three times a week until his health became perfectly established. As I had had a good deal of trouble and many hot rides in the course of his illness, and did not conceive myself called upon to attend him on any score of duty, charity,

charity, or friendship, I had a right to expect, if not a handsome fee, at least an acknowledgment of my services in the shape of a trinket, however inconsiderable in value. But the excellent Marquis, who prided himself on being a good scholar—that is to say, on writing French grammatically and orthographically—a quality by no means common even among persons of the highest rank in France—no doubt considered that he gave me something a great deal more valuable; for on leaving the island he sent me the following note, which is so good that I shall give it an honourable place in my humble history:

‘Monsieur le Docteur,

‘Ce 21 Mai, 1821.

‘Je ne sais pas si j’aurai le plaisir de vous voir avant votre embarquement, pour vous renouveler tous mes remerciemens des soins que vous avez bien voulu prendre de moi pendant ma maladie. ils m’ont été bien utiles, ainsi mon estime, ma reconnaissance, et mon eternel attachement sont ils si bien gravés dans mon cœur qu’ils sont ineffaçables.

‘C’est pénétré de ces sentimens que j’ai

‘l’honneur d’être, Monsieur le Docteur,

‘Votre humble et

‘tres reconnaissant serviteur

‘MONTCHENU.’

‘Vous devez voir

par mon

écriture que j’ai toujours
mes tremblemens.

‘A.M. le Docteur H——.’

‘Who would exchange such a letter for a gold snuff-box?’

—vol. i. pp. 248—251.

Dr. Henry came home in the same vessel with Buonaparte’s suite; and his account of the voyage contains some curious enough anecdotes of them: but we must pass over these; nor can we afford much space to the sequel of his adventures.

The regiment was stationed for the next four or five years in his dear native island; and first at Enniskillen barracks, under which date we find this entry in his diary:—

‘Beneficent nature has kindly accommodated animals in all countries to the necessities of climate, or other imperious external circumstances. She turns wool into hair within the tropics, and hair into wool, besides making a present of an additional blanket, towards the poles. She provides white dresses and cloaks for creatures that require such covering, to screen them from notice that might end in their destruction, and for other good reasons. It would be hard, therefore, if she were not correspondingly indulgent to the necessities of the Hibernians, since to the inhabitants of hyperborean regions she is so lavish in her gifts. Accordingly, we find the important physiological fact demonstrated by Cuvier in his last great work, intituled, “Recherches Physiologiques Nationaux,” that the crania of Irishmen, or at least of 311 which he had examined and carefully compared with others, are nearly double as thick as those of the Celtic tribes generally, and excel those of the other European races in a somewhat larger proportion. It is remarkable that this is more noticeable about the frontal and parietal bones, and particularly along the course of the sagittal suture, than anywhere else. Nature has thus, in beautiful accordance with her operations

operations in hyperbrumal countries, fortified and defended the skulls of her favourites of the "first flower of the earth," and enabled them to stand, without serious inconvenience, the manifold beatings and belabourings to which she foresaw they would be liable.

'We had the pleasure of witnessing one very respectable fight on a fair-day at Enniskillen, about three o'clock, when the whiskey was beginning to develop the pugnacious qualities of the crowd. It was very confined in its origin, being only a simple duel between two men with shillelahs at the door of a public-house, but the quarrel extended like wildfire, and soon pervaded the whole multitude. Thump! crack! crack! whack! thwack! crack! went the sticks on the heads and shoulders of his Majesty's liege subjects; but in consequence of the beautiful endowment discovered by Cuvier, the thwacks and the thumps produced no more effect than a racket-ball against the wall of the Court. In the very height of the battle we saw a stout man, riding on a strong punch, threading his way amidst the infernal tumult, regardless of the din of oaths and execrations and wood of sticks—knocking at the sconces right and left, and everybody shrinking and ducking when they saw him. In five minutes he had cleared the street of the combatants, and restored peace by his sole exertions. It was impossible to see the "*argumentum baculinum*" more energetically or more successfully used. "He floored the fight in a crack," as my servant had it. This vigorous peacemaker was Lord Enniskillen.'—vol. ii. pp. 36, 37.

From Enniskillen the 66th removed in 1824 to Sligo; and here also we give a bit of the diary, over which 'Cupid, god of soft persuasion,' must be content to smile; at least it is not the worst story of the kind that we have heard of him:—

'Lord Palmerston has estates in the county of Sligo, and in September 1824 he paid the town the honour of a visit to inspect their condition, when a large dinner-party was got up for him by Mr. Abraham Martin, a gentleman of wealth and enterprise residing in Sligo. The hour was seven o'clock; we came a quarter after and found the company assembled, but his Lordship had not yet arrived. Half-past seven, three-quarters, eight o'clock struck; still no Lord Palmerston. Then commenced a new quarterly series and went on to nine, but still no Lord. By this time we were all in abominable humour, and I, for one, was ravenous; but the appetite of many of the party had gone off, leaving behind disgust and lassitude and a sense of personal insult. Cake and wine were now handed round, and our sufferings were thus made endurable for another hour: but at the horrid sound of ten o'clock, the whole party rose in open rebellion, took the law in their own hands, and rushed down stairs to what should have been dinner.

'Half an hour after, when some signs of returning animation had become visible under the champagne, in marched Lord Palmerston, and shuffling up to the head of the table, apologised to the hostess for his want of punctuality—his hacks had knocked up—and then—putting on one of his blandest smiles, sat down, saying, "But I'm glad you didn't wait!"'—vol. ii. p. 38.

In 1827 Dr. Henry accompanied his regiment to Canada, and
the

the greater part of his second volume is occupied with the angling of that province, and the troubled waters of her politics. We have lately given our readers *quant. suff.* both of the rod and of M. Papineau—so we shall confine ourselves to a few illustrations of the brief career of his high mightiness of Durham—and the clever and agreeable secretary, whom Dr. Henry, like all the world, considers as the real *redacteur* of the famous and all but fatal 'Report.'

'In this long and laboured production, every public abuse that had existed for scores of years antecedent to his government was minutely detailed, although most had been corrected or were in process of correction—every good quality or official virtue on the part of the English or Provincial Government was denied, underrated, or slurred over; whatever was, had been wrong; whereinsoever the people had complained, they were right. Every governor, except himself, had misruled; and all departments before his advent had been shamefully conducted. All these political errors, crimes, and blunders, real or imaginary, were gloated over with morbid satisfaction, and placed in strong contrast, when the case admitted, with the admirable arrangements in the United States respecting analogous matters: receiving deeper shade from this juxta-position. All was represented as the perfection of human wisdom in the great republic; all the quintessence of asinine folly in the monarchical colonies; and the noble painter appears to have felt strange enjoyment in daubing thick black on everything British, and glaring whitewash over all that was American.

'Notwithstanding, let us see how stands the case in reality, comparing the actual advance of the five British Provinces with that of the United States during the last forty years. In a work like this I cannot copy long statistical tables of population, and revenue, and imports and exports: I can merely glance at the result of an examination of authentic documents of this description. From these data, then, it appears that, notwithstanding the Utopian perfection on one side, assisted by enormous emigration and borrowing of English money, and the awful misgovernment on the other, these British Provinces, since 1791, have increased in external and internal trade, shipping, revenue, population, and consequent prosperity, as fairly inferred therefrom, in a ratio of about five to four over the simultaneous advance in trade, shipping, revenue, and population of the United States, on a general average of the whole.

'It is true this rapid progress has received a check lately; not from the fault of the government—unless too great kindness and subserviency to the petulant humours of the colonists be deemed a fault—but from the political and suicidal vice of a portion of the uninformed population.'

Again, says the Doctor—

'There is not a word of acknowledgment of the admirable conduct of the population in purging themselves, unaided, of the imputed taint of Mackenzie's treason by crushing instantly his contemptible *éméute*; and when he was backed by the border Americans, destroying, or capturing, or repelling them ignominiously from the Province again and again.

again. As no exultation is felt in their success, so no regret is expressed for their hardships, privations, and sufferings, or those of their families. The tears of wives and children separated from their husbands, fathers, and brothers; who in the midst of the dismal winter had left them unprotected at the call of government—the harassing march—the exhausting vigil—the waste of property, and the actual loss of life, elicit not a syllable of praise or sympathy in this ungenerous and unworthy Report. No. Mr. Buller's and Lord Durham's sympathies are all on the other side; reserved for bloody-minded felons and incendiaries, taken in the fact, fairly tried, and most justly punished. By a strange and lamentable moral perversion, their feelings only harmonise with what is evil and revolt from what is good; and whilst no tear is shed for Colonel Moodie or Captain Ussher and their distracted families, the noble Commissioner's pity overflows for Lount and Mathews, convicted traitors and murderers.'

This 'Report,' Dr. Henry concludes,—

'has unquestionably re-animated the drooping courage of the traitorous and of the exiles in the States, and kindled anew the almost extinct sympathies of their American friends, *who have engraved the name of Lord Durham on the blades of their bowie-knives.*'—vol. ii. p. 213.

Then comes a long *note*—occupied with small enough matters—but still not insignificant in their way. *E. g.*—

'With his immediate suite Lord Durham maintained the etiquette of ultra-regal state; even making them perform those menial offices which are usually discharged by domestic servants, such as waiting on his company at their arrival, to doff and receive the ladies' wrappings, fetching his hat or cloak when he wanted it; and it is averred, even on one occasion, holding his stirrup. He appeared to consider his aides-de-camp as so many slaves; and certainly kept them in as much awe as any planter ever inspired into a gang of negroes. Once at a ball on board the Hastings, a young lady, who was dancing with Captain Conroy, was horrified at finding her partner called off to get the Governor his hat when he wanted to retire. He was heard and seen in his own drawing-room rating Mr. Buller soundly for the *gaucherie* of spilling some coffee on a Westminster Review, probably containing a panegyric on himself; and not content with inflicting this public reprimand for so grave an offence, the Governor called his chief secretary into an ante-room, and was heard continuing the jobation. A key of one of his cabinets had been lost, unknown to him, and, fearing his temper, some of the family sent for a smith to pick the lock and make a new one. Unluckily his Lordship chanced to come into the room when the man was busy, and, without giving him a moment's time for explanation, he pounced on him like a tiger, dragged him through the door, and gave him a good kicking: but a subsequent *douceur* to the astonished mechanic hushed the matter up.

'Previous governors, comparatively poor men, and Lord Gosford in particular, had been charitable to the needy to the extent of their means: but Lord Durham hated the sight of a beggar. The ancient usage of associating contributions for the poor with religious worship—so becoming

ing the occasion and so venerable for its antiquity, reaching even to the apostolic times—was apparently deemed an obsolete absurdity by his Lordship; for, after putting in his sovereign once or twice, when the churchwarden on a subsequent occasion approached his pew with the poor-box, he repelled him with a forbidding gesture; consequently so vulgar a thing was never again intruded “between the wind and his nobility.”

‘His Excellency was very indignant at the Rev. Mr. Mackie, the Bishop of Montreal’s curate, a pious and *talented*’ [vile word] ‘young man, for some allusions to the theatre and race-course in one of his sermons; strangely construing the latter reference into a personal insult to himself, and insinuating that, as the Queen and Lord Durham patronised racing, it was the height of presumption in any clergyman to open his lips against it in his presence. Although in this case no personality was intended, yet the propriety of this specific preaching against amusements, such as dancing and the like, which are not in themselves morally evil, and which many excellent men enjoy with a pure conscience, may be fairly questioned. However this may be, when we know that the admonition emanates from the best motives, although we may conceive it to be a little *ultra*, if we are reasonable people we listen to it with respect. Not so did Lord Durham. In the spirit of an inquisitor he complained to the bishop, and insisted on his outraging the liberty of a Protestant pulpit by silencing his exemplary chaplain. This, of course, was declined; and the result was that the Governor-General absented himself ever after from church, and commanded the military chaplain to officiate every Sunday at his residence.’

The Doctor is particularly rich upon this potentate’s brief excursion to the Upper Province:—

‘At Kingston he was very wroth because there was no guard of honour to receive him in the middle of the night, and, I believe, never forgave the commandant, Lieut.-Colonel Dundas, of the 83rd, nor that good town, for this and one or two other ideal slights. He absolutely forbade all smoking on board the steam-boat in Lake Ontario, and sent the captain to hunt out an audacious offender once when he perceived the smell of a cigar. The search was unsuccessful, and a report, accordingly, was made to his Excellency. “Go back, sir, and discover who is smoking, instantly, at your peril.” A second time the captain went in quest of the caitiff, and at length found Admiral Sir Charles Paget solacing himself in some remote corner with his accustomed enjoyment. “Humph,” said the great man—“I suppose we must let *him* smoke.” The admiral took good care not to come back in the same boat with the Governor.

‘On his return the steam-boat Neptune was engaged for his Lordship’s sole use, to take him and his family and suite from Cornwall to Côteau du Lac. Lord Durham arrived at Cornwall on Saturday, and immediately embarked. There chanced to be a Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. Mr. McNaughten, a man of great respectability and superior attainments, at Cornwall, who was in the habit of visiting Lancaster, a

village half-way down Lake St. Francis, to preach there on certain Sundays. Next day being one of the stated periods of his ministry, he asked permission from an aide-de-camp to take a passage—the boat always touching at Lancaster to drop the mail. Leave was courteously given, but Mr. McNaughten was cautioned to keep out of his Excellency's sight. During the voyage Lord Durham discovered that the minister was on board, and got into a great passion—rebuking the captain of the boat, and the clergyman himself, in no measured terms, for this intrusion on his privacy. When the boat approached Lancaster the captain wished to stop for five minutes, as usual, to drop his mail-bag, but was sternly forbidden by the great little man, who, as a punishment, carried off Mr. McNaughten to Côteau, at the lower end of the lake, some forty miles out of his way; and, as no boat returned till Monday, altogether defeating his object.'—vol. ii. pp. 214-217.

We really do not think a more perfect picture ever was drawn of your *Noble Radical*. How good it would be to have close by the Doctor's note a similarly faithful view of His Excellency's bearing when at St. Petersburg!

Dr. Henry, after a full and particular account of his own final courtship and fortunate wedding, winds up with a strong and yet temperate address to all classes of the Canadians, urging *pro virili* the wisdom and necessity of giving a fair trial to the plan recommended by the present Governor-general, and now sanctioned by Parliament. We must not go again into these serious topics, at the end of such a gossiping paper as this; but we willingly copy what the Staff-Surgeon says of the first appearance of Lord Sydenham at Quebec in October, 1839:—

'His Excellency landed, proceeded to the old château, and took the usual oaths, in the presence of the executive council, a large number of military officers, with Sir J. Colborne, Sir R. Jackson, and Sir J. Macdonnell at their head, and a great concourse of respectable civilians. The new Governor's appearance and demeanour on this occasion made a favourable impression. His physiognomy evinced benevolence and intelligence;—and he went through the inaugural ceremonies in a quiet gentlemanly manner, in pleasing contrast with the pompous harlequinades of one of his immediate predecessors, whose scowl at the abjuration oath, and the indignant toss of the book that followed, are not yet forgotten.'—vol. ii. p. 229.

On the whole we fancy our readers will not regret the extent to which we have drawn on this production of the Quebec press. The author is evidently as well as a clever man, and we rather think that, with some omissions, his work might be advantageously reprinted in England.

ART. VII.—*La Révolution telle qu'elle est ; ou Correspondance inédite du Comité de Salut public avec les Généraux et les Représentans du Peuple en Mission près les armées et dans les départements pendant les années 1793, 4, et 5. Mis en ordre par M. Legros. 2 vols. Paris. 1837.*

WE are always so glad to meet with anything concerning the French Revolution that looks like truth, that we shall dedicate a few pages to the examination of this work, because—though its title is an impudent exaggeration of the value of its contents—the contents themselves are, we are satisfied, genuine. The editor's preface complains very justly of the way in which what are 'complaisantly called *Histories* of the Revolution' have been hitherto manufactured by authors who, taking the broad facts from public notoriety, deduce the causes and motives—not from a careful and critical examination of the contemporary evidence, but—from their own inferences and conjectures, always uncertain, and generally prejudiced. We had already made a similar complaint in our article on Robespierre,* in which we showed that many, even the most, important circumstances of his career—and, consequently, of the interesting period which he influenced—have been by successive historians left wholly unexplained, or flippantly accounted for by contradictory and often impossible suppositions. The same observation may be made of almost every other remarkable personage or event of that great drama:—the part played on the public stage is generally (though not always) sufficiently told—but as to what was done behind the scenes little inquiry was made, and little insight has been given.

Much of this superficial style of history has arisen from an opinion which has of late prevailed, that the public *Journals*, and especially the *Moniteur*, supply not merely copious, but *all-sufficient* sources of historical information; and a gentleman, who is said to possess the best library of revolutionary publications in the world—M. Deschiens, of Versailles—has, in a published catalogue of his collection, incidentally given additional weight to this, we think, very erroneous opinion, by the great and almost exclusive importance which he appears to assign to his *Journals*. M. Deschiens' collection being peculiarly rich in journals, it is natural that he should be disposed to think them the most valuable class of publications; and so undoubtedly they are as to *dates* and generally as to *facts*, but by no means so as to *causes* and *motives*; which, after all, are the soul of history, while the naked facts are, as it were, but the skeleton.

* Quarterly Review, No. CVIII., Art. II.

But moreover; from 10th August, 1792, till the autumn of 1795, the three most interesting years in French history—we might almost say in the annals of mankind—the journals were either paralysed by terror, or *gagged* by force, and tell nothing more than the Jacobin Club, or the Committee of Public Safety were pleased to permit, or ‘thought it expedient to direct.’* One may read the best newspapers of the day without finding a trace of the most important and exciting events. Let us give one or two instances. The *Journal de Paris* of the 7th October, 1789, took no notice whatsoever of the formidable and fatal insurrection of the 5th and 6th; but filled its pages with a critique on the annual Exhibition of pictures;—and when—three days after the event—it ventured to give a short and slight account of it, it introduced it by this apologetical preface:—‘*The circumspection and prudence which have been our constant guides have not allowed us to give an account of the various popular movements, which have lately succeeded each other so rapidly in this capital.*’ The *Moniteur* of the 22d January, 1793—the day after the *King’s murder*—does not even allude to that event, and ekes out its columns with a critique on ‘*Ambroise—a comic opera—words by Monvel—music by Daleyrac.*’ The 10th of August—the *Massacres of September*—and other great events—are scarcely mentioned in the newspapers; never on the day, nor even on the day after they happened; nor until the victorious party had decided what colour to give to the affair: and on the whole, therefore, we confess that we attach very little historical importance to the mere series of daily Journals. We do not, however, include under these observations several literary and political journals, or rather periodical pamphlets, such as those of Brissot, Condorcet, Robespierre, Marat, Hébert, Carra, Desmoulins, and, above all, *Les Révolutions de Paris par Prudhomme*; which, for as long as they were permitted to exist, are curious evidences of the spirit of the men, the parties, and the times; but these all vanished before the Reign of Terror. The press had a *kind* of freedom in the early days of the Directory, but on the 18 Fructidor V. (4th September, 1797), *forty-two* journals were actually suppressed without form of trial, and their ‘proprietors, directors, authors, contributors, and editors’ were condemned by a decree of the Councils, to transportation for life and confiscation of property, while twenty-four others were denounced, and only *re-prieved* during good behaviour. But even in the days of the least restraint the newspaper press was *never* allowed to *criticise*

* ‘*La liberté de la presse*’—said Robespierre with almost Hibernian naïveté, when, after the fall of the Girondins, he had got the upper hand—‘*La liberté de la presse doit être ENTIERE sans doute; MAIS ne pas être employée à perdre la liberté.*’

the Revolution; and even the actors of the Théâtre Français were once (3rd September, 1793) all put into prison for acting a play in which there was this revolutionary truism—

‘Le parti qui triomphe est le seul légitime!’

Judge in what a state of freedom the press must then have been!

The preface to the work before us also observes that another cause by which the secret motives of action are concealed is, that ‘governments are not communicative.’ This is true enough—but the real difficulty on this point lies deeper. The Public Offices themselves, even if open to inquirers, have frequently, and on the most important subjects, nothing to ‘communicate.’ The weightiest measures are often adopted on verbal consultations of which no record remains—often on the advice of those who do not assign their real motives—and often again, the measures, though proposed in one sense, take, by accident or design, a different, or even an opposite turn. If this be, as it certainly is, true, even as to regular governments, how much more so must it be of an *anarchy* composed of bad men who had no habits of business—whose principle it was to act on the sudden, and by impulses—whose real motives and objects were such as even the most audacious amongst them would not have dared to confess even to an accomplice, much less to commit to paper—and who, amidst the constant struggles and frequent vicissitudes of faction, were always careful to leave no record that could compromise them on a turn of fortune! No one who has not looked closely into the matter can have any idea of the mixture of temerity and terror—of bravado and cowardice—by which almost all the actors in the revolution were guided. Danton—the loud, the audacious, the brazen Danton—lost himself, as he was told on the verge of the scaffold by one of his fellow-sufferers—lost himself and them by indolence and poltroonery. These men were all giants in pulling down, but pigmies when they came to rebuild; and, in either case, had probably very vague and very wavering conceptions even of their own motives. We, therefore, doubt that a full or even tolerable history of the convulsive periods of the Revolution can ever be written; many of the main-springs of action are, we fear, irrevocably lost, or rather we should say, never had a material existence, having been only the thoughts and counsels of the actors and having perished with them. Can we ever hope to know the real history of the immolation of the Hébertistes, or of the Dantonistes, or the secret counsels of Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just in that awful and purgatorial period between the 22d Prairial and the 9th Thermidor (10th July, 1794)? Robespierre himself, if he had, like Carnot, survived that bloody intoxication, would have been as much puzzled as Carnot was, or affected to be,

to

to account for all the extravagant and almost incredible atrocities to which they had given their imperative signatures. They were all drunk or mad—with vanity and ambition at first, and afterwards with blood and personal terror!

But there are still two large fields of information which have been very imperfectly explored. The Revolution produced a most enormous quantity of *pamphlet* publication—of party controversy—of personal attack and apology, crimination and recrimination. From an extensive and diligent collation and comparison of these ephemeral and now forgotten productions, there might be derived a great deal of information relative to individual character, and not a little with respect to public events. We know of no historian who has so much as *looked* through one of these collections; of which, however, several have been made: that of M. Deschiens is, as we have said, supposed to be the most valuable extant, but there is also one—or rather a combination of two very extensive collections—in the British Museum, which, however, when we last visited the Museum, was wholly useless for want of a catalogue, or even arrangement. They might as well be sold to a cheesemonger as kept in the state in which we last endeavoured to consult them. M. Thiers is the only historian of the Revolution who seems to have even thought of these temporary publications as a source of information—and he, though he has made a ready, and even too confident use of some that *happened* to fall in his way, seems not to have taken much trouble in working the *veins* of ore thus accidentally opened to him.

We will give an example, and merely as an example. The 10th of August was, take it for all in all, the most important day of the whole Revolution; and the immediate causes of that explosion have been the subject of the most contradictory assertions and the most general controversy. It was at first charged upon the Court as an attempt at a counter-Revolution; when the abolition of royalty and the death of the King had rendered that calumny no longer serviceable, the truth came out that it was the result of a patriot conspiracy—a more decisive repetition of the 20th June; and the revolutionary factions, by this time divided into Jacobins and Girondins, began to squabble for the honour of having each exclusively planned and executed an event which constituted one of the articles of charge on which they had condemned the King. Neither Lacretelle, Pagès, nor Alison take any notice of this part of the case. Mignet alludes slightly (and without naming him) to Barbaroux' revelations of the preparatory meetings at Charenton; but some documents of infinitely greater consequence—a printed speech, and a letter of Petion's to the Jacobins (Nov. 1792), and the clever and important answer by Robespierre; which

which contain the most complete exculpation of the Court and the most complete conviction both of the Girondins and Jacobins—are never once, that we have been able to trace, alluded to by any of these writers.*

M. Thiers, however, found in some periodical magazine a *quotation* from a pamphlet of Carra, a Jacobin-Girondin journalist, in which he, Carra, claims for himself, and half-a-dozen other nameless names, the glory of having concocted that insurrection. This version of the affair M. Thiers unscrupulously, and without reference to the other statements and authorities, admits into his text, and in his appendix of *pièces justificatives* he gives, at second hand, the *quotation* from Carra, without, as it seems, having taken the trouble of ever looking at the original publication, which in fact differs in more than one important point from his representation of it. ‘Such,’ to use the words of the preface, ‘is the history of the Revolution, and such the *light manner* in which it has been treated.’

But there is also another source of information—that from which the publication before us professes, and we repeat, truly, to be derived—the original and hitherto unprinted and unknown *correspondence* of the actors in the great tragedy. Large quantities of this correspondence, both public and private, have been negligently or wilfully destroyed—by accident, by carelessness, or, in the various fluctuations of opinion, by prudence and *by shame*; but a great deal still remains. We have ourselves seen many—and purchased, almost as waste paper, some—documents which must have belonged to the offices of government; and there can be no doubt that there is still a vast quantity of the original correspondence of the revolutionary actors in the public offices and in private hands. The passion for collecting *autographs* has brought, and is daily bringing, to light many portions of private correspondence; and as the events become more remote and the personal motives for concealment grow weaker, we shall undoubtedly have more and more of such revelations; and we cannot but hope that, as the *printed* papers have found so many collectors, the *written* documents may also be looked after with equal curiosity and industry. It is, however, unlucky for the cause of truth, that just now, when such materials are beginning to find their way into the world, the government of France is chiefly in the hands of the children and other near connexions of the *Septembriseurs* and regicides, who of course will use their best endeavours to smother all disagreeable truths, and there is no portion of the truth which can be agreeable to them. From King Louis

* We have already said that Mr. Adolphus, in Biographical Memoirs on the French Revolution, printed in 1799, notices in his Appendix these important documents.

Philippe himself down to the smallest son or grandson of a conventionalist, there is hardly one man in authority in France who would not tremble at the production of his own, or his father's, or grandfather's correspondence. Louis Philippe has, at the moment that we write, three or four prosecutions pending, against the editors of newspapers, for the publication of letters, *some** of which we are satisfied are authentic, for they are conceived in the same spirit as his celebrated letter to the Bishop of Llandaff, of the 28th July, 1804, which will be found in our 61st vol. p. 35, and which, *under existing circumstances*, we think our readers will be glad to read again:—

‘Twickenham, 28th July (!), 1804.

‘My dear Lord,—I was certain that your elevated soul would feel a just indignation at this atrocious murder of my unfortunate cousin [the Duke d’Enghien]. His mother was my aunt: after my brother, he himself was my nearest relation. We were companions together in our earlier days, and you may well believe that this event has been a severe blow to me.

‘His fate, too, is a notice to all of us. It is a warning that the CORSICAN USURPER will never be at rest till he shall have effaced our whole family from the list of the living.

‘This makes me feel still more sensibly, though indeed that is hardly possible, the value of the generous protection which your magnanimous country grants us. I quitted my own country so early that *I have scarcely any of the habits of a Frenchman; and I can say with truth that I am attached to ENGLAND, not only by gratitude, but by taste and inclination.* It is, therefore, in all the sincerity of my heart that I wish that I may never leave this hospitable land.

‘But it is not from mere personal feeling that I take a lively interest in the welfare and success of England—it is as a man! The safety of Europe—of the world itself—the happiness and future independence of the human race depend on the safety and independence of England, and that is the honourable cause of the hatred of Buonaparte and all his followers against you. *May Providence defeat his iniquitous projects,* and maintain this country in its happy and prosperous state! It is the wish of my heart, the object of my most ardent prayers.

‘I am, &c. &c.

‘LOUIS PHILIPPE D’ORLEANS.’

With the opinions and feelings which we have thus expressed as to the state of the historical evidence concerning the French Revolution, our readers will not be surprised that we take every opportunity of recording anything that tends, or even pretends, to throw any new light on that gigantic mystery; and with that

* We venture to prejudge, from their internal evidence, that the letters published by the *Gazette de France*, and dated during Louis Philippe’s emigration, are genuine. Not so those published by *La France*, dated since his accession to the throne, which are, we are sure, foolish forgeries, and will help Louis Philippe to get over what might be offensive to the French people in the authentic correspondence.

object,

object, rather than for its intrinsic value, we notice the present publication.

After the preliminary remarks which we have already quoted, the preface proceeds to state—

‘that its object is to exhibit the Revolution in its true light, not such as it *ought to have been*, but such as it *was*. It is not a writer, writing or judging from his own sources, and substituting his opinions for those of the actors in the events—it is something much more trustworthy. A fortunate chance (*heureux hasard*) has put us in possession of the original and confidential correspondence of the founders of the republic. It is they themselves who explain their views, develop their intentions, detail the obstacles which they met, and confess the violent measures by which they were enabled to surmount them.’—*Preface*, p. vii.

This would have been all very well, if the papers were really in number or importance anything like what this pompous announcement would lead one—not prepared for the impudence of a modern French title-page—to expect: but the truth is, that it is hardly possible to imagine anything less like the description than the documents turn out to be. Genuine we believe them to be—though the editor does not say one syllable beyond what we have quoted, to prove their authority, or to explain by what ‘lucky chance’ he got possession of documents of so strictly official a character. But we are satisfied that they are genuine; first, from the internal evidence of *all*; and next, because we recognise *some* of them as having been published so long ago as 1793, by order of the Convention. Authentic, therefore, we hold them to be, and we suspect that they have been either subtracted from the public offices, or, as we rather believe, were copies or originals of despatches which at the time fell into the possession of some public functionary, and have since remained amongst his private papers. It is quite clear that they are not a complete and consecutive collection (such as might be expected if they had been abstracted from a public office), and they are—at least so much as we have before us—by no means in such a quantity, nor of such a character, as to afford any excuse for the lofty pretension of exhibiting the *whole Revolution such as it was*. They relate, in the first place, almost exclusively to military matters, and comprise an infinitely small proportion of the correspondence which must have taken place even in that one department; and of that small proportion a still smaller is of any importance, or at this day of any interest. The first volume contains between fifty and sixty pieces of the ‘*Correspondence of the Army of the West*’—that is, of Brittany, including La Vendée—and consists of letters addressed, between the 20th March and the 13th December, 1793, to the Committee of Public Safety,

to

to the Minister of War, and to each other—by the Members of the Convention attached to the armies—by the generals and by some inferior public functionaries. The second volume contains a similar but somewhat more numerous collection of pieces relating to the Armies of the North, and of the *Ardennes*, between the 6th April and 17th December, 1793: and two other volumes are announced on the Campaign of the Rhine, under Moreau, Dessaix, Kleber, &c.

Now, though it is hardly possible that any letters of *Tallien*, *Fouché*, and *Carrier*, concerning the romantic contest in La Vendée—written on the spot and at the moment—can be wholly devoid of interest; yet certainly these do possess less than we should have thought possible. In the first place, they are almost without exception, merely and drily, official; in the next, being but a few *stray* pieces out of an extensive correspondence, there is no continuity of objects or interests, and they really give one no more idea of the general state of affairs than a brick did of the *Pedant's* house; and, thirdly, because they have little or no novelty—all, or nearly all, they contain having been already published—sometimes identically, but more frequently in other letters, of the same period, from the same persons, and on the same topics which, at the time, were printed by order of the Convention.

There have been so many and such copious accounts of the war in La Vendée, that we can select nothing from these scattered documents that would throw any new light on the *facts* of the struggle; but as the *style* of the public functionaries of the republic may not be quite so fresh in the memory of our readers, we shall give two or three specimens of its mingled absurdity and atrocity.

‘CARRIER, Representative of the People, to BOUCHOTTE, [Minister of War.

‘*Ministre Sans-culotte.*

‘Rennes, 5th Oct., 1793.

‘I am setting out for Nantes, where they have allowed treason to organise itself, and the counter-revolution to make the most alarming progress. You may reckon upon my proving myself an active *disorganiser* (*désorganisateur*) to re-establish the triumph of *sans-culotterie*, &c.

‘Health and fraternity,

‘CARRIER.’—vol. i. p. 292.

‘CARRIER, Representative of the People, with the Army of the West, to the COMMITTEE of Public Safety.

‘Nantes, 11th Dec., 1793.

‘——— You see that my measures agree entirely with yours; in fact, I only anticipate them. I am as much interested as you can be in the speedy extermination of these *brigands*. I think that you may, you ought to reckon on me. I may now say that *I understand*—yes, understand

stand the art of war. I am on the spot; be you quiet, and let me do the business. As soon as I shall receive the account of the taking of Noirmontier I shall immediately despatch a peremptory order to Generals Dutruy and Haxo to PUT TO DEATH, throughout all the insurgent countries, every individual that can be found, of BOTH SEXES, without distinction or exception, and to complete the BURNING of everything; for it is well that you should know that it is the women who with the priests have fomented and maintained this war of La Vendée. It is they who have caused our unfortunate prisoners to be shot; who have cut the throats of many: it is they who fight by the side of the men, and who put to death without mercy any of our straggling volunteers whom they may meet in the villages: in short, THEY [*the women—Frenchwomen—M. Thiers!*] are a perverse and devoted breed, as well as the whole peasantry; for there is not one who has not borne arms against the republic, and we must absolutely and totally sweep them from the face of the earth.'—vol. i. p. 422.

After an episode, describing his activity in getting shoes made for the army, he returns to the scent of blood, but this time it is not the murder of the royalists that he requires, but of some of the republican generals, whose proceedings had not satisfied this great master in the art of war, *Citoyen Carrier*.

'I very expressly recommend to the national vengeance the counter-revolutionary villains, Beysser, Baco, Beaufrancher, and Letourneur. The heads of these four scoundrels will never heal the deep wounds they have inflicted on their country [*strange if they did*]. It would be desirable—nay it is absolutely necessary—that the Revolutionary Tribunal should speedily condemn all four to death, and should send them back to me for execution. At Paris the exhibition will be useless—at Nantes it will do the greatest good; send us, then, the four conspirators here, and I promise you I shall soon have their heads off.

'Montant, late captain of artillery at Rennes, and who commanded the artillery of the department at Vernon, deserves the same fate; but if you wish to make his punishment sure, send him to me. When I have got him condemned, I shall send him to be executed at Rennes. It is absolutely necessary that the death of these great villains should terrify all the smaller fry who might escape our vigilance.

'HEALTH AND FRATERNITY!!!

'CARRIER.'—vol. i. p. 243.

Such was the style and the spirit of the 'Founders of the Republic,' the great men of '93, whose victorious energies are now the theme of every pen in France; and justice requires us to add, that such, with accidental modifications to varying circumstances, must be, for a season at least, the style, spirit, and performances of all revolutionists.

The second volume gives a number (not a series) of despatches relative to the war on the northern frontier, under Custine and Houchard, from April to December, 1793. They contain
a good

a good deal of scattered information concerning the state and movement of the armies, and are of some value as exhibiting (however imperfectly) details of the system of interference both on the part of the Committee in Paris, and of the Representatives on the spot, with the discipline of the troops and the plans of the commanders, which under less extraordinary circumstances must have insured general defeat, but which, by the absurdities of the assailants from without, and the wild insanity of the anarchists within, produced ultimate and incalculable successes.

The most interesting of these letters are *Carnot's** first appearance in the character of the military Mentor of the Revolution. He had been sent, like so many other deputies, on a mission to the army of the North, whence his reports were so satisfactory to the Committee of Public Safety, that they soon recalled him to the Convention, elected him—at the same time as *Robespierre*—into their own body, and intrusted him with the principal direction of the military service. He was, in fact, the real minister of the war department. We are well aware that Carnot's merits in this matter have been very much over-rated, and we hope on another occasion to give our readers some truer account of this man, whose fame has been exaggerated, and whose crimes extenuated, with more industry than those of any other member of that atrocious Committee of *Salut Public*. But though we rate Carnot's military merit infinitely lower than it has of late been a fashion to do, it is beyond doubt that he had no inconsiderable share and influence in the first campaigns of the republic, and our readers will therefore be not unwilling to see one or two of his earlier reports on the state of the army. Some of those reports, detailing *occurrences*, were read at the time in the Convention. We select one which has not been, that we know of, before published, and which opens more general views. Though professing to be the joint composition of him and a colleague (such a colleague!), we presume that it was altogether composed by Carnot.

‘ L. CARNOT *et* DUQUESNOY, Representatives of the People
to the NATIONAL CONVENTION.

‘ Dunkirk, 16th April, 1793.

‘ We have just returned from inspecting the frontiers from Lille to Dunkirk, where we now are. This space, you are aware, has no fortresses in the first line, unless Bergues be an exception, which, however,

* There were two Carnots in the Legislative Assembly; the elder brother, *the Carnot, Lazare*, was re-elected into the Convention; the second, sometimes called *Claud*, and sometimes *Charles*, also a distinguished officer, was employed in 1793 as commissioner of the Executive Council with the army of the North, and a clever report from him on the state of the fortresses on that frontier is to be found in this volume. There were two or three other brothers, all, we believe, lawyers.

ought rather to be considered as forming one with Dunkirk, for the fall of the one would involve the loss of the other. To fill this interval a camp has been formed on the hill of Cassel. This camp is in a very strong position; but its communications are ill secured, and can hardly be made better. It would require a great number of troops to cover this frontier, and we have very few. Dunkirk ought to have at least 12,000 men, and it has but 1600. Public opinion here is sound, and if an attack be made the place will be defended with spirit. We are threatened with one, but hitherto the enemies' preparations are not formidable. We have plenty of artillery and provisions. General Pascal, who commands in Dunkirk, is, they say, a good officer. O'Moran, who commands at Cassel, is still better [*he was guillotined soon after*]. The lieutenant-colonel of the first battalion *de l'Orne*, whom the Minister of War has lately appointed to command in Bergues, is extremely fit for that service; but it is odious that this venerable soldier, who, counting by campaigns, has eighty-seven years of service, has not been made a general-officer in the last promotion.

'We must not conceal from you that there is a great deal of lassitude and disgust amongst the troops—that the army is infested with plunderers, who destroy the villages; and that the indifference, cowardice, and want of republican spirit, give us considerable uneasiness.

'One terrible scourge destroys our armies—the flocks of women and girls which follow them. You may reckon that there are as many of them as of soldiers. The barracks and quarters are overflowing with them, and the profligacy of manners is at the height. They enervate the troops, and destroy by disease ten times as many as the sword of the enemy. We do not doubt that this is the chief cause which lowers the courage of the troops. It is urgent that you should pass a law of the most extreme severity on this point. The abuse is difficult to eradicate. We, your deputies, cannot do it without the sanction of a new law, very positive and very strong. The existing law is on their side—it allows lodgings to the *wives* of soldiers; of course, if you believe them, the whole army is married. At Douai, where we once saw the garrison reduced to 350 men, there were no less than 3000 women in the barracks, so that, in fact, there was no room for a corps of the army of Dumouriez, which marched in. We insist on this point, because the army is gone if you do not apply an immediate and effective remedy to this principle of dissolution.

'Another abuse is the constant creation of new corps, when we cannot even complete the old ones. The recruits of the new contingents are obstinate in forming new battalions and independent companies. We have no other means of stopping this practice but by alleging that the Convention has forbidden the formation of any new corps till the old ones shall be complete. If then the Convention should give way on this point, we could no longer check the disorder. There are we know not how many corps that have three times as many officers as men.

'The Commissioners of the Convention,

'L. CARNOT, DUQUESNOY.'—vol. ii. p. 9.

We

We are tempted by the celebrity of the writer to give another letter, in the same style, and in his single name.

‘CARNOT to the Committee of PUBLIC SAFETY.

‘St. Omer, 22 Mai, 1793.

‘We acquainted you, dear colleagues, with the project we had formed of an expedition on Furnes and Nieuport. The execution of it was preparing when we were informed by General Lamarlière that 10,000 Dutch had just arrived at Menin, and in consequence there was another deliberation yesterday at Cassel between the four generals, Stettenhoffen, Champion, O’Moran, and Richardot, and at which I was present (my colleague, Duquesnoy, being at Douai). It was there decided that next Sunday the expedition on Furnes and Nieuport should take place, but that, instead of going from the camp of La Madelaine to Ypres, as had been at first agreed on, they should go to Menin, where the Dutch are, in order to draw the garrison of Ypres, which is of 3000 men, that way, or at least to keep it in check, and prevent its coming to the succour of Furnes and Nieuport.

‘I have been preaching this expedition for six weeks past, but General O’Moran, who is very circumspect, always feared to compromise himself; and it must be confessed that we are in want of many essential articles, and that the enemy, who—I know not how—is acquainted with all our resolutions, are considerably reinforced; I therefore think there would now be great imprudence in attempting to take Ostend. However, when we have reached Nieuport, if we see any means of advancing farther, we shall not stop short.

‘I am told that you have had under consideration the question whether the great inundation of the country round Condé ought to be tried. You are imposed on when you are told that the loss would be of 14,000,000 fr. [about 560,000*l.*];—it is at the most of three to four millions, [120,000*l.* to 130,000*l.*];—but even that loss would be lamentable, and I think it ought not to be done, unless we were certain, by this means, of relieving the place, or drowning the enemy in their posts. In truth, ignorant people are always great destroyers of suburbs—great drowners of countries,—whilst well-informed men are great preservers [*conservateurs*]; these, instead of destroying suburbs, make them advantageous posts for the defence of the town; instead of inundating beforehand, they wait till the enemy surround the town, to drown them in their camps.

‘The proposition for ravaging the country can only be made for the purpose of turning the inhabitants against us. Be on your guard against all such suggestions. I have seen with a great deal of pain the frightful inundations at Lille and Douai carried to their fullest extent, when it would have been sufficient to have prepared for them; and I am absolutely opposed to their being extended to Dunkirk, in spite of the threats of the enemy.

‘It is right to inform you that the supplies lately furnished by the commissaries are detestable; the wine is the very worst sort: I shall draw up a *procès verbal* on that subject. The materials for the clothing of the soldiers are as bad as those last year; those only which are made

in

in the government establishment are good for anything: I send you a sample of the cloth of which the breeches are made. You will see that it is merely stuff for lining. [This complaint concerning the *breeches* of the *Sans Culottes* is rather droll.]

‘Your laws and our decrees, on the supplies of provisions, produce the best effect: provisions and forage begin to abound; and corn is fallen of itself below the price fixed in the department of the Pas de Calais.

‘L. CARNOT.’

The expedition thus suggested against Furnes, whatever it may have been in the conception,—of which we are not now to judge,—was, though temporarily successful, a lamentable failure in its results, and was altogether so small a matter that it would hardly be remembered if it had not been the *coup d'essai* of one of whom it is now the fashion to talk as a gigantic military genius. It appears from the London Gazette (8th June, 1793) and the *Moniteur* (of the 6th), which, strange to say, agree almost verbatim in all the details of the action, that the Dutch force, of about 1200 men, were driven out of the place by between 4000 and 5000 French under the command of General O'Moran and the direction of Carnot. The French, after a short halt in Furnes, pursued the road to Nieuport with the *avowed* purpose of trying a *coup de main* on that place—but there ends all that we have hitherto known of the affair. This volume gives us Carnot's confidential report to the Committee of Public Safety. It is really a curious, and we dare say a tolerably accurate narrative, and we regret that it is too long to be extracted, but the sum is, that the French were so undisciplined and disorderly, and became so disorganised by their first success in taking Furnes, that it was equally impossible to keep them in the place, or to get them well out of it;—that an attempt was made to make a *hourra* from Furnes on Nieuport;—but they were unable even to march, and were at length forced to retreat in extreme confusion, evacuating, after having shamefully plundered the town, and getting back, as well as they could, to their original positions; while the Dutch had been so energetic in their retreat that they never discovered the enemy's confusion and distress, and marched quietly back to Furnes, when they heard next day—(God knows how)—that the French had retired. This is an early and remarkable instance of the qualities that ultimately determined the fate of the war—the uncalculating activity of revolutionary adventure, saved from self-destruction by the slow, timid, and disjointed movements of the allies.

Indeed the perusal of this class of the present correspondence revives the painful feelings with which we have always, on less detailed information, considered this campaign. We never did, and cannot to this hour, discover how the allies, and especially the

the English, could have been so blinded and paralysed as to have done so little at a moment when it appears the French were really incapable of making any serious resistance. We say nothing of the strange neglect of La Vendée, or the still stranger blunder of the allies which sent the garrisons of the captured fortresses on the frontier* to fight against the royalists of the interior. But the actual conduct of the armies in Flanders seems to us to have been in every possible point—except perhaps personal courage—most lamentable. The smaller and more immediate causes of individual events we perhaps shall never know; but there are two main and cardinal points in the system of operations sufficient to account for the general result—first, the interdependency of the several armies, with the inevitable jealousies and *mal-entendus* of their commanders—and secondly, the old system of never advancing till you had taken all the fortresses. It seems to us that, if the allies had acted with common firmness and activity, the French armies—along the whole line from Strasbourg to Dunkirk—must have been annihilated;—a catastrophe to which, *as armies*, they themselves would not have been at all averse. It has been said, cleverly but falsely, that during this Reign of Terror all the virtue and honour of France took refuge in the army. We must, on the contrary, say that everything we have seen or read upon this subject, and more especially in the book before us, convinces us that it was impossible that anything could be less inspired by a true military spirit, or more degraded, both in morals and technicalities, than these armies. Offensive courage—which is the instinct of any body of human creatures—they had—and nothing else; and if their antagonists—the allies—had not been paralysed—both in counsel and in action—by *politics* or something worse at head-quarters, the result must have been entirely different.†

But this would be too wide a discussion to pursue by means of these fragments of correspondence. We therefore pass on to the only question on which the publication has afforded any new light, and that seems to emerge without the editor's participation or knowledge; at least he gives no sign or note that the letters which he copies are in any way connected with the melancholy and hitherto unaccountable catastrophe which, in our opinion, they, mainly, if not, alone, produced. We mean the fate of General Custine, who, our readers will recollect, after having enjoyed great Jacobin popularity, and been intrusted, on the flight of Dumouriez, with the chief command of the army of the North,

* For instance, the garrison of Mentz—20,000 men, and that of Valenciennes 7000—were immediately conveyed by post-horses into La Vendée, where their services were fatal to the royal cause.—Thiers, iii., 93-95.

† This opinion is singularly confirmed by the late debates in the French Chamber on the fortifications of Paris.

was *within one month* cashiered, arrested, tried, imprisoned, and guillotined.

This happened at the dawn of the Reign of Terror, when the Revolutionary Tribunal still affected to hear evidence—and we have a tolerably minute report of his trial; but the charges, even if proved, were so distant from treason, and were in fact so far from being proved, that we, as well as the rest of the world, have always considered Custine's affair as one of the darkest mysteries of the Revolution. The historians in general—*servum pecus*—represent his fate as the mere consequence of popular exasperation at the reverses which the army had suffered; but this opinion cannot be supported by a reference to the facts. M. Thiers (iii. 202) more acutely imagines that it was rather the wreaking on Custine of the vengeance from which Dumouriez had escaped, and intended probably as a broad and bloody hint to the other Generals to look to their heads. The first of these opinions receives some colour from the unjustifiable use of Dumouriez' name made during the trial; and the latter suspicion had occurred to ourselves, and had been communicated to our readers (Q. R., vol. liv. p. 556), before we had read M. Thiers' suggestion, as the least improbable motive which we could assign. Yet neither of these reasons, nor even both together—and they are by no means incompatible—can be thought quite adequate to the effect; for General Miaczinski had been previously executed as an accomplice of Dumouriez and *in terrorem* to his class—and there was really, at the particular moment, more likelihood of revolting the army by Custine's death than of intimidating it. These volumes open a new and much more rational view of the matter; and we see good reason to suppose that this crime, like so many others, was committed by personal vengeance under a public mask.

It is true that Custine was suspected of favouring the Girondins, and would thus be odious to the Jacobins, who were also jealous, not to say alarmed, at a kind of popularity which he enjoyed, and which they perhaps feared he might turn against them; but his more immediate persecutors were Danton and his section of the Mountain, called the *Cordeliers*. The cause of their peculiar enmity may now be traced. We find that, on the 2nd of July, Custine, at his head-quarters of Cambrai, was so imprudent as to complain to the Committee of Public Safety

'of two persons calling themselves agents of the executive power, and commissioned to preach order and discipline to the army.—I leave you to judge whether they could perform this duty better than by distributing, as they did in commendable profusion, Number 28 of the *Journal de la Montagne*, and of the publication called *Le Père Duchesne*. It

required all the prudence of the officers to save those men from the indignation of the soldiers. They were conducted to the Representatives of the People, who have put them under arrest.

CUSTINE.—vol. ii. p. 19.

General Tourville writes by the same post to the Minister of War, Bouchotte (a tool of Danton), to complain of the same fact. He states distinctly that the distributors of these incendiary papers are his (Bouchotte's) official agents, and he requests the Minister to recall them, or at least to employ them elsewhere, and not to impose on the General the double duty of fighting at once external and *internal enemies* (p. 83). After this outbreak, the violence of the Jacobins, and particularly of Hébert (the *Père Duchesne*) against Custine knew no bounds; and considering that Bouchotte, and, above all, his secretary, the notorious Vincent—whom M. Thiers, who loves to be dramatic, calls the '*terrible Vincent*'—were intimately connected with Danton, Hébert, and the Cordeliers, we get a clue to the peculiar personal antipathy of that faction to Custine; and even if there had been no personal feeling in the matter, the audacity of a General who should dare to interfere with the distribution of the Jacobin journals would require a speedy and bloody expiation: Custine must perish!

But this was not all. There was a still nearer personal animosity between Bouchotte and the unlucky and too candid Custine. The following is an extract of one of the General's letters to the Minister:—

'CUSTINE to BOUCHOTTE.

'I am often obliged to remind you that you seem to fancy yourself a Minister of the old régime. They thought themselves infallible; but be at length persuaded that in a Republic, with a *Minister so ignorant as you are of all that you ought to know*, you must, since you have taken this office upon you, listen not only to a General, but to every citizen who can give you information; and it is especially my duty—to whom the safety of this army is confided—to take every means to assure it. Instead of making me lose the time which I ought only to employ in calculating the movements of our enemies, and in combining those whom I am to oppose to them, you ought much rather to send to Quenoy 30,000 pounds weight of powder,' &c. &c.—vol. ii. p. 44.

This is pretty sharp; but a subsequent letter is still more severe on the minister and his *adjoint*.

'CUSTINE to BOUCHOTTE.

Cambray, 6th June, 1793.

'Yes, Citizen Minister, it was my duty to alter the arrangements of your *adjoint*, because the service of the republic required it. That citizen might have convinced himself of this, if he would have taken the trouble of looking at the documents in your own office, and of throwing even a cursory glance on the calculations which are the basis of

of the demands I before made, and which are in the War-office. The interest which I take in the success of the army of the Rhine, although I no longer command it, obliges me to correct your errors. Citizen Minister, you have set out with a false supposition; it is not therefore surprising that you have been grossly mistaken.'—vol. ii. p. 46.

He then enters into several historical details, which he says the Minister *ought* to understand, and of which he is entirely ignorant. He then proceeds with increased bitterness:—

'I must thank you, moreover, for the indulgence with which you touch so lightly on some parts of my letter, which it seems are "trifling and beside the question." You say that "*you look only to reason and the interests of the Republic, and that you are far from supposing that I can have been intentionally disrespectful to one of its Ministers.*" I, also, Citizen Minister, look only to the Republic; but when the success of its arms requires that I should reproach a Minister with his *ignorance* or his *unfitness*, for the very difficult duties that have been confided to him, I do not think that I am wanting in respect to the Republic, by pronouncing very strongly my opinion against him. The time is past when Generals worshipped a Minister; even if he were a *blockhead*. I never was one of that contemptible class. I was a Republican even before the Republic; and whenever I have met such ministerial idols, I have treated them with contempt. I think, like every friend of liberty, that nothing is more advantageous to the public service than giving publicity to official correspondence. Such a system brings all public men under public observation and criticism, and serves alike to prove which of the functionaries deserve the confidence of the country, and which, on the other hand, have forfeited it by their *utter imbecility*. If I am of this latter class—denounce me!

'CUSTINE,

'Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the North
and the Ardennes.'—vol. ii. p. 49.

After reading these letters we have no longer any difficulty in understanding Custine's fate; can it be reasonably doubted that the peculiar and hitherto unaccountable virulence with which he was persecuted by the War-Office arose from the private vengeance of the Minister and his Secretary, and the faction to which they belonged. But the matter was delicate—Custine was highly popular in the army, and his adversaries were afraid to take any step against him while he remained among his troops. The Committee of Public Safety, therefore, under the pretence of consulting him on the measures of the campaign, and by expressions of unlimited confidence, inveigled Custine to Paris—where he arrived about the 18th July, and gave his adversaries much uneasiness for three or four days, by parading himself in a kind of triumph about the Palais-Royal, and other public places, where he was much followed and even applauded; but on the 22nd he was

arrested and sent to the Abbaye. The revolutionary tribunal, which as yet showed some decency, seemed reluctant to try, and still more so to condemn him; but the implacable *Père Duchesne* denounced even the revolutionary tribunal for being too scrupulous, and under this pressure Custine was at length condemned on the 27th August, and executed next day.

With what we now see, we are no longer surprised, as M. Thiers seems to have been, at the appearance on the trial of the Secretary-General of the War Department, the 'terrible Vincent,' bringing from the archives of the War-office a mass of letters and documents, which, though he explained and commented upon them with malignant zeal, are admitted even by the '*Bulletin du Tribunal Révolutionnaire*'* to have had little or nothing to do with Custine. The *Bulletin* talks of a number of letters produced by Vincent, but does not detail them. M. Thiers, in his usual fashion, repeats the observation of the *Bulletin* as to the number of the letters, but he seems to have taken no trouble to inquire what they really were; though we suppose they must be in the public archives. Of one thing we may be tolerably certain, that amongst them were *not* the two letters to the Minister which we have above quoted, and which were probably the most unpardonable offence of the unfortunate General.

The rest of the volume is occupied by desultory letters from and to the army of the North during the short command of Houchard and the beginning of that of Jourdan. Houchard's fate—like so many other obscure episodes of the great tragedy—is, when closely looked at, very remarkable and exemplary. He had been originally brought forward by Custine, but, on the turn of the tide, Houchard deserted and even denounced his friend and patron; and he was *duly* rewarded—by succeeding him—first, in the chief command of the army; and secondly, the very same day three months—*on the scaffold*! These papers throw no light whatsoever on the real causes of Houchard's fate—those alleged in the indictment are even more absurdly false than the charges against Custine. If ever the truth should be known, we have no doubt it will appear that he was the victim of the same detestable arts that he himself had so basely employed against Custine—indeed *arte perire suâ* is the device of the whole revolution. It has been said that, as Custine had been denounced by Houchard, so Houchard himself was denounced by Hoche, then an ambitious

* This *Bulletin* was published in loose sheets, day by day—very hastily done—but it is the *first*, and, therefore, the *best* authority for all the proceedings of the Revolutionary Tribunal. M. Thiers has copied from it his account of Custine's execution. A complete set seems to be very rare, since one in the sale of the library of the unfortunate Labedoyère, in April 1837, brought 361 francs.

young soldier: but we have nothing in these volumes either to contradict or to authenticate that suspicion. We have read that the son of Houchard published at Strasburg, in 1809, a pamphlet on his father, *in which the real causes of his death are revealed*, but we have not been able to see this pamphlet. It is worthy of notice that these legal murders had now become so common, that several historians do not think it worth while to mention so small a fact as the execution of this Commander-in-Chief, on a charge of being in alliance with the enemy he had beaten, and of having betrayed the country by the very victory which had saved it.

Indeed, nothing could be more deplorable than the situation of the general officers at this particular period—made responsible for armies which they were not allowed to command, and for events which they were not permitted to direct—insulted by every petty emissary of the clubs, and holding their stations almost at the will and pleasure of the proconsular tyrants. We shall conclude our extracts with a letter of Carnot's colleague, Duquesnoy, which will exhibit this system in a forcible light—premising that where we have put asterisks there are in the original the vulgarst terms of obscenity:—

‘DUQUESNOY to the COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY,

‘Avesnes, 18th Oct., 1793.

Citizen Colleagues,—I send you herewith, *to be shortened by the head*, four * * * officers. The first is Gratien, a general of brigade, who formally disobeyed the orders of his general of division to attack the enemy in the village of Watignies. If he had executed that order the battle would have been won three hours sooner, and we should have had more time to take advantage of our victory. The 12,000 or 15,000 men who were on the heights of Watignies would have been surrounded, and not one would have escaped; but this traitor or coward, far from executing his order, beat a retreat, caused us a great loss of men, and nearly the loss of the battle.

The second is the commander of the 25th regiment of cavalry. He also disobeyed the orders of General Fromentin to charge the enemy: instead of obeying, he wheeled to the left and * * * ran away, which embarrassed our arrangements and cost us many brave republicans.

The third is the governor of this town, who is full of respect for Cobourg, and his agents. The proof is the attention he showed the Prince de —, lieutenant-colonel of the regiment of Cobourg, whom he had carefully removed to a lodging in the town to have his wounds dressed, while our own brethren were lying in a church as if it had been a barn. I visited them all this morning, and they complained of this indecent partiality. How is it that one of our enemies should receive more attention than our own soldiers?

The fourth is an Irishman, named Mandeville. I this morning heard

heard him called "*M. le Marquis*." Now, as I don't love marquises, I send him to you.

'Health and Fraternity!

'Duquesnoy.'—vol. ii. p. 323.

We believe that in all the annals of this bloody period there are not to be found two more frivolous reasons for *shortening by the head* the leaders of a victorious army, than that one showed humanity to a wounded prisoner, and that the other was called '*marquis*'—probably in derision: but on the other two cases, in which Duquesnoy sends two officers of high rank to be guillotined for *cowardice*, we must direct the notice of our readers to the prodigious effect on individual conduct that the despotic power of these proconsuls must have had. Every officer was fighting with, as it were, a halter round his neck, and found it safer to rush on the *enemy* in front than to retire on his *friend* in the rear—in the former case death was only a chance, and if it came it was glorious—in the latter it was certain and ignominious. General Gratien, however, though broke on the field of battle for cowardice, and thus sent off to be *shortened*, escaped, by the favour, it is said, of Robespierre, and was reinstated in his rank. He afterwards served under Buonaparte—was the commandant of the corps that beat Schill at Stralsund (for which the King of Denmark was so base as to send him the order of Dannebrog)—and he died, in 1814, a commander of the Legion of Honour, and a Baron of the Empire!

But who was this colleague of Carnot?—this terrible Duquesnoy? and what became of him? His history may be told in three awful and instructive words—Duquesnoy was an apostate monk, an atheist, and a regicide. Taking a part in the Jacobin insurrection of *Prairial* (May, 1795), he was arrested, and perished miserably, in prison, by his own bloody hand! The comparison of the foregoing letter with the fate of this wretch affords a valuable addition to the great chapter of revolutionary retribution!

We regret that the promised continuation of this work has not yet reached us. It is probable that the documents (of the authenticity of which no doubt can be entertained) were irregularly obtained, and that some public authority or private arrangement may have arrested the publication.

ART. VIII.—1. *Correspondence relating to the North American Boundary.* Presented by command of her Majesty. A and B. 1838.

2. *Report of the British Commissioners appointed to survey the Territory in dispute between Great Britain and the United States of America on the North-Eastern Boundary of the United States; with an Appendix.* Presented to Parliament by command of her Majesty. July, 1840.

3. *The Right of the United States of America to the North-Eastern Boundary claimed by them.* Principally extracted from the Statements laid before the King of the Netherlands, and revised by Albert Gallatin; with an Appendix and eight Maps. New York. 1840.

4. *A Brief History of the United States' Boundary Question.* Drawn up from Official Papers, by G. P. R. James, Esq. London. 1839.

THE spirit in which we undertake the examination of the important and interesting question discussed in these publications, will be best indicated by an early expression of our sincere and cordial concurrence in the sentiments with which Mr. Gallatin prefaces his argument:—

‘In the various negotiations with Great Britain in which I* have been employed, there was always an earnest desire to remove subjects of contention, and to promote friendly relations; on almost all questions a conciliatory disposition; nothing at any time that could shake my confidence in the sincerity and good faith of that government. And I do believe that it would do justice, if it was once satisfied that justice was due. . . . But under any circumstances whatever, the question must be settled. *It would be the height of madness and of wickedness to come to a rupture*, and for such an object. Both governments are animated by a sincere and earnest desire to preserve peace. It is not believed that the English nation wishes a war with the United States. It may be confidently asserted that, with an entire conviction of their right to the territory in question, there is not a more universal feeling amongst the people of America, everywhere and without distinction of political parties, than that of the preservation of peace, above all, of peace with Great Britain. *It is the duty of the two governments speedily to devise and to adopt the means necessary for effecting the object; and I believe that means may be found.*’—Preface, pp. ix, x.

* Mr. Gallatin, now, we believe, in his eighty-first year, has filled with distinction many important offices and embassies:—he was one of the American negotiators of the treaty of Ghent, and afterwards (and pending these boundary discussions) minister of the United States in London.

We believe and hope so too; and our humble efforts, *valent quantum*, will be directed towards that conciliatory conclusion; but we must, at the same time, confess that our hopes would not be so confident as Mr. Gallatin's seem to be, if they did not rest on very different grounds from those on which Mr. Gallatin informs us that he has built *his* expectations.

Untaught by the experience of fifty years of fruitless discussion—undismayed by the failure of so many former negotiators (*himself included!*)—unembarrassed by the decision of the King of the Netherlands, who declared the terms of the treaty of 1783 to be inexplicable—*Mr. Gallatin finds no difficulty at all in the case*:—In his view there is neither obscurity nor doubt; he suggests that the only impediment to an arrangement has been that no English cabinet minister has ever yet 'taken the trouble to examine the question thoroughly.' (*Pref. p. ix.*) Mr. Gallatin thinks that 'the fact of Lord Palmerston's laying the *Report of the Commissioners* before parliament affords *strong proof* that that distinguished statesman' [*soft sawder*, Mr. Slick!], 'amidst his more important and overwhelming avocations, had not found time to investigate the case, and judge for himself.' (*ib.*) Mr. Gallatin is perfectly satisfied that 'there is no *British jury* nor *British chancellor* who would not, on hearing the cause, decide in favour of America;' (*ib.*) and Mr. Gallatin, therefore, does not see why 'the enlightened British cabinet,' [*soft sawder* again] if they could find time to make 'an attentive ministerial inquiry into the tedious details of this vexed question,' should not arrive at a similar result. (*ib.*)

Now, the grounds of Mr. Gallatin's hope of arriving at 'a satisfactory settlement' being thus, *in limine*, pronounced to be the *indisputable and irresistible justice and reason of the whole American claim*—which needs only to be thoroughly understood to be, even by the British cabinet, immediately admitted—we confess we receive no great comfort from his flattering prognostics;—nor do we think that this wholesale style of *begging his question* and *jumping to his conclusion* even before he has begun his argument, would add much to Mr. Gallatin's reputation as either a logician or practical statesman.

But the truth is, that Mr. Gallatin comes before us on this occasion neither as a logician nor statesman, but as an *advocate*:—and pledged as an advocate, to maintain his whole case, he *presumes* that there can be no demur to his conclusion, but from imperfect knowledge.

This drives Mr. Gallatin to misrepresent the very first aspect of the case: he finds the chief obstacle to a settlement in its
'tedious

'tedious details'—but *tedious* is not the word—he should have rather said, *obscure, intricate, contradictory, unintelligible*. It has not been the mere spirit of chicanery (though that has not been wanting), nor the ignorance or negligence of secretaries of state (though they may have helped to prolong and embarrass the discussion), that have kept this matter in suspense for half a century:—it has been, we believe, its innate and intrinsic complexity—the extreme difficulty of reconciling the vague and ambiguous terms of a clumsy description, to the unknown or disputed features of an unexplored tract of country. This, and not the want of time or diligence for the inquiry, has been the real impediment. We have no doubt of the *general meaning* of the parties to the original negotiations, and we think it can be shown *abundantly* in what direction they intended the boundary line should run; but unhappily the terms of the treaty were in themselves so unfortunately chosen and so loosely applied, as to be hardly reconcileable with any possible boundary, or indeed with any reasonable interpretation; and we seriously incline to think that the most rational way of dealing with the subject would have been, in the very first stages of the discussion, to have rejected the whole of the disputed passage of the Boundary clause as nonsense, and to have negotiated—not for a new basis—for the basis was, we believe, clear enough, and the ambiguity wholly verbal—but for an intelligible and practicable definition of what were really the object and intention of the contracting parties. Mr. Gallatin and most of the other American advocates profess to see their way clear through the labyrinth; we do not pretend to such bold perspicacity:—all that we see quite clearly is this—that *their* construction is directly contrary to the *spirit* of the treaty, and *more* at variance with its *letter* than any of the other interpretations. We will not take upon ourselves to say that any other construction is clearly and indisputably right; but we will venture boldly to assert—and so far we have the concurrent opinion of the Umpire—that *theirs* is clearly wrong; and that no wrenching of the words of the treaty, and no distorting the features of the country, can produce even an equitable case for their alleged boundary. It may be *hard*—the Umpire thought it *impossible*—to make *any sense* of the treaty; but it is not hard to show *their* construction to be *nonsense*.

We must begin by a short historical recapitulation of the affair, and for the better understanding the geographical details upon which the whole question turns, we subjoin a slight sketch of the disputed territory and the adjacent regions.

On



On this sketch we request our readers to observe—

1. That the whole shaded part is the disputed territory; and the northern part, more lightly shaded, is that which the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands would have assigned to England.

2. That we have placed the names of the provinces so as not to prejudice any question as to their boundaries.

3. That the former *Province of Quebec* is now styled *Lower Canada*, and that the former *Province of Nova Scotia* has been divided into two—the peninsula only being now called *Nova Scotia*, while the rest is called *New Brunswick*—so that in this discussion, when the names *Lower Canada* and *New Brunswick* are introduced, they may be considered as equivalent, respectively, to the former denominations of *Quebec* and *Nova Scotia*.

4. That the former *Province or State of Massachusetts* comprised the district of *Maine*—since erected into a separate *State*—so that for the territorial purposes of this discussion, *Massachusetts* and *Maine* may be considered as synonymous.

5. All other boundaries being, by us, considered as settled, and those of the shaded part being alone in question, the main point of the discussion is whether the north-eastern angle of *Maine* is to be placed at B, as claimed by the United States, or at A, as contended by Great Britain.

The

The following are the terms of the treaty of 1783, on which the difference has arisen:—

'ARTICLE 1. *His Britannic Majesty acknowledges the said United States, viz.: New Hampshire, Massachusetts' Bay, &c., to be free, sovereign, and independent states: that he treats with them as such, and for himself, his heirs and successors, relinquishes all claims to the government, property, and territorial rights of the same, and every part thereof.*

'ARTICLE 2. *And that all disputes which might arise in future on the subject of the boundaries of the said United States may be prevented, (!) it is hereby agreed and declared, that the following are and shall be their boundaries, viz.: from the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, viz.: that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix River, to the Highlands, along the said Highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut River'*—

and then after a long description of the western boundary, which, as it is not at all in question, we need not quote, it ends with the southern and eastern boundaries as follow:—

'South—by a line to be drawn due east, &c. to the head of the St. Mary's river [in East Florida], and thence down along the middle of the St. Mary's river to the ATLANTIC OCEAN:—East, by a line to be drawn along the middle of the river St. Croix from its mouth in the BAY OF FUNDY to its source directly north to the aforesaid Highlands which divide the rivers that fall into the ATLANTIC OCEAN from those which fall into the river St. LAWRENCE; comprehending all islands lying between lines to be drawn due east from the points where the aforesaid boundaries of Nova Scotia on the one part and East Florida on the other shall RESPECTIVELY touch the BAY OF FUNDY and the ATLANTIC OCEAN.'

Upon this article several questions arose:—first, which was the river *St. Croix* intended by the treaty? second, as the river so designated had a western and a northern source considerably distant, which source should be adopted? These two questions were decided (for reasons that will appear hereafter, we can hardly say *settled*) by an explanatory article, arranged in 1798 by special commissioners of both parties, and added to the general treaty of amity of 1794. But other and more difficult questions remained: where is the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia*?—what is to be understood by the term *Highlands*?—which are the rivers falling into the *Atlantic*, as contradistinguished from those emptying themselves into the river of *St. Lawrence*, or the bay of *Fundy*?

All

All these questions must hereafter be separately treated: in this narrative stage of our observations it is enough to say that, after forty years of fruitless discussion, they were, in 1833, referred to the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands, who found it impossible to reconcile either the claims of the parties or the features of the country with the terms of the treaty; and he therefore rejected both claims, and proposed, by way of expedient, another line—differing from both—which he recommended the parties to adopt, as a *mezzo termine* and substitute for the impracticable provisions of the treaty.

In this recommendation Great Britain would, it seems, have acquiesced; but the United States rejected it, on the ground that the Umpire, having been only empowered to decide *which* was the true boundary under the treaty, and not having been able to decide *that*, had surpassed his powers in recommending another and purely arbitrary line. We confess that we are equally surprised at the British acceptance and the American rejection of this award; and, much as we desire a settlement of the question, we are sincerely glad that this arrangement was not concluded; for it seems to us that it would have been almost as injurious to England as the whole American pretension, and a fruitful source of future quarrel. The recent survey, moreover, has ascertained that the statements on which the royal Arbitrator proceeded were erroneous in point of fact.

During all these discussions, the British colonial governments of Lower Canada and New Brunswick had maintained over the disputed ground such a degree of possession and jurisdiction as was necessary or applicable to a wilderness of forests and waters, uncultivated and uninhabited except by occasional sojourners: but of late certain of the citizens of Maine—either desirous of new settlements, or wanting timber, which is beginning to grow scarce about their ancient seats, or impelled by a restless enmity against England—have taken the decision into their own hands, and have actually possessed themselves, in a hostile manner, and formed establishments on almost the extreme verge of the American claim. These encroachments have been, of course, resisted by our colonial governments, who have had, *from all time*, exclusive authority over the very spots where the people of Maine have lately, for the first time, personally intruded:—this excites, of course, a great ferment in both parties—hostile collision between individuals may any day produce irretrievable hostilities between the public servants of the two countries, and of course between the countries. It becomes, therefore, the *first and immediate* duty of the Federal Government of the United States to take decisive measures for keeping this international

national discussion in its own, the proper hands, and not to permit any individual State, and still less any individual citizens of a State, to attempt to decide by force a question so doubtful that even the King of the Netherlands, a disinterested arbiter, could not venture to determine it; and it behoves both the governments to use their utmost diligence in finding and arranging some mode for terminating this condition of disorder and danger.

But though the award of the King of the Netherlands has been set aside, for the reason before stated, and is therefore of no legal obligation, yet it appears to us to possess a certain degree of moral force which ought not to be without its effect on the minds of both parties, and which should direct their attention to some new mode (all the old ones having failed) of settling the difficulty. The royal Umpire has pronounced the *treaty to be inexplicable and impracticable*. Without adopting all his majesty's reasons for coming to this conclusion, and thinking, as we do, that he *might*—and if the result of the recent survey could have been before him, certainly would—have made a positive award, yet we confess that we think the adverse parties ought to be so far influenced by his opinion as to try whether they cannot agree on some new proposition. America made, some years since, overtures of that tendency, which seem to us to have been very conciliatory—equitable in their principles, and practicable in their details. This is a point that seems to us of such vast importance, that we hope our readers will excuse the length of the following extract from the proposition of Mr. Livingston, the American Secretary of State, to Sir Charles Vaughan, then British Minister.

Washington, 30th April, 1833.

“The arbitrator selected having declared himself unable to perform the trust, it is as if none had been selected; and it would seem as if the parties to the submission were bound by their contract to select another; but this would be useless, if the position assumed by the Government of his Britannic Majesty be correct, “that it would be utterly hopeless at this time of day to attempt to find out, by means of a new negotiation, an assumed line of boundary, which successive negotiators, and which commissioners employed on the spot have, during so many years, failed to discover.” The American Government, however, while they acknowledge that the task is not without its difficulties, do not consider its execution as hopeless. They still trust that a negotiation opened and conducted in a spirit of frankness, and with a sincere desire to put an end to one of the few questions which divide two nations, whose mutual interest it will always be to cultivate the relations of amity, and a cordial good understanding with each other, may, contrary to the anticipations of his Britannic Majesty's Government, yet have a happy result; but if this should unfortunately fail, other means, still untried remain,

remain. It was, perhaps, natural to suppose, that negociators of the two powers coming to the discussion with honest prejudices, each in favour of the construction adopted by his own nation, on a matter of great import to both, should separate without coming to a decision. The same observations may apply to commissioners, citizens, or subjects of the contending parties, not having an impartial umpire to decide between them: and, although the selection of a sovereign arbiter would seem to have avoided these difficulties, yet this advantage may have been more than counterbalanced by the want of local knowledge. All the disadvantages of these modes of settlement, heretofore adopted, might, as it appears to the American Government, be avoided, by appointing a new commission, consisting of an equal number of commissioners, with an umpire selected by some friendly Sovereign, from among the most skilful men in Europe, to decide on all points on which they disagree; or by a commission entirely composed of such men, so selected, to be attended, in the survey and view of the country, by agents appointed by the parties. Impartiality, local knowledge, and high professional skill would thus be employed, which, although heretofore separately called into the service, have never before been combined for the solution of the question. *This is one mode; and perhaps others might occur in the course of the discussion, should the negociators fail in agreeing on the true boundary. An opinion, however, is entertained, and has been hereinbefore expressed, that a view of the subject, not hitherto taken, might lead to another and more favourable result.*

A free disclosure of this view might, according to the dictates of ordinary diplomacy, with more propriety, perhaps, be deferred until those of his Britannic Majesty's Government should be more fully known, or, at least, until that Government had consented to open a negotiation for determining the boundary; but the plain dealing with which the President [GENERAL JACKSON] desires this and all his other communications with foreign governments to be conducted, has induced a development of the principle for the consideration of his Britannic Majesty's Government.

Boundaries of tracts and countries, where the region, through which the line is to pass, is unexplored, are frequently designated by natural objects, the precise situation of which is not known, but which are supposed to be in the direction of a particular point of the compass. Where the natural object is found in the designated direction, no question can arise. Where the course will not touch the natural boundary, the rule universally adopted is, not to consider the boundary as one impossible to be traced; but to preserve the natural boundary, and to reach it by the nearest direct course. Thus, if after more accurate surveys shall have been made, *it should be found that the north course from the head of the St. Croix should not reach the Highlands, which answer the description of those designated in the Treaty of 1783,—then a direct line from the head of the St. Croix, whatever may be its direction to such High lands, ought to be adopted, and the line would still be conformable to the Treaty.*

As this principle does not seem hitherto to have been adopted, it appears

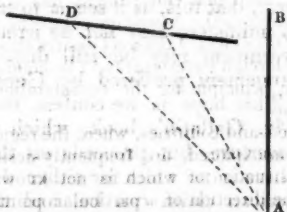
appears to the Government of the United States to offer to the commissioners, who may be appointed, the means of an amicable adjustment.'—*Correspondence A*, pp. 23, 24.

Sir Charles Vaughan was at first afraid that this proposition for a new line *northwards* instead of *due north* might be carried to the *eastward*, but Mr. Livingston in a subsequent communication cleared away this apprehension.

Washington, May 28, 1833.

'The United States,' he says, 'make no pretensions farther east than the north line; but if, on a more accurate survey, it should be found that the north line mentioned in the Treaty should pass east of the Highlands therein described, and that they should be found at some point further west, then the principle to which I refer would apply, to wit, that the direction of the line to connect the two natural boundaries must be altered so as to suit their ascertained positions.'

'Thus in the annexed diagram, suppose A. the monument at the head of the St. Croix, A.B. the north line drawn from thence. If the Highlands described in the treaty should be found in the course of that line, both the descriptions in the treaty would be found to coincide, and the question would be at an end. If, on the contrary, those Highlands should be found at C. or D., or at any other point west of that line, then the eastern boundary of the United States would be the line A. C., or A. D., or any other line drawn directly from the point A. to the place which should be found to answer the description of the Highlands mentioned in the treaty.'



'This being fully understood, the President is willing, in order to simplify the operation, that the commission shall be restricted to the simple question of determining the point designated by the treaty as the Highlands which divide the waters, to which point a straight line shall be drawn from the monument: and that this line shall, as far as it extends, form part of the boundary in question. That they shall then designate the course of the line along the Highlands, and fix on the point designated as the north-westernmost head of the Connecticut river.'—*Correspondence A*, pp. 28, 29.

This, we presume, is the proposition concerning which Mr. Gallatin

Gallatin has thrown out a strong insinuation of censure against 'an American Secretary of State'—

who, on this very question, did, subsequent to the award, propose to substitute, for the due north line, another which would have given to Great Britain the greater part, if not the whole of the disputed territory. Why the proposal was made, and why it was not at once accepted, cannot be otherwise accounted for, so far at least as regards the offer, than by a *complete ignorance* of the whole subject.'—p. ix.

We do not find in the Correspondence Lord Palmerston's reason for having thrown away this favourable opportunity of arrangement—and we fear that it was rejected, as Mr. Gallatin insinuates, by *complete ignorance*. From the result of the recent survey we may venture to concur with Mr. Gallatin in saying that this proposition, while it satisfied the American Government, would have given Great Britain as much as she can fairly claim; but even as matters stood in 1833, it could not, on the one hand, have possibly damaged the British position, while on the other it afforded (besides many local advantages) a better chance of finding—earlier in time, nearer in distance, and more marked in character—the Highlands in question; and, at all events, a much better prospect of an arrangement in 1833, than, after eight years of protracted and exasperating discussion, we have in 1841. The naked facts are no doubt still the same; but the temper and other circumstances of the discussion are, we fear, widely and inauspiciously different.

We hope, however, that this, as it seems to us, unfortunate determination of our ministers may not be irretrievable, and that the American Government may be still disposed to adopt the principles of arrangement proffered by General Jackson and Mr. Livingston. This hope is, we confess, somewhat enfeebled by the tone of Mr. Gallatin's book, which not only censures Mr. Livingston's overture, but proceeds on the broad contrary assumption that there is no room for either doubt or difficulty, and that the American claim can be, and therefore *must be*, established by a *strict* interpretation of the treaty:—an assumption, in our opinion, utterly untenable, and of which we shall now proceed to show the absolute futility.

In addition to the King of Holland's difficulties in making sense of the boundary clause, we have, on a close examination of the subject, discovered one which has not been, that we are aware of, before distinctly noticed, but which, if we do not deceive ourselves, is of considerable weight. It is this:—

The clause begins by establishing, as the first and main point of the boundary,

—the north-west angle of Nova Scotia:

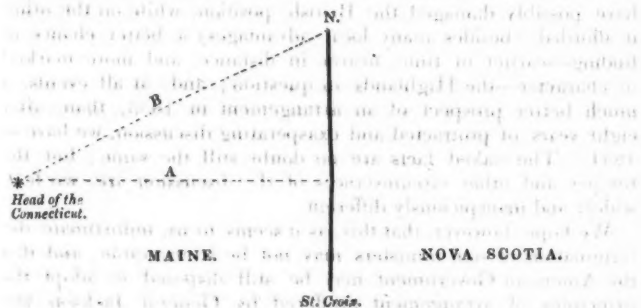
and

and it proceeds to direct how that *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* is to be formed, namely:—

'viz., by a line drawn due north from the source of the river *St. Croix* to certain *Highlands*, and along the said *Highlands*, &c., to the *north-western head of the Connecticut river* ;'

which head of the *Connecticut* is above three degrees westward of the said *due-north line*.

We here make no difficulty about *Highlands*—nor discuss on what point of the *due north* line the western line is to branch off—nor at what angle, whether acute, right, or obtuse—all that would be superfluous ; for we assert that NO line branching off from the *due-north* line, and tending in any way towards the head of the *Connecticut*, can, by any possibility, form the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia*, nor any angle of *Nova Scotia* at all. Observe this diagram:—



It is clear that, whether the line be drawn at B, as the Americans, or at A, as the British contend—whether it goes over *highlands* or *lowlands*—the angle thereby made with the *due-north* line can be no angle of *NOVA SCOTIA*. There are, it is said, mathematical limits even to Omnipotence—Omnipotence cannot, for instance, make a *square circle*, nor a *round triangle*: nor could Omnipotence cause the angle made by any line running from the *due-north* line to the head of the *Connecticut* to be an angle of *NOVA SCOTIA*. We may understand what the parties meant—as we may also understand what they meant in those other parts of the clause where the words are ambiguous—but if, as the Americans contend, we are to stick by the words—the *ipsissima verba*—of the treaty, then we say that this clause, which rests on the definition of the *north-west angle of NOVA SCOTIA*, is an entire nullity, there being no angle of *Nova Scotia*—east,

west, north, or south—to be either found or formed by the specified line.

We shall be told that this new discovery, made at the eleventh hour, has been left for our *ultra-ingenuity*, only because every body else saw clearly and indisputably what was meant—the negotiators had eyes in their heads, and they must have therefore intended to say—

which (western) line, if produced eastward across the due-north line, would form the north-west angle of Nova Scotia.

Our answer is, first, that though this may have been meant, there is no indication of it in the terms of the treaty, which does not even talk of two lines intersecting one another and so forming angles on both sides, but is really worded as if it meant to exclude that idea—by mentioning only *one* line, which is first to run due north, and then, at a certain (or rather uncertain) place, is to trend away to the westward, leaving not only no angle, but no possibility of an angle, on the other or Nova Scotian side of the said line.

But it may be asked, can we not supply a few words to restore the obvious sense of the passage?—or may we not begin the description of the western line at the other end, and say,—

a line proceeding from the Head of the Connecticut along the Highlands, &c. would cross the north line, and of course run into the Nova Scotia branch of the Highlands, and so constitute a north-west angle for Nova Scotia?

This, to be sure, would answer the purpose, and make sense not only of the passage in question, but of the whole clause: and the British commissioner under the treaty of Ghent proposed to relieve the British claim from all objections by just a similar process—by merely inverting, *without altering a single word*, the course of the description—beginning with the head of the Connecticut and proceeding along the Highlands towards Nova Scotia; which, as we shall see (when we come to those details), would have reconciled the British claim with the exact words of the treaty. But this expedient the Americans utterly rejected; and that rejection Mr. Gallatin confirms (p. 24), not without some expression of contempt at such a futile attempt at evading the text of the treaty. If, then, we are to abide by that text, we are bound to say that all that therein relates to the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia*—the *key-stone* of the whole system—is mere nonsense; that nothing hanging on that definition of the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* can be valid; and, as everything does confessedly hang on that definition, the whole is morally and physically null and void; and the parties must look out for some new basis of agreement,

agreement, or, if they are so bent, of disagreement—for the words of the present treaty, being, on this point, sheer nonsense, will serve for neither.

One further and important observation we must add, that, though both the parties affect to consider this *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* as an indispensable termination of their respective western lines, our readers, by looking at the sketch, will see that neither of those lines do in fact reach, nor even pretend to reach, *any* ANGLE *whatsoever* of NOVA SCOTIA. The American line (B) ends in the province of *Quebec*, or Lower Canada; and the English line (A) ends about the middle of the right line which forms the western boundary of *Nova Scotia*, or *New Brunswick*, where there is no angle at all.

What effect this failure in the very first condition of the boundary clause may have on the rest of its provisions—it is not for us to decide;—the basis is assuredly gone—and whatever may be supposed to have been founded upon it is, *strictly speaking*, null and void: but, if we are allowed to depart from the strict letter, and to consider the meaning and intent of the parties, we will then admit that this failure (although in a point that professed to be *essential*) seems to us of no great importance; for we cannot (nor could the King of the Netherlands) understand why such prominent mention, or indeed any mention at all, should have been made of the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia*, which never had been ascertained, and which, even if ascertained, could by no possibility answer the description given in the treaty. But if we cannot discover why the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* was so superfluously and absurdly introduced, still more extraordinary does it, at first sight, seem why the angle *really required*, *viz.*—the *north-east angle of Massachusetts*—was not taken as the point of departure. That angle, we admit, had not been much (though it was a little) better defined than the other; but to attempt to find it by means of the '*north-west angle of Nova Scotia*,' was as gross a case of seeking to discover *ignotum per ignotius*, as we have ever seen. We shall find in the sequel that at one time American authorities placed the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* as far westward as the head of the river St. John, and at another, admitted that the *north-east angle of Massachusetts* must be within the line of the river Penobscot; it is therefore possible that the American negociators foresaw something like the difficulty which has arisen; and after a direct attempt—which was as directly rejected—to fix a boundary considerably in advance of anything like the then understood boundary of *Massachusetts*—namely, along the river St. John—they preferred a vague and undefined line, which, though it could not reach the St. John—(all pretence to

which they had distinctly abandoned)—was yet certain to carry them a good deal beyond any boundary that Massachusetts could then allege.

But, whatever the motives may have been, assuredly a more clumsy mode of obviating 'future disputes,' or a more astute device for creating them, never before disgraced the annals of diplomacy.

If, therefore, we are to adhere to the basis designated by the *strict words* of the treaty, we may as well abandon the discussion at once—for they are nonsense: but if we are to follow the *meaning* of the parties, we must wholly reject the words '*north-west angle of Nova Scotia*,' and only consider the subsequent words, which, though professing to be explanatory, are in reality the substance of the matter.

We must begin by noticing a slight inaccuracy which has hitherto pervaded all the discussions on the subject—even the late report of our commissioners (p. 26 *et passim*). Everybody has argued as if the words

'*line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix*,' used in the *beginning* of the article, were the definition of the eastern boundary of the United States: this is not so—those words are not, *in that place*, used to define the eastern, or indeed any boundary, but only to guide to a point through which the *western* line, constituting the *northern* boundary, is to pass; but the *proper* definition of the *eastern* boundary is given at the *end* of the article where the words are repeated with, however, a noticeable variation.

'East; by a line to be drawn along the middle of the river St. Croix, from its mouth in the bay of Fundy to its source, and from its source *directly north* to the aforesaid Highlands, &c.'

Now, a line to be drawn '*due north*,' and a line to be drawn '*directly north*,' may mean the same thing; but it is curious, if so meant, that the negociators should have, within so short a space, varied their terms; that in other parts of the article they should have said *due north*, *due east*, *due west*; but that in defining this boundary they should have substituted '*directly north*' for their former expression '*due north*.' If the variation has no meaning, it is an additional blunder, and must throw additional suspicion on the adequacy of the negociators to convey their own meaning. But if the variation had a meaning, it could only be this:—the boundary described consisting of three parts—a *tortuous* or *waving* line along the centre of the St. Croix—a *direct* line north to the Highlands—and *another waving or tortuous line* along the Highlands—'*direct*'—might mean the *straight* line, in contradistinction to the other *irregular* lines which complete the boundary;

boundary; then also '*north*' would mean not *due-north*, but in a *northern direction*; and under this interpretation, Mr. Livingston's proposition would be in exact accordance with the *strict* words of the treaty. We know not whether this observation be of any value; but we have thought it worth while to make it for greater accuracy, as the case has been hitherto generally argued on the wrong clause—the *first* instead of the *last*—of the boundary article.

Having noticed this distinction, we shall proceed to a detailed examination of the words prescribing the *northern* boundary, and incidentally anticipating, as we have just said, the *eastern* one.

- 1.—'*that ANGLE which is formed by a line drawn due north*
- 2.—'*from the source of the RIVER St. CROIX*
- 3.—'*to the HIGHLANDS—*
- 4.—'*ALONG the said HIGHLANDS,*
- 5.—'*which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the river St. LAWRENCE from those which fall into the ATLANTIC OCEAN, to the north-westernmost head of the Connecticut river.'*

We have divided this enunciation into paragraphs—each of which has been the subject of difference—and we shall proceed to consider them in their order—always requesting our readers to recur frequently to our sketch, which, slight as it is, will enable them, we hope, to distinguish the main points of the discussion.

1. '*That angle—which is formed by a line drawn due north—*

We have just shown that *such* an angle must be—not any angle of *Nova Scotia*, but the *north-eastern angle of Massachusetts or Maine*—to be found as follows:—

2. '*— by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix.'*

The French, who first explored this part of the coast and named the rivers, were in the habit of erecting *crosses* at the prominent points—such as the mouths of rivers; and it was long doubted which was the inlet especially designated as *the St. Croix*—though all parties were agreed that the *St. Croix* must be the boundary. And why? Because in the first grant of *Nova Scotia* by James I. to Sir W. Alexander, in 1623, it was stated that the boundary of that province should be 'a line drawn from 'Cape Sable across the Bay of Fundy to the river St. Croix, and 'up the said river to its *most western* source, and from that source 'towards the north (*versus septentrionem*), to the nearest ship-station [probably Quebec roads], river, or source [*scaturigo*] 'falling into the great river of Canada [the St. Lawrence].'

This grant was a nullity as to its northern regions; for they had been many years previously in possession of the French, and the

the charter had an express exception of any land previously occupied—*si vel ipsa regna cultoribus prius vacua*; but it served to ascertain, at least, the original boundaries of Nova Scotia to the southward. The convention of 1798, therefore, very naturally and properly decided that the real St. Croix was the river since always called by that name, and so marked in our sketch; and that is a *fact* which may be now taken as conceded, though it extends, by implication, the limits of Massachusetts beyond the Penobscot, which had theretofore been the extreme limit of that province. For this we have the distinct and conclusive evidence of Mr. Gallatin himself, while commissioner of the United States employed in negotiating the treaty of Ghent—who in a letter to his own Secretary of State, 25th Dec. 1814, states:—

‘*Massachusetts has not the shadow of a claim to any land North of latitude 45°, to the eastward of the Penobscot, as you may easily convince yourself by recurring to her charters.*’—Report 17.

We entreat our readers to look again to the little map—to trace the latitude 45°—the only one with which we have thought it necessary to mark our sketch—to the line of the *Penobscot*—and then to conjecture how the statesman, who wrote officially the foregoing emphatic opinion, can advocate a claim, which the people of Maine now so strenuously rest on the original and indefeasible right of Massachusetts over the disputed territory—all of which lies *north of latitude 45°, and north-eastward of the Penobscot!*

The St. Croix then is the adopted boundary:—but the St. Croix has two branches—a *western* and a *northern*; which was meant?—King James’s grant of Nova Scotia, which first established the St. Croix as a boundary, says distinctly—along its ‘*most western waters*’—but the British Commissioner of 1798 having unhappily concurred with the American Commissioner in naming an American gentleman for *umpire*—the American umpire decided—that, after adopting King James’s river St. Croix, they should reject his express stipulation of its *most western source!* The *northern* branch was therefore determined to be the true St. Croix; and accordingly at the northern source of the St. Croix—(about 40 miles to the north-east of King James’s boundary—the western source)—a kind of *Monument* was erected, from which the due *north line* was to proceed. This rash decision had, besides the loss of so much territory, still more serious consequences.

In the first place, the *western* branch of the St. Croix approaches within 15 miles of the Penobscot, and within 2 miles of one of its tributaries, and is only 13 miles north of the 45th degree of latitude

latitude (*Official Map*); so that it would have afforded a boundary nearly in accordance with Mr. Gallatin's own admission, that 'Massachusetts had not a shadow of a claim to the eastward of the Penobscot and the northward of 45° ;' and in the second place, the due north line from the *western* source would have fallen in with *Highlands* of so decided a character that no controversy could have arisen about *them*, while the due north line from the *northern* source fell in with the *Highlands* at a point where their character was long thought to be disputable, and where even the recent survey has not, it seems, quite satisfied Mr. Gallatin that they exist.

The British Commissioners of Survey, Mr. Featherstonehaugh and Colonel Mudge, observing these serious incongruities and errors flowing from the decision of 1798, seem to recommend that it should be absolutely rescinded; and we are not sure that they may not be justified in doing so; not because there is manifest error—for nations must be bound even by the blunders of their ministers: but because the treaty of 1794, to which the convention of 1798 was *added* as a component part, was annulled by the hostilities in 1812; and as its provisions were not renewed by the treaty of Ghent, it is at least a question whether they have not become entirely abrogated.

But under the present circumstances, we think—speaking our own private opinion—that our government may not unwisely show its desire of arriving at an amicable adjustment, by waiving this question, and consenting, as a pledge of its conciliatory disposition, to abide by the expired convention of 1798, and to acknowledge the erroneous *Monument* as the practical point of departure;—a concession, we admit; but one which, rather than raise new questions in a matter already so intricate, we think it would be prudent as well as honourable to make. This erroneous or *eastern* line has also an advantage which we have not yet seen noticed: it leaves to the Americans some important tributary waters of the Penobscot, which the true or *western* line would cut off; and though it does on the other side intercept some of the smaller tributaries of the St. John's, it is on the whole a better approach than the western line would make, to the principle of leaving each party the uninterrupted course of its own waters. Mr. Livingstone's proposition of a *north-westward* line would in this point fully satisfy that principle, as it would completely divide the British and American waters.

This leads us to remark that the original boundary in this direction was a north-west line; and that the admitting that the line should be carried *due north* from the St. Croix, was another extraordinary blunder made by the British negotiator of the treaty

treaty of 1783. King James's boundary, which had up to that point been followed, says '*versus septentrionem ad proximam navium stationem, fluvium, vel scaturiginem in magno fluvio de Canada sese exonerantem*'—that is—TOWARDS the north to the nearest naval station, river, or source, discharging itself into the great river of Canada. Now the nearest naval station or ship-road to either, but particularly to the western source of the St. Croix, is Quebec—and the nearest river, or head of river, discharging itself into the St. Lawrence, lies about north-west of the St. Croix—that is, *versus septentrionem, towards the north*;—but instead of saying *towards the north*, the treaty of 1783 says *due north*—a deviation from the original line which obviously gave up an additional portion of territory that could not have been disputed, and incidentally increased the difficulty of completing the rest of the boundary. This is an additional reason for regretting the rejection of Mr. Livingstone's overture of 1833, which was not only fair in itself, but would, it now appears, have followed the *direction* of the original boundary, would have satisfied the principle of dividing the waters, and would have nearly met the views of the last British commissioners.

But all these are become, we fear, extraneous considerations; and we now must approach the *actual* difficulties—those on which the affair has latterly turned.

'3.—to the Highlands.'

Every one of these three words is ambiguous. Does '*to*' mean to the edge or to the ridge of the mountains?—'*the*' seems to designate Highlands—specific and well known—though it now seems, that no one knew anything about the real face of the country; but the grand difficulty is on the word '*Highlands*.' The first and, till the recent survey, general opinion was, that there was nothing like '*Highlands*' to be found in the specified direction of due north—(and thence Mr. Livingston's equitable, or at least plausible proposition to look for them to the *north-westwards*). The diplomatists on both sides, instead of looking out for the *Highlands*, took for granted that there were none, in the ordinary and plain sense of the term, and set about finding a meaning for the word that should suit the supposed nature of the country. We have not the statements of the two parties, laid before the King of the Netherlands; they have never, we believe, been published: they are known, indeed, to Mr. Gallatin, but the discretion of Downing Street conceals them from us:—we therefore cannot imagine by what arguments two nations, to whom the *English* tongue is native, persuaded a *Dutch* umpire to decide

'that according to the instances which are adduced, the term *Highlands*

lands is applied not only to a hilly or elevated country, but likewise to a tract of land, which, *without being elevated*, divides waters flowing in different directions.'—*Award*, p. 12.

That is—in three words—that *Highlands* mean *Lowlands*—if only they divide waters flowing different ways. Thus, then, the bog of Allen, the flattest tract in Ireland, is *Highlands* because it divides the Shannon and the Liffey. Salisbury Plain is *Highlands*, because it divides the river that flows towards Bristol from that flowing to Christchurch. The plateau of the department of Eure et Loir, in France, is *Highlands*, because it supplies the Eure which runs north, and the Loir which runs south.

But though we are not permitted to see the respective statements, we are glad to learn from Mr. Gallatin (p. 30) that the *British* government did not adopt this new system of philology, and that the Americans did; and have even gone so far as to state 'that the word "*Highlands*" was *judiciously* (*euge!*) selected, as applicable to any ground, *whatever might be its nature or elevation*, along which a line dividing rivers should be found to pass.'—*Gallatin*, *ib.*

And this Mr. Gallatin defends and supports by asserting that '*highlands* (sic) which divide rivers, and *height of land*, are synonymous.'—*ib.*

Mr. Gallatin endeavours to prove his philological position by showing, what is quite true, that a portion of the country admitted on both sides to be part of the *Highlands* had been called, in various maps and topographical writings, '*height of land*,' '*height of the land*,' '*land's height*;' and gives two instances of other lands in North America, whence rivers flow opposite ways, being by travellers called '*high lands*.' We admit all this; but what does it prove?—only this, that one may reasonably apply the term '*height of land*' to *Highlands*; but by no means that you may apply the generic description of '*Highlands*' to a '*height of land*;' a mountainous region involves the idea of a *height of land*, but a *height of land* does not involve the necessity of a mountainous region.

Trifling as the observation may at first appear, we cannot pass unnoticed a little typographical artifice on the part of Mr. Gallatin:—in quoting the several works which use the terms '*high land*' and '*height of land*,' he carefully marks *two* passages (out of some *twenty-five* or *thirty*) as thus printed, '*High land*;' and '*Height of the land*;' but our readers will have observed in a foregoing extract that Mr. Gallatin is not quite so precise in his own use of capital letters, for when he wanted to show that the word '*Highlands*,' as used in the treaty, was synonymous with *height of land*, he exhibits the word '*highlands*.'

Nor is this little trick without a certain importance, for if the words

words of the treaty had been '*height of land*,' or if it had appeared thus—'*high lands*'—Mr. Gallatin's construction would have had some colour; the words '*high lands*,' thus exhibited, would not indeed have excluded the British claim—which having, according to the recent survey, found actual '*Highlands*,' has, *à fortiori*, found '*high lands*;' but it would have relieved either party from the necessity of looking for *Highlands*, and would have authorised them to say that the letter of the treaty would be satisfied by—any land higher than the adjoining country, from which the water ran different ways.

But the fact is not so; the word is printed in the official and indeed all other copies of the treaty that we have been able to see,* and we presume it was so written in the original document—*Highlands*—one word, with a capital letter. We need not waste time in explaining to any English or American reader the difference between '*Highlands*' and '*high lands*:'—'*Cela*,' as the French say, '*saute aux yeux*.' We therefore assert that, according to all practice in writing and printing and the technical rules of grammar (see, if it is thought worth while, Murray's Grammar, p. 273, ed. 12mo), the word '*Highlands*' in the treaty must be understood in its special, distinguishing, and emphatic sense; and that, even if no such *Highlands* were to be found, you could only add it to the long list of the blunders and inconsistencies of the treaty, and not imagine that you solve the problem by construing *Highlands* to mean *lowlands*.

Suppose the words of the treaty had been '*a line drawn due north till it fell in with the lake Medousa*'—as by Mitchell's† map it would—and supposing, as the case also is, that the *true* north line falls in with neither the lake Medousa nor any other lake, would you be justified in saying, that, not being able to find a lake, you would content yourself with some rivulet which the north line might happen to cross? Would you not rather say, that (as Mr. Livingston's principle admits) the error was from the defect of information in the direction of the line, and that it

* We must, in candour, add that, in the Report of Mr. Featherstonhaugh and Colonel Mudge, printed by command of Her Majesty, though the article of the treaty is at first printed (p. 20) as it has been invariably printed—'*Highlands*;' yet, when the commissioners quote the same passage subsequently, it is printed '*highlands*.' Such variances ought not to be permitted in official documents, however venial or indifferent they may be in ordinary matters. *Hæ nugæ seria ducunt in mala*.

† Mitchell's map is an old map of the year 1755, compiled in the office of the Board of Trade, and extremely defective and erroneous in its details as to the relative position of places. We really know not in whose favour the balance of advantage from its errors would be—but it exhibits the river St. John's so very prominently, that we can hardly suppose that, if the negotiators had intended that the north line should have crossed that great feature, they should have omitted all mention of it. *Medousa* seems to be Mitchell's euphonous version of *Madawaska*: but the lake is called in the modern maps *Temiscouta*.

should

should be therefore drawn north-westward so as to meet, as it would do, the intended lake? The common sense, then, of the matter obviously is that you should deal with the 'Highlands' of the treaty as you would with the Medousa Lake in the supposed case.

4. '—along the said Highlands.'

What means the word *along*? Is the line to be drawn straight from the extreme points? or is it to follow the summit of the ridge? or is it to wind round the heads of the rivers which it may meet flowing different ways? Is it to run along the first Highlands it may meet, or in the centre of the Highland regions? All these apparently trivial niceties have been brought into discussion, and elaborately argued, and have only helped to perplex the question still further. The obvious meaning seems to us to be, that the northward line should end at the first Highlands, and thence run along the general summit direction of the ridge it had so met.*

But the next step raises a much more important difficulty—indeed, as it seems to us, the important of all.

5.—*along the said Highlands—which divide those rivers which empty themselves into the RIVER ST. LAWRENCE, from those which fall into the ATLANTIC OCEAN—to the north-westernmost head of the Connecticut river.*²

Here the question becomes much more complex. The Americans say, and, as it may at first sight seem, very justly, that we have here a *definition* of the *Highlands* intended—namely, *those*

* A very ingenious idea was produced in the Westminster Review of last June, signed C. B. : meaning, we believe, Mr. Charles Buller, M.P., late secretary of Lord Durham's Canadian mission. His theory is founded on the indisputable position, that *Highlands* do not necessarily, nor even commonly, mean a single ridge, but a *mountainous region*; and that, in this sense, the American line, along the St. Lawrence, and the British line, south of the St. John, would be the two faces of an intermediate tract of Highlands which would then *literally* fulfil all the conditions of the treaty, by throwing off their external waters into the St. Lawrence and Atlantic, respectively; though their internal waters ran into the Bay of Fundy. This is really the case with most Highlands. The Alpine region throws off the Rhine and its tributaries, northward, to the German Ocean—and the Po and its tributaries, southward, to the Adriatic—though its internal streams are westward, and ultimately fall into the Mediterranean. So also the Scottish Highlands send off their external streams north and south, though their internal waters run generally eastward. If the natural features of the British and American lines, and of the country between them, were such as to justify the designation of *Highlands*, Mr. Buller's idea would be conclusive; though we do not see why he should in that case determine (as he did) his boundary by a *straight line* through the *centre* of the region, since the treaty specifies that the boundary should commence at the southern elevation of the Highlands, and follows their course. The theory, we say, was both ingenious and, from all analogy, very probable; but the report of the recent *survey*, promulgated since Mr. Buller's paper was published, negatives the *Highland* character of the *tract* between the two lines, and of the American line itself: and so, we fear, Mr. Buller's clever theory will not solve our difficulty, though Mr. Gallatin has considered it deserving a very elaborate answer (Gallatin, p. 127-136)—an answer, however, which would have been *very insufficient* if the survey had corroborated the theory.

that

that divide the waters of the river *St. Lawrence* from the waters falling into the *Atlantic ocean*, and that therefore they are entitled to protract the *north line* till it shall meet *Highlands dividing such waters*;—that in order to do this, their line crosses the great river *St. Johns*, which flows into the Bay of Fundy, and some branches of the *Restigouche*, which falls into the gulf of *St. Lawrence* through the Bay of Chaleurs; and thus the *north line*, and of course the *north-east angle of Maine*, and the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, would be carried up to the point marked A in the sketch, about thirty-five miles from the shores of the river *St. Lawrence*.

But this apparently clear construction is liable to many—some of them *utterly insurmountable*—objections.

1. One that we shall not here dwell upon, but which must be noticed *en passant*. We beg the reader, any reader, even Mr. Gallatin, to look at the sketch—and we then ask him (and the King of the Netherlands suggests the same difficulty) whether it is credible that Great Britain could by any possibility have *intended* to run the adverse angle so deep into her own possessions, and to interpose such a mass of territory between her own provinces, and particularly between her colonial capitals of Halifax, Fredericton, and Quebec?—and this too after she had rejected, and America had acquiesced in the rejection of, the line of the river *St. John*—and when, as Mr. Gallatin, the American Commissioner at Ghent, admits, ‘Massachusetts had not a shadow of right east of the Penobscot and north of latitude 45°.’ But as we admit that the alleged blunders of a negotiator would be an inconclusive argument against the *clear and explicit** provisions of a treaty, we shall not, in this stage of the discussion, insist on this question of probability; but,

2. This pretension would carry the imaginary *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* far beyond any limits which can possibly be assigned to that province—in short, that angle would be in the heart of Lower Canada, and is, *in point of fact*, within its ancient

* But if there be any question, ‘the party,’ say all writers on public law, ‘which cedes a territory shall, in case of doubt, be supposed to have ceded as little as possible.’ It is exceedingly curious that Vattel supports this doctrine by an example from the very territory now in dispute:—‘S’il est vrai que les limites de l’*Acadie* [Nova Scotia] aient toujours été incertaines, et que les Français en aient été les maîtres légitimes, cette nation sera fondée en prétendant qu’elle n’a cédé l’*Acadie* aux Anglais par le traité d’*Utrecht* que suivant les limites les plus étroites.’ (Vol. 1. ii. c. xvii.) Which being translated, *mutatis mutandis*, for the present case is—‘If it be true that the boundaries of Acadia [Nova Scotia] have been always uncertain, and that the English were legitimate possessors, England will be justified in asserting that she ceded Acadia to the Americans by the treaty of Paris, according to the most restricted boundary.’ In other words, the boundary which gives least to America is, in case of doubt, the most consistent with the laws of nations.

and legally exercised jurisdiction. But again on this circumstance, though of some *practical* value, we rest but little of our argument, because the ancient, or, indeed, modern limits assigned by ourselves to our provinces,—not having been recognised by the treaty, but, on the contrary, studiously omitted, though it seems indubitable that they would have supplied the easiest and most obvious mode of designating the new boundary of the United States—those limits, we say, being thus repudiated, we agree with the Umpire, that no argument drawn from them can be conclusive on either side. We must endeavour to understand the treaty, and to abide by it where intelligible—and on those points where no rational meaning can be extracted, it will remain for the parties to devise some ulterior mode of settlement.

3. But the chief and most important question of the whole discussion is, what is meant by rivers emptying themselves into the *river St. Lawrence*, as contradistinguished from those running into the *Atlantic Ocean*? If the bay of Chaleurs, which receives the Restigouche—and the Bay of Fundy, which receives the St. John's, were meant to be included in the *Atlantic Ocean*, the American boundary is certainly right; but we think it is perfectly clear that such is not either the letter or intention of the treaty—though we are again forced to admit the extreme stupidity or carelessness of the negociators, who ought not to have left any shadow of doubt on so plain and so important a point.

Connected with this disputed boundary there are three classes of rivers—

1. The *Kennebec*, the *Penobscot*, and their tributaries, which run into the *Atlantic Ocean*, south of the Bay of Fundy,

2. The *St. John's* and its tributaries, which fall into the *Bay of Fundy*, and

3. The *Chaudiere*, *Etechemins*, and several smaller rivers, which empty themselves into the river *St. Lawrence*.

About the first and last classes there can be no question; and as the river (the *St. John's*), falling into the Bay of Fundy, is not otherwise designated, one would say *primâ facie* that it was included in the description of rivers falling into the Atlantic; but it certainly is not so included either in the intent or in the words of the treaty, which very studiously negative that interpretation.

We shall not rely on geographical analogies such as the *Irish Sea*, or the *British Channel*, or the *Bay of Biscay*, or the *Gulf of Mexico*, which are at least as much portions of the Atlantic Ocean as the *Bay of Fundy*, though, when used contradistinctively, they can never be confounded with the *Atlantic Ocean*; but we shall solely rely on the express words of the official documents in the particular case.

We

We shall first quote the secret instructions of Congress to their own ministers at Paris, conveying the *ultimatum* of the United States on their future boundaries.

The American negotiator is instructed to insist—as an *ultimatum*—on these boundaries—

‘On the north, the Highlands which divide those rivers which empty themselves into the river *St. Lawrence*, from those which fall into the *Atlantic Ocean*, to the north-westernmost head of the river Connecticut: and east by a line drawn along the river *St. John's*, from its source to its mouth in the BAY OF FUNDY; or by a line to be settled or adjusted between that part of the State of Massachusetts Bay, formerly called the province of Maine, and the colony of Nova Scotia, agreeably to their respective rights [which would have limited Maine to the Penobscot at farthest], comprehending all islands lying between lines to be drawn due east, as the aforesaid boundaries of Nova Scotia on one part, and East Florida on the other part, shall respectively touch the BAY OF FUNDY—AND—the ATLANTIC OCEAN.’

Here we have recorded a most important distinction as to the extent of the individual rights of the state of Maine, which we shall revert to by and by; but for our present purpose here are two distinct admissions by Congress in their secret instructions to their ministers, that in this question of boundaries, the ‘*Bay of Fundy*’ is entirely distinct from ‘*the Atlantic Ocean*,’ and we find the treaty accurately following and consecrating, as it were, the same distinction; it recapitulates the *very words* of the instructions, as our readers will see by turning back to the article in p. 505.

This is conclusive—for the distinction between the *Atlantic Ocean* AND the *Bay of Fundy* is made *in rem*, as the logicians say—in the authoritative clause and for the special purpose—and repeated twice over—and no sophistry can defeat the conclusion.

But there is still an important confirmation, if confirmation could be needed. The Americans say that the specification of this north boundary is copied from the old British boundary of the province of Quebec;—and so it is—all but *one important word*:—the boundary of Quebec, as against *our own* province of Nova Scotia, contradistinguishes the rivers which fall into the *St. Lawrence* from those, the Restigouche and St. John, which fall into the sea—the word *sea* might have included the bays of Chaleurs and Fundy; but when the *treaty* comes to distinguish between our provinces and the United States, it changes *one word*, and one word only—‘*the sea*’—for which it substitutes the term ‘*Atlantic Ocean*,’ for the express purpose of distinguishing *it* from the *Bay of Fundy*.

But this is not all; in another clause of the treaty, where the rights of fishing are granted to the United States, the gulf of the

the St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy are called *the Sea*—thereby further marking the distinction between them as particular portions of the sea and that wider portion of the sea distinguished in the treaty as *the Atlantic Ocean*. In fine, by the repeated terms of the treaty it is as clear as any words can be that *the BAY OF FUNDY* was contra-distinguished *throughout*, and *repeatedly*, and *advisedly*, from *the ATLANTIC OCEAN*.

This decides the largest and most important branch of the discussion against the American claim; for their objection to the English line—we beg our readers to turn back to the sketch—is this: that *it* divides the *Atlantic waters* from the *St. Lawrence* waters only during part of its course—that is, towards its western extremity—but that to the eastward, it divides the *Atlantic waters* from those of the *Bay of Fundy*. But it turns out that exactly the same objection lies to the American line; for *it* also only divides the *St. Lawrence* waters from the *Atlantic* waters for part of its course—that is, at its western end—but at its eastern end only divides the *St. Lawrence* waters from those of the *Bay of Fundy*—and the *Bay of Fundy* being, in this *very boundary clause*, carefully and repeatedly contradistinguished from the *Atlantic Ocean*, the American line labours under exactly the very same objection which the Americans have advanced against the British line.

This is undeniable; and this portion of the American argument, if admitted to its fullest possible extent, could only show that neither line was right.

But we think we can carry the British argument an important, a conclusive step further.

The difficulty, be it remembered, is this—that the treaty, in talking of the rivers which run off on opposite sides, mentions only those of the *St. Lawrence* and *Atlantic*; why is it silent as to those which flow into the *Bay of Fundy*? For this, as the negotiators may have thought, sufficient reason—that the business was to trace a line of boundary between the *two nations*, and that the St. John's being altogether *within* the British territory, the *national* boundary could have no concern with it:—and the exact site and courses of its various branches being very imperfectly or in fact wholly unknown, it would have been imprudent to employ them in the description of such a boundary. Knowing what we *now* know of the course of the St. John, and the difficulties which have since arisen in tracing the *Highlands*, it is obvious that it would have been better if the treaty had specified that the line should have '*divided the waters flowing into the Atlantic Ocean from those falling into the St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy.*' 'Yes,' the American advocates will answer; 'the

'the addition of those latter words would certainly have clearly established the British claim—but their omission as clearly confirms ours.' Not so!—for to establish their claim the self-same words should have been equally added, and the treaty should have said, '*dividing the waters flowing into the Atlantic Ocean and the bay of Fundy from those falling into the river St. Lawrence.*' So that, in this respect, the two lines are just in the same condition; and if, as the King of the Netherlands most justly observes, the two lines have equal claims, the decision, of course, must be in favour of *that* one of the two, *otherwise equal*, lines, which the *line proceeding due north* would *first* meet—that is, the British line.

Upon the whole, therefore, of the considerations arising out of the *strict words of the treaty*—to which we have hitherto confined ourselves—we are decidedly of opinion that the nearest approach to its exact terms would be, that the direct line drawn north from the St. Croix should terminate at the rise of the Highlands in the neighbourhood of Mars Hill, south of the Restook, a main tributary of the river St. John's—and thence the boundary should run westward along those Highlands towards the head of the Connecticut:—in short—the *British line*; but which is the British line only because the various British officers and statesmen, who have examined the question, have, like ourselves (if we may venture to allude to ourselves on such an occasion), arrived honestly and sincerely at the conclusion, that it is the line *least inconsistent* with the specific terms of the treaty.

Even at the expense of what may seem a tedious repetition, we think it both fair and convenient to restate the three chief and, as *they* think, conclusive objections which the Americans make to the assumption of this point near Mars Hill as their *north-east angle*; to which we shall annex a summary of the answers to which we conceive those objections are liable.

Objection I. There are no such *Highlands* at that spot.

Answer. The exact character of the country at this point is a question of *fact* which must be determined by survey and evidence. The recent report of the British commissioners, indeed, gives that survey and evidence, but it is *ex parte*, and we therefore shall not, in this place, rely upon it; nor is it essential to this point, because there is, on the admitted evidence, a conclusive answer to the American objection: namely, that *they* argue that Highlands mean only such a *height of land* as throws off water, and that in this sense the British point is *confessedly* as much *Highlands* as the American point on the shores of the St. Lawrence.

Objection

Objection II. It does not correspond with the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* prescribed in the treaty.

Answer. It certainly does not; but we have already shown that there is a physical impossibility that the *north-west angle of NOVA SCOTIA* can ever be found or formed by the terms of the treaty—that the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* has never yet been defined—and that, as the Umpire has truly said, Nova Scotia might have, for aught we know, several north-west angles—but the angle adopted by England does give, what it is admitted was intended to be defined by the treaty, a *north-east angle of the United States*, and thus affords a perfect meaning and the nearest approach to the strict terms of the clause.

Objection III. That even if there be *Highlands* at this point, they are not *Highlands* which divide the waters falling into the *St. Lawrence* from those falling into the *Atlantic Ocean*, because the waters which fall into the *Bay of Fundy* intervene, which *Bay of Fundy* is the *Atlantic Ocean*.

Answer. As this objection comprises two heads, so must the answer. First, the very boundary clause of the treaty carefully distinguishes the *Atlantic Ocean* from the *Bay of Fundy* as different and distinct portions of the sea; and things which the clause distinguishes as different cannot, in interpreting the same clause, be confounded as the same. Secondly,—the American point is liable to exactly the same objection; namely, that it divides the waters of the *St. Lawrence*—not from the waters of the *Atlantic Ocean*, but—from the waters of that separate portion of the sea distinguished in the treaty as the *Bay of Fundy*.

Here we conclude our observations founded on the terms of the treaty.

Three other points remain to be disposed of. I. The natural facts of the case, as proved by surveys. II. The evidence as to the general intentions of the parties when they made the original treaty; and, III. The right of the individual State of Maine to control the decision of the Federal Government in this matter.

As to the natural features of the country, it is obvious that it would be quite impossible for us to bring into any manageable shape the vast and complex details of territorial surveys, and scientific, and often unscientific, observations which have been made; we shall, however, endeavour to give a summary of the main points, and of the general result.

We must begin by stating that it was not till the publication of the Report of Featherstonhaugh and Mudge, so lately as last July, that we, or anybody else, possessed anything like an accurate view of the case. We shall see presently that Mr. Gallatin is forced to admit that the best and latest American surveys

were only '*conjectural*;' and it is clear that all that has hitherto taken place on *conjectural*, and, as we shall also show, on *fictional* evidence, is good for nothing, and that the authentication of the facts of the case must be the foundation of a new discussion. The survey by Mr. Featherstonhaugh and Colonel Mudge is the first that ever has been made by actual observation and scientific professors. It is, we admit, *ex parte*—and it would be certainly most desirable, and indeed is absolutely necessary, that the American government should either accept its conclusions, or should consent to a conjoint *scientific* survey, which should now do what ought to have been done in the beginning, and what Mr. Livingston proposed in 1833—ascertain the *natural* facts as the basis of the *political* discussion.

But in the mean time we must be permitted to put our trust in the good faith and skill of the British commissioners: to the precision of their observations, the accuracy of their results, and the truth and clearness of their statements of facts, Mr. Gallatin bears full and honourable testimony (p. 150); though he adds, that to those facts '*the United States attach no importance*'—a singular admission—the true interpretation of which is that the facts are all against the pretensions of the United States, as we shall soon see.

We are sorry to be obliged to say that this very able Report too clearly proves that the extreme negligence or ignorance which characterised the British negociators in the earlier stages of the transaction were even, if possible, surpassed by those of British agents employed in the subsequent examination of the features of the country. The proceedings and reports of the American agents have been indeed equally erroneous; but it is very remarkable that all the mistakes of the British were made against themselves, and all the misstatements of the Americans were made in their own favour. Mr. Featherstonhaugh and Col. Mudge do not hesitate to attribute the former to '*inadvertence*,' '*indiscretion*,' or '*delusion*;' while the latter are characterised as '*management*' and '*manœuvre*.' Our readers will see presently some of these instances, and will form their own judgment.

We have already observed how, under the treaty of 1783, the line was to be drawn *due north* instead of *north-westward*, and how, under the Convention of 1798, the *Monument* was erected at the *eastern*, instead, as it ought to have been, at the *western* source of the St. Croix. Under the treaty of Ghent, another joint commission was employed to trace the *due north* line from this Monument to the Highlands:—

'It appears that the surveyors of the two governments were directed by the joint commissioners to "proceed upon an exploring survey, upon

upon a line due north from the lake at the source of the river St. Croix, —until they should arrive at some one of the streams or waters which are connected with the River St. Lawrence."

'It is alleged in the British Commissioner's Report that this (latter) direction "was framed and inserted in the draft of the original instructions to the surveyors by the agent of the United States; and this fact is not denied by him."

'The sanctioning of this instruction was no doubt indiscreet on the part of the British commissioner. The terms of the treaty were not ambiguous; they enjoined the parties to run the due north line to the *Highlands*, and not to *STREAMS RUNNING INTO THE ST. LAWRENCE*. But the joint instruction to the surveyors to carry the due north line to the waters of the St. Lawrence was virtually a direction to extend the line to the Metis; and hence the inadvertent concurrence of the British commissioner in this instruction was made to carry along with it an implied sanction, on his part, of the gratuitous assumption that the Metis flowed from the Highlands of the treaty.

'The American agent was not slow to avail himself of the success of his manœuvre, and at the close of that survey of the due north line, he produced a map, exhibiting a chain of "*Highlands*" running *uninterrupted by any gap or depression whatever*, from the source of the Metis, in west longitude $67^{\circ} 55'$, to the sources of the Ouelle, in west longitude 70° ;—[this is the northern edge of the shaded part of our sketch]—writing in conspicuous characters over them these words:—"*The Highlands which divide the rivers emptying into the river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean.*"

'At the meeting of the commissioners in 1819, the American agent had the address to procure that fictitious map to be filed in the joint proceedings; so that when the misrepresentation in this map had attracted the attention of the British party in the joint commission, and a motion was made to take the map off the files, the American commissioner refused his consent to the proposition, and it thus became a part of the records of the joint commission.'—*Report*, pp. 42, 43.

At this time it was supposed that the country in the neighbourhood of Mars Hill afforded no Highlands, and the American Commissioner, under the treaty of Ghent, concluded that the British Commissioner would therefore be compelled to contend that the *Highlands* of the treaty did not mean any *visible elevation*, but only such a height of land as would throw off waters. The American therefore assumed that *great visible elevation* was *indispensably necessary*, and accordingly a range of mountains ('*entirely fictitious*,' as it has turned out) were inserted on the map of the American surveyor, who solemnly stated that he *had himself seen* them. (*ib.*)

This surveyor, Mr. Johnson, was soon after withdrawn from the survey, and a Mr. Burnham appointed to pursue the inquiry for America, with Dr. Tiarks on the part of England. These gentlemen proceeded together satisfactorily, and concurred in reporting

porting that no such Highlands as those seen and delineated by Mr. Johnson were to be found:—

'and that so far from there being in these places a ridge separating the waters running in opposite directions, they found insulated points, without the least chain of connexion.'—*Rep.*, p. 43.

The American *agent*, who had (on the faith of Johnson) taken his stand on *visible Highlands*, finding that his point had no such character, now turned sharp round, and discovered that the real meaning of the term was not a *visible elevation*, but any 'land which should separate rivers running in contrary directions.'

But though the new American *surveyor* had thus agreed with Dr. Tiarks in levelling Mr. Johnson's mountains, yet when the American *agent* came to present his map, the mountains were again erected and replaced on it, 'with a *further spurious addition*, about *eighty miles in extent*, up to the head waters of the Chaudiere;' the object of which was to connect by means of this new fiction the former fictitious range of Mr. Johnson with the real high lands which actually do separate the heads of the Chaudiere and Connecticut. The British Commissioners, of course, objected to this map, and desired that the American *surveyor* should attest its accuracy, on oath, offering that the British surveyor should do the like by his own map. This was refused; and the American *agent* then objected to the British map, because it had *not* the Highlands, which both parties had previously reported to be fictitious. The offers of the British agent and the refusal of the American to have the correctness of these maps attested by the oaths of the surveyors would lead us to guess which of the two was right; but we need not *guess*, when we have the authority of Mr. Featherstonhaugh and Colonel Mudge, who have since been over the same ground, and 'after a careful survey of all that part of the country, unhesitatingly declare that the ridge inserted in the American map is *entirely fictitious*, and that there is no foundation in the natural appearance of the country for any such invention.'—*Rep.*, p. 45.

This is an entirely new and very curious feature in the case, and not less curious is Mr. Gallatin's mode of dealing with it.

'The report dwells,' he says, 'on some *controversies* which took place under the Ghent commission, respecting certain *conjectural* maps, and in the opinion and acts of the American Commissioners and agent, which *most certainly cannot affect any question in issue*.'—*Gall.*, p. 148.

Not one jot of the facts is denied or even questioned; on the contrary, Mr. Gallatin admits the accuracy of our late Commissioners; and the whole of Mr. Gallatin's defence is comprised within the word '*conjectural*,' now applied to maps originally offered on official responsibility as the result of actual survey: to which however he adds, that 'the *facts* do not affect the question'—

tion'—a convenient mode of disposing of adverse facts! We however must express our doubts whether, if these 'conjectural' mountains had not been thus demolished, Mr. Gallatin would have been so indifferent about the facts, and have had recourse to the pleasant discovery, so elaborately worked out in his argument, that *Highlands* mean *Lowlands*.

Indeed, we find that up to the recent survey, which Mr. Gallatin does not venture to gainsay on any one point of fact, and which had thus levelled Mr. Johnson's *conjectural* mountains, the American authorities persisted in giving this ridge a very lofty character. Certain commissioners, appointed in 1838 by the State of Maine to survey the line, reported to the governor (Kent), and the governor stated, in his annual address to the convened Legislature of the State, so lately as 2nd January, 1839—

'that the base of the country *rises constantly and regularly*, from the monument to the [American] angle; which is from *two to three thousand feet* above the level of the sea; and that the country is *high and even mountainous about this spot*. And there is no difficulty in tracing a line *westwardly,—of long, distinct, and well-defined Highlands*, dividing waters according to the treaty.'—*Rep.*, p. 46.

So late, therefore, as the 2nd of January, 1839, Governor Kent had no idea that *Highlands* meant *Lowlands*, and he officially stated to the legislature that their commissioners had found a *distinct and well-defined* [not '*conjectural*,'] *line of Highlands*, and that B, the American angle, was between *two and three thousand feet above the level of the sea*.

We have just seen that these *distinct and well-defined Highlands* vanished into flat swamps; but will not our readers (even after all they have seen) be startled to find that the point thus officially stated as being between *two and three thousand*—or, as it is elsewhere more minutely given, [Report, p. 49] 2581 feet—above the level of the sea, was found by Mr. Featherstonhaugh and Col. Mudge, after a series of scientific observations and actual admeasurements, to be just 400 feet and no more! Exactly 2181 feet lower than the official American statement—and 50 feet lower than the *Monument*—the point of departure; from which the ground, said the Maine commissioners, had (for a course of 170 miles) '*constantly and regularly risen*.'

Was there ever before, in the intercourse of nations, anything like this?

But we must do justice to these American governors and commissioners:—they were certainly very indiscreet—very wrong to promulgate, on their own authority, and as the result of their own observations, statements about which, it now appears, they knew nothing;—but we are bound to add that they *may* have borrowed a part of their erroneous structure from what they thought sufficient

cient authority. Col. Bouchette, the British Surveyor General of Lower Canada, had, it seems, put forth, as the fruit of his own personal observation and research, a section of the ground from the Monument to one of the branches of the Restigouche—in which—by the same ill luck which seems to have attended all former British agents, and under what Messrs. Featherstonhaugh and Mudge characterise as a '*delusion*'—he had, it is not stated by what process, added some seventeen or eighteen hundred feet to the real elevation; *—for instance, he doubled the height of the *monument*, the point of departure, from 450 to 850—the ridge near the St. John's, which is 980, he raised to 2240—and the extremity of his survey, which is really 400 feet above the sea, he represented as 2065—to which the Maine commissioners thought, it is supposed, that they were quite safe in adding 516 for the rest of 'the constant and regular rise' not surveyed by Col. Bouchette—and so the commissioners and governor of Maine contrived to find 2581 *feet* of elevation, when in fact there are but 400.

We fearlessly appeal to Europe and to America—sure of the verdict of every honest man—to compare these continuous and pertinacious attempts to exhibit a fraudulent mountainous elevation, with Mr. Gallatin's recent assertion that the American claim needs no elevation at all—and that a flat swampy tract of morasses, from which creeps a river of 36 miles long, falling into the sea by so very small a declivity, and so slowly as '*scarcely to move a feather on its surface*'—that these boggy *savannahs* are the range of HIGHLANDS designated by the treaty.

This, we admit, is but one point of the discussion; but there is no juster maxim of general law than *fasum in uno fasum in omni*. The rule applies to *any* discrepancy in evidence:—but it is proportionably stronger when, as here, it applies to a falsification in the very most essential point of the transaction—for it then proves the admitted importance of the object which the falsification attempts to supply.

Let us now pursue the new survey of the British line—which gives so clear and distinct a range of Highlands, from the heads of the Connecticut to the Bay of Chaleurs, crossing the north line near Mars Hill, as to justify a suspicion that the framers of the

* This is the more extraordinary because we see that Col. Bouchette has published in his large work on 'The British Dominions in North America,' long and minute tables of his barometrical observations during the whole course of his survey, which, though given in the volume merely as general information, were taken by him 'with Inglefield's mountain barometer for the purpose of ascertaining the heights.' This extraordinary discrepancy ought surely to have been long before this inquired into and explained to parliament and the country. While such enormous discrepancies between the results of their own surveyor-general for Canada and their own boundary commissioners remain unexplained, how can Her Majesty's Ministers expect the rest of the world to give any credit to their professions of diligence and candour—nay, to the most official assertions?

original treaty were not quite so ignorant of the general features of the region as has been hitherto thought, on the supposition that there was nothing like *Highlands* to be found. The range of Highlands found, surveyed, and measured by Mr. Featherstonhaugh and Col. Mudge appears to satisfy all the conditions of the treaty. This range takes its origin in the state of Vermont, and runs north-eastward in *one ridge* till about midway between Lake Champlain and the Connecticut river; it there branches off into two ridges—one of which runs northward in the direction of Quebec, and thence, in a line nearly parallel to the shores of the St. Lawrence, till it dies away in the insulated peaks and intermingled swamps where Mr. Johnson placed his imaginary mountains—the other, a higher and continuous ridge, runs in a westerly direction from 50 to 60 miles southward of the former, and rounding the heads of the Connecticut, forms those Highlands, *about which there is no dispute*, between the sources of the rivers Chaudière and Etchemins running northward into the St. Lawrence, and the Connecticut, Kennebec, and Penobscot flowing southward into the Atlantic. These Highlands form for about 100 miles the *undisputed* boundary, and proceeding continuously and of the same character, along the line claimed by England, they cross the due-north line (at A on our sketch) and terminate in still higher elevations on the coast of the Bay of Chaleurs. These, then, are clearly the Highlands which divided the St. Lawrence rivers—the Chaudière and the Etchemins—from the Atlantic rivers—the Connecticut, Kennebec, and Penobscot—but after they have proceeded, as we have said, about 100 miles, dividing those rivers, they begin to throw off on their north face the tributaries of the St. John's; and thenceforward the Americans contend (although the *chain* is continuous) that they cease to be Highlands dividing waters of the St. Lawrence from Atlantic waters. That is true: but they are the *same* Highlands which have for 100 miles divided those waters; and which, therefore, are fully entitled to the designation given them by the treaty: and surely it cannot be rationally contended that their *identity* is changed because they, in a subsequent part of their course, throw off waters which run into the *Gulf* of St. Lawrence and the *Bay of Fundy*. *Key*: words of the treaty do not say, as the Americans wish to understand it, that the boundary is to run along the division of waters, but that the boundary is to run *to the Highlands*, and *along the Highlands*—and the words '*which divide the waters*' are a *description* of what Highlands are meant, and not merely a direction that the line is to follow the tortuous intermingling of waters, which the negotiators probably never suspected to exist. Now the Highland range surveyed by the British commission-

ers answers that description—they are Highlands, and the only Highlands; and they are the same continued chain of Highlands which divide the waters of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic—nor can they be said to forfeit that character because they also divide, in a subsequent portion of their continuous extent, waters of the Atlantic from those of the Bay of Fundy. We are quite aware that the foregoing statement cannot be clearly understood without reference to maps, but we still hope that our sketch may enable the reader to follow the general reasoning:—the English line exhibiting the Highlands found by the British Commissioners; the American line the '*fictitious ranges invented*' by the American surveyors.

On the whole, we confidently believe that if the British agents employed in the early stages of the discussion had been sufficiently alert, or if the real character of the country, as determined by the recent survey, had been known, there never would or could have arisen, under the strictest interpretation of the treaty, any serious opposition to the line now claimed by Great Britain, or some line of the same general character.

II. But there is another, and what to many judgments will appear the most important, part of the whole question, at which we now arrive—and which admits, we think, of neither doubt nor difficulty—we mean the *intention* of the parties as to the general direction and effect of the indicated boundary.

We here reproduce our sketch.



And

And we ask, can any man in his senses believe that it could be the intention of England to consent—without any visible reason—without object—without equivalent—where there was no claim, not even a demand—to the intrusion of such an amorphous horn into the heart of her provinces, disuniting as well as absorbing her territory, intercepting her rivers and her roads, and cutting off her communications between her colonial capitals? Look, we say, at our sketch and judge whether such an intention was possible: but look beyond our little map to the larger maps which exhibit the lines of boundaries which prevail in the adjoining regions; you will find that wherever there was not some great natural division, the boundaries were mostly formed by *right lines*—the States themselves are generally bounded by *right lines*—the part of the boundary we are discussing, west of the Connecticut, is a right line, running along the 45° parallel. Look at the cause of deviation from this *right line* from the Connecticut eastward:—was it not the obvious advantage of giving to each party the whole course of its own waters? The line along the parallel 45° would have cut off from the United States the upper waters of the Connecticut, the Kennebec, and the Penobscot—the negociators saw that such an interception of rivers would be a cause of endless squabble and local contention, and they very wisely deviated from the line of the parallel and carried the boundary round the heads of the Connecticut, the Kennebec, and the Penobscot, to the head of the British river St. Croix,—thus leaving to each party the continuous and exclusive jurisdiction of its own waters. Now, who can believe that this prudent and liberal principle was departed from (after it had been carried out for 100 miles beyond the Connecticut) on purpose to cut off the upper waters of the St. John and give them to the United States, while the main body, the navigable parts, and the mouth of the river, were to continue within the British territory—to give to the Americans waters, from which they had no outlet, and which could be and can be of little value to them, except as a means of annoyance to England—while to England they were vitally essential for her internal communications and government? Look, we say, at the maps, and decide whether any one can believe in such a preposterous *intention*.

But though no evidence could be better than the mere common sense of mankind on such a proposition, we have collateral testimony, and this of the most conclusive kind, that such was not the design of the parties.

In the first place, there was no pressure upon England to have committed so suicidal an act. By the first article of the treaty, as we have seen,

'His Britannic Majesty acknowledges the said United States, viz. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, &c., to be free, sovereign, and independent states; and relinquishes all claims to the government, property, and territorial rights of the SAME, and every part thereof.'

Now Mr. Gallatin admits that Massachusetts had at that time not a shadow of a right beyond the Penobscot, and what the treaty did grant between the Penobscot and St. Croix was a new concession, which went beyond the ancient limits of the State, and of course became the *national* property of the Federation. It is true that Massachusetts had claimed this territory between the Penobscot and the St. Croix—we shall leave Mr. Gallatin to discuss that claim with the men of Maine. But it leads us to an indication of what are likely to have been the objects and intentions of the treaty of 1783.

When France, at the peace of Paris in 1762, had ceded Canada and Nova Scotia, and that the whole of North America had thus become British, the province of Massachusetts attempted to get a share of the spoil by claiming, in virtue of some old charter, (which had been, of course, annulled by the French possession of the country,) the territories between the Penobscot and St. Croix on the east, and up to the river St. Lawrence on the north; and they sent, in 1764, two agents, Mr. Mauduit and Mr. Jackson, to London, to negotiate those demands with the Colonial Office of that day—the Board of Trade and Plantations. Mr. Mauduit writes to his constituents, the General Court of Massachusetts, that he had made an arrangement with the Board by which Massachusetts was, on the one hand, to relinquish all claim to run up to the St. Lawrence, and on the other to receive the accession of the lands between the Penobscot and St. Croix—

'Mr. Jackson and I were both of us of opinion that the narrow tract of land which lies *beyond the sources of all your rivers could not be an object of any great importance to you*, though it is absolutely necessary to the Crown, to preserve the continuity of the province of Quebec.'—*Rep.*, p. 18.

This passage, conveying the advice and opinion of two official advocates of the rights of Massachusetts, and which was obviously in the thoughts of the negotiators of 1783, the treaty being framed in strict accordance with it, is remarkably applicable to the present discussion in three important points: first, it explains the true principle of boundary by a division of waters, namely, to give each party the continuous course of its own rivers; next, that Massachusetts had no *right* to the lands to the northward of her own rivers, and, if she had, was ready to concede it for the lands between the Penobscot and St. Croix which the United States did obtain by the treaty; and lastly,—it shows the reason why
England

England finds it necessary to be so pertinacious in maintaining her right to this territory—because, if it was necessary to the Crown to maintain its communications when all the provinces belonged to the Crown, how much more so is it under present circumstances?

But what follows is more authoritative.

In 1779, when the revolutionary war was obviously drawing to its close, the Congress of the United States passed a resolution, declaring the boundary for which they should contend in the treaty of peace—

‘That the thirteen United States are bounded north by a line to be drawn from the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia*, along the Highlands which divide those rivers which empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence from those which fall into the *Atlantic Ocean*, to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut River. And east, by a line to be drawn *along the middle of St. John's, from its source to its mouth in the Bay of Fundy*, or by a line to be settled and adjusted between that part of the State of Massachusetts Bay, formerly called the Province of Maine, and the Colony of Nova Scotia, *agreeably to their respective rights*, comprehending all islands within twenty leagues of the shores of the United States, and lying between lines to be drawn due east from the points where the aforesaid boundaries, between Nova Scotia on the one part, and East Florida on the other part, shall respectively *touch the Bay of Fundy, and the Atlantic Ocean.*’

‘This passage is,’ add the late Commissioners, ‘significant, inasmuch as it not only fixes the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* to be at the source of the St. John, but especially states the mouth of that river to be, not in the *Atlantic Ocean*, but in the *Bay of Fundy.*’ (*Rep.*, p. 19.)

When the treaty of 1783 came to be actually negotiated, the American plenipotentiaries endeavoured to establish the boundary of the river St. John as stated in the foregoing resolution, but ‘*it was peremptorily rejected by the English Government;*’ and Mr. John Adams, one of those plenipotentiaries, when examined on oath before the commission under the treaty of amity of 1794, deposed that—

‘One of the American commissioners at first proposed the river St. John, as marked on Mitchell's map; but his colleagues observing that, as the St. Croix was the river mentioned in the charter of Massachusetts Bay, *they could not justify insisting on the St. John as an ultimatum*, he agreed with them to adhere to the charter of Massachusetts Bay.’—*Rep.*, p. 20.

Here then we find that the line of the St. John was proposed—peremptorily rejected—and abandoned, and the treaty was concluded in that understanding and intent; and yet it is now pretended that this same treaty is to carry the boundary not only

up

up to the St. John (a proposition which had been peremptorily rejected and entirely abandoned) but into a large tract of country *far beyond that river*. The Americans say indeed that they abandoned the line of the St. John from '*its source to its mouth*,' and that they now do not claim so much, for they give up the lower portion of the St. John and the lands lying between it and the St. Croix. But can any one believe, after America had admitted that the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* was to be found at the *head of the River St. John*, that Great Britain, which peremptorily rejected their *coming up* to the line of the St. John at all, would or could consent to their thus running *so far beyond it*? Nor can it be alleged that there was any compromise or exchange of the territory between the St. John and the St. Croix on the eastern boundary, for that beyond the St. John now claimed as within the northern boundary; because the claim to the land between the St. John and St. Croix was abandoned by the Americans, not by way of compromise, but on the distinct admission that the St. Croix was the known existing boundary between Nova Scotia and Massachusetts, and that they could not '*justify*' the claim of the St. John.

Can anybody doubt then that the whole line of the St. John was abandoned by the United States, and that common sense, mutual convenience—the documents—the negotiations, and the words of the treaty, all concur to show that it was intended by both parties to adopt the rational and equitable principle of leaving to each government the whole course of their respective rivers and the territories watered by them—the Penobscot and all its tributaries to the United States—the St. John to England? These last arguments seem to us so cogent that we really believe that the state and scope of this boundary question must be as little understood in America as it has been with us. We cannot persuade ourselves that any man in any part of the United States, whose candour and good sense is not obscured by some party or local interest, can look at the shape—position—and nature of the disputed territory—at the circuitous and extravagant extent of the American line, which seems to be more than twice as long as the comparatively straight and simple boundary offered by England—and above all, at the relative convenience and value of the disputed territory to the respective countries—without feeling the strongest conviction that the British line is that which must best express the original intentions of the parties. We go further—we hope, nay we believe, that, if the question were *now* to be negotiated *ab integro* (clear of the adverse feelings which the long discussion may have generated), there is no American citizen, or at least statesman, who would not

submit

admit

admit that the British boundary is the most natural and the most convenient—the least likely to lead to adverse pretensions on its borders—essentially necessary to England—not as to the mere territory, which is of small comparative value—but for the internal communications and the administration of her provinces—while to America it is little more than a naked question of so much swamp and forest, involving no great public convenience nor any serious or national interest whatsoever beyond its mere extent.

We do most respectfully, but most earnestly, implore the Anglo-American nation—by all those principles of amity and equity which should influence the intercourse of friendly powers, and particularly—if they will allow us to say so—by all those peculiar feelings which *ought* to connect the English and the Americans—whose interests, let us both be well assured, are more closely identified than those of any other two nations in the world—we implore, we say, the Anglo-American people to look at this question in a large and liberal spirit of conciliation and equity as well as of strict justice, and to take into their calm consideration the emphatic opinion and advice given—before any national rivalry existed—by the agents of Massachusetts in 1764, that *the tract of land which lies beyond the sources of all your rivers cannot be an object of any great consequence to you, though it is absolutely necessary to England to preserve the continuity of her colonial government.*

III. We shall not run the risk of impairing whatever effect such an appeal may have, by any observations on the spirit which appears to have actuated the State of Maine in these discussions. We make great allowances for the peculiar position of the people of that State. In the first place, the State, and, therefore, every individual of it, have a general pecuniary interest in having so much additional territory to dispose of. Secondly—many, perhaps the most influential, persons have, no doubt, acquired personal rights, or entered into what may have been expected to be lucrative speculations in the disputed territory. Again, those who are clear of any interested motives may have a patriotic disposition to aggrandise both their State and their nation; and, finally, the long disputes and many collisions on the frontier cannot but have created, in addition to any national feeling, a peculiar exasperation in the immediate districts of Maine; and in a popular government all those feelings are necessarily, and generally too zealously, expressed by the governing body. We may regret, therefore, but we will not permit ourselves to complain of the temper and conduct of the people of Maine; and we will abstain from any examination of their detailed proceedings; for, however easy it might be to show them to be, in many instances, very unreasonable and very wrong-headed,

headed, and more than uncourteous, the doing so would not tend to remedy the mischief. But we may express a confident opinion and hope that the Federal Government and the nation at large must be satisfied that this is not a question for the decision of the individual State—the State can have no claim beyond the ancient limits of the province of Massachusetts, and no one, we believe, beyond the limits of Maine, seriously contends that old Massachusetts had a right to any portion of the disputed territory—that territory is not and never was claimed under the *first* article of the treaty as part of the then existing Massachusetts, but as the result of the boundaries created by the *second* article; and any additional territory ceded by that article would constitutionally, as we apprehend, belong to the United States as a nation, and not to the state of Maine. Hear, again, what Mr. Gallatin said at Ghent:—
‘That northern boundary is of no importance to us, and belongs to the United States and not to Massachusetts, which has not the shadow of a claim to any land north of 45° to the eastward of the Penobscot.’

But this, however it may be, is really an *internal* question, with which we have nothing to do—our discussion is *international*: and the Federal Government—whether it has an inherent right to decide the question, as we, on American evidence, believe, or whether it is bound to obtain the assent of the State of Maine—is, in any case, the only authority with which the British nation has to negotiate. And though the General Government seems to have, on particular occasions, shifted its ground, or, at least, varied its opinions, on this point, we gather from the general tone of Mr. Gallatin's pamphlet, as well as from other circumstances, that no further objections of this captious and untenable nature will be countenanced; and believing, as we have said and, we hope, proved, that—in the strictest construction of which this clumsy treaty admits—the *balance* of strict interpretation is in our favour, while all the equity and probable intention of the negotiators is clearly with us—believing this, we say, to be the real state of the case, we cannot but hope that the General Government will consent to some modification of their claims, which, without abandoning any real and valuable interests of the United States, may leave to England the course of the river St. John, which is essential not only to the administrative communications and territorial unity of the British colonies, but still more seriously important to the *future tranquillity* of those regions, and to the *permanence of the amicable relations* between the two countries.

But whatever may be the ulterior views and arrangements of the governments, there is one object of the most pressing emergency

gency which ought to be *immediately* provided for—we mean the daily and hourly risk of *hostile collision* between the subjects and citizens of the two countries on the disputed territory. Let a convention be forthwith concluded, forbidding either party, *pendente lite*, to pass the St. John; and—*saving, in the fullest manner, all public and private rights*—let the *temporary* jurisdiction of the territories on the *right* bank of the St. John, down to the *north line*, be administered by the American authorities, and on the *left* by the British. This would make, *for the moment*, a pretty nearly equal division of the disputed ground, and would, *without in any way prejudicing existing rights or compromising eventual interests*, avert the risk of that enormous calamity—hostile collision—and keep the question safely open for a mature examination, and, it may be hoped, a satisfactory, and final settlement. Either of the nations (if such a result can be imagined) which should reject so equitable, so conciliatory and so just a provisional arrangement, would stand responsible to the world for all the consequences of such unreasonable conduct, and would enlist against herself the feelings as well as the judgment of mankind.

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- ART. IX.—1. *Columbanus ad Hibernos, or Letters from Columban to his Friend in Ireland.* London. 8vo. 1810.
2. *The Case of the Church of Ireland, stated in a Letter to the Marquess Wellesley.* By Declan. Dublin. 8vo. 1823.
3. *National Schools of Ireland Defended.* By Francis Sadleir, S.F.T.C.D. Dublin. 8vo. 1835.
4. *Historical Sketches of the Native Irish.* By Christopher Anderson. Edinburgh. 12mo. 1830.
5. *Ireland: its Evils traced to their Source.* By the Rev. J. R. Page, A.B. London. 12mo. 1836.
6. *A Plea for the Protestants of Ireland, in a Letter to Lord Morpeth.* By a Witness before the Committee on Education. Dublin. 8vo. 1840.
7. *Impartial View of Maynooth College.* By Eugene Francis O'Beirne, late Student of Maynooth. Dublin. 12mo. 1835.
8. *Holy Wells of Ireland.* By Philip Dixon Hardy, M.R.I.A. Second Edition. Dublin. 8vo. 1830.
9. *Irish Tranquillity.* By Anthony Meyler, M.D. Dublin. 12mo. 1838.
10. *Ireland: the Policy of Reducing the Established Church.* By J. C. Colquhoun, Esq. Glasgow. 1836.
11. *Maynooth College; or, the Law affecting the Grant to Maynooth.* 8vo. 1841.

IN resuming the task, which was commenced in our last Number, of drawing attention to the real condition of Ireland—there are two points which we must entreat our readers to bear in mind. First, that the facts alleged are perfectly distinct from the hypothesis suggested to account for them. There may be no such thing as a Jesuitical influence in Ireland—the notion may be a wild fancy, and nothing more; and yet it will still be true that Popery lies at the root of the evils of that unhappy country—that it has been for generations busy in instigating rebellion—that outrages to an enormous extent are yearly perpetrated—that they are directly connected with religion—that their effect is to weaken and intimidate the Established Church, and all who would support it—that features in the conspiracy by which they are instigated bear a remarkable resemblance to Jesuitism—and that Jesuitism has in all preceding times been the arm employed by Popery for the restoration of its influence in Ireland.

Secondly, it should be remembered that the object we have in view is, principally, inquiry. Evidence, wholly insufficient for a jury, may be more than adequate as given to a magistrate of police. To draw out the whole proof of the workings of Romanism must require time and space, and a multitude of hands and heads, far beyond the command of any but the Government itself. But the sources have been suggested from which information is to be derived, and from which our own conclusions have been drawn. It has been explained why more direct evidence cannot be obtained: why names cannot be published: why witnesses will not come forward: why any statement made, even on the highest authority, will be exposed to direct contradiction; and that, although every reader may be wise in suspending his judgment on such statements, no one has a right to pronounce them false until he has examined their foundation.

To resume then—we spoke, in our last Number, of a body, little known in England, called ‘The Christian Brothers.’ An effort has been recently made to draw a favourable attention to them by one of the chief organs of the Romish press.* In Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Dublin, and in some of the manufacturing towns in England, these very interesting institutions have spread rapidly within about twenty-five years. They consist of small monastic bodies, devoting themselves to the education of the poor. And a stranger, who passes cursorily through their large and well-arranged schools, and sees the simple, zealous, paternal devotion to their work which characterises especially the younger portion of the members, will be struck with the contrast between these esta-

* Dublin Review.

blishments and our own ill-regulated national schools, ruled only under one paid master; nor will he be surprised to hear *'that it is to these bodies, multiplied and extended, that Romanism is now looking for the conversion of the lower orders in England.'* There are in Ireland about eighty of these Brothers, dispersed in various houses; not wholly dependent on charity (as has recently been asserted), for in Cork, Limerick, and Waterford, they seem to possess some property of their own: but they educate, except under certain conditions, gratuitously. Now if these excellent men (and we really believe them to be such) were taken from the entire seclusion, ignorance of the world, and habits of blind obedience in which they are trained up, and were placed before a committee of the House of Lords, we should like to ask a simple question:—How many of them are aware that they are in fact nothing but tools in the hands of the Jesuits?—How many of them know that any connexion whatever exists between them and the Jesuits? Out of the whole eighty, about ten or twelve only, we believe, and those the Superiors, are acquainted with this remarkable fact. And we are quite sure that the question here put will not be allowed to reach them, for they are not permitted to read anything which does not come to them through the hands of the Superiors.

Now may we be allowed to connect with these hints a few questions—and questions, it must be added, not to be met by vague denials and violent abuse? We ask what influence procured the brief from the Pope establishing the Order in Ireland? Was it Dr. Kenny, the present Jesuit head of Clongowes—a person, it may be suggested, to whom the minute and very vigilant attention of government might have been wisely directed for many years, and may be directed with advantage now? Was this brief obtained on a statement, that the majority of the Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland recommended the institute, while only a very small minority was in its favour?

Were the 'Christian Brothers' at first averse to the system proposed to them by the Jesuits? At a general meeting of the body, was a protest about to be entered into? and did Dr. Kenny persuade Mr. Rice, the nominal founder, to dismiss the meeting, on the ground of its being too numerous to be canonical? Was subsequently a smaller meeting brought together, where the influence of the Jesuits prevailed, and the Brothers were induced to adopt their system? Did they vainly endeavour, again and again, at many angry meetings, to shake off the yoke, till, overcome by artifice, terrified by the threats of the Romish Church, and exhausted in their attempts, they at last succumbed, and have ever since been held—unconsciously, except in the case of the Superiors—in

the hands of the Jesuits; the General of the Jesuits moving Dr. Kenny, Dr. Kenny commanding the Superior of the Order, the Superior nominating the Directors, and all the other Brethren being bound to yield to them the most implicit obedience, as one of the chief virtues of their religious calling? Again, it has been distinctly stated that the Christian Brothers in Ireland have no connexion with those in France. We ask, when, fifteen years ago, an attempt was made to organise the system more perfectly, did Ignatius Barry, and Bernard Dunphy (a name known to parliamentary committees), go to France? Did they spend six months in visiting the houses of the Brethren in France? Did they remain for some time in the principal training-house in France? Did they bring back with them, for the institution, books written by Jesuits—religious devotions peculiarly characteristic of the Jesuits—works kept in manuscript, and not printed? Especially are the decrees by which the body is secretly governed carefully kept from the knowledge of the Brethren until they have taken the vows for life, in the presence of those only who have professed for life themselves? Are these decrees of such a nature as to shock even those who find that they are bound by them? We would suggest also that some inquiries might be made as to exposures which have lately been made in France on the subject of these Christian Brothers. Lastly, how is this profession for life, or the evasive profession of vows for terms of years, to be reconciled with the so-called Emancipation Act, which, under a fear of Jesuitism, whether visionary and delusive or not, did prohibit everything of the kind, under the penalty of banishment from the United Kingdom for life?*

Let us turn to another institution—the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. And here also we wish distinctly to be understood as speaking upon information on which we have every reason to rely; but as suggesting subjects for inquiry, without which, and without further information, statements like these must fairly be open to distrust.

¶ This Society has been spreading in Ireland and in England about two years;—its name perfectly innocent of Jesuitism—and nothing to excite observation but that natural zeal for proselytism, at which, when exhibited within our own Church, Dr. Doyle was so shocked and scandalised. It has now, we believe, extended through the greater number of the Romish dioceses, and includes most of their bishops. Its object appears to be fourfold. One is, to raise by a very curious decimal organization subscriptions of a halfpenny a week, for the purpose of propagating the faith. These are collected

* 10 Geo. IV., c. 7, sec. 34.

by monks, nuns, friars, pious laymen, and priests, who are enjoined it by their bishops. From one town, of about 10,000 inhabitants, is collected about 150*l.* a-year; from another, much larger, about 840*l.* These sums are regularly forwarded to a committee in Dublin, embracing the principal ecclesiastics in the country: they correspond with a committee in Lyons, and the committee at Lyons with the central committee in Rome; and a letter a few months back was addressed to them by the Pope, thanking them for their efficient exertions, and entreating the continuance of them. Another object is to disseminate books, especially the missionary tracts of the Jesuits: a third, to procure masses and indulgences for the members: a fourth—perhaps the most important of all—to carry out an established principle of Jesuitism, and enroll a very large number within the outward pale of the society; holding them in solution, as it were, by some slight, and to common eyes imperceptible, link of affinity, and yet in a state ready to be precipitated into the inner body, and to co-operate with its movements, whenever this is required. The government of this body, there is reason to believe, is entirely under the hands of the Jesuits, and Dr. Kenny, here again, is the principal manager. Here, again, though rules are published for Irish eyes, the secret rules of the committee, which are those of the committee in Lyons, are not allowed to transpire; and the secret link of Jesuitism is to be found in the promise of 200 days' indulgence each time that a member repeats 'St. Francis Xavier pray for us,' and in the solemn celebration of the feast of the same St. Francis, with high mass and other ceremonies, to commemorate the establishment of the society, and to stimulate its exertions.

The 'Sodality of the Heart,' as has been abundantly proved, is another form of Jesuitism, established with the same object of attaching, unconsciously, to that Society, by some secret symbol, numbers who would never be drawn directly into its arms; and the zeal with which it is propagated through the houses of the Christian Brothers, and other monasteries, and even into schools, must satisfy any inquirer that it has a meaning and a purpose far deeper than meets the eye.

Here, then, if these facts are true—without alluding to the known connexion of the Jesuits with other monastic bodies in Ireland, both male and female—are distinct proofs of a secret, extensive, mysterious action of Jesuitism upon the Roman Catholic population of Ireland—operating at the present day, as it has operated from its first establishment, with a craft and artifice which almost baffles detection and eludes opposition. And—once more to return to those secret conspiracies for outrage, which

offer such a perplexing problem to the observer of Irish affairs. Let it be remembered that, like Jesuitism, they have for their object the extirpation of the Protestant Church; like Jesuitism, they connect their religion with a democratical fanaticism; like Jesuitism, they involve in their trammels immense numbers, who are bound by a power which they cannot see, but dare not disobey like Jesuitism, they are held together by the abject surrender of the will to the commands of an invisible superior; like Jesuitism, they have secret signs, which no member will resist, and a variety of names to disguise the real membership with it; like Jesuitism, they terrify traitors to the cause, and punish them by outrage and assassination; like Jesuitism, they cease to regard as crime whatever contributes to the interest of the body; like Jesuitism, they employ all kinds of temporal weapons to secure temporal ends, under the pretence of a spiritual obligation; like Jesuitism, they have continued under various disguises, but exhibiting the same features, for years.—Sir Richard Musgrave's account of Defenderism, in his *History of the Rebellion*, is the same in all essential points as that of Ribbonism at this day.—Like Jesuitism, they are in the habit of raising large sums by subscriptions of a halfpenny and a penny a week, for which there is no obvious* necessity; as, when murders are to be perpetrated, the usual remuneration to the unhappy man who is summoned to perpetrate it is scarcely more than a supper—or, as Mr. Rowan states, fifteen shillings.† And, like Jesuitism, they stand in a most peculiar relation to the Romish priesthood, in which no other body ever stood before. Let this be remembered, and let the history of Jesuitism be studied, and we ask, is it irrational fanaticism to suggest that the Government, when inquiring into the precise nature and origin of the agrarian outrages of Ireland, should bethink themselves that there is in Ireland such a thing as Jesuitism? And that although it does not appear on the face of registers, it may act not the less powerfully from the mystery in which it is hidden?

We must now, however, turn to another part of this painful subject,—the nature of that second branch of the organised force wielded by Popery in Ireland, which is reposed in the hands of the *Parochial Priests*, and in which a decided change, not without its significance and connexion with the preceding remarks, has taken place since the beginning of this century.

Our readers must forgive us if we are tedious; but the subject is too large to be treated briefly, even in a sketch.

* One fact, indeed, has recently come to our knowledge, of a parish-master of Ribbonism, who had no apparent means of support, being in the receipt of 30*l.* a year from this fund.

† Report on Crime.

It is evident that Popery, being Christian, though a perversion of Catholic Christianity, and under the appearance of rigid inflexibility, leaving much of its practice to be modified by individual character, may assume not only a decent, and quiet, but even spiritual form, when the turbulent, avaricious, and ambitious spirit, by which it is too often possessed, is lulled for a time by circumstances. It does assume this form in the many great, and good, and holy men, who have lived within the Romish Communion, and especially in the parochial clergy of Roman Catholic countries, as, for instance, at some periods, in France; and, as was stated before, there is reason to believe that towards the end of the last century this was, to a certain degree, the case in Ireland. Priests appear to have been men of education, gentlemanly habits and associations, loyal, orderly, and benevolent. Few obstacles were offered to attendance on Protestant schools; servants were permitted to attend family prayers; acts of courtesy and kindness, and even more, were exchanged between themselves and the clergy of the Church. The Protestants subscribed largely, in fact almost built for them their chapels; and the landlords and tenants appear not to have been hostilely separated, notwithstanding the mischievous system which prevailed of middlemen. There seems to have been even some disposition to modify the Papal part of the system, and to introduce something of the Gallican Liberties—the first step towards the cure of Popery. An illustration of this may be found in the history of the *veto*. ‘In 1791,’ says Mr. Wyse,* ‘the English Roman Catholics, anxious for immediate admission into the pale of the constitution, attempted to establish a church *à la Utrecht*, independent of the Roman see, but preserving the old dogmas; and adopted as their designation the significant name of Protestant Catholic Dissenters. These opinions were embodied in an oath, which they offered to take in lieu of the oath of supremacy.’ Sir John Cox Hippisley seized these suggestions and matured them into the project of a *veto*; the plan was adopted by Mr. Pitt; and in 1799 the Romish bishops of Ireland were induced to acquiesce in it. They agreed that ‘a provision from government for the clergy ought to be thankfully accepted;’ and the proposal ‘that the crown might be allowed such an interference with the appointment of bishops as might enable it to be satisfied with the loyalty of the person appointed,’ they allowed was ‘just, and ought to be agreed to.’† In 1808, Lord Fingal, according to Mr. Wyse, ‘the sole delegate of the [Roman] Catholics of Ireland,’ and Dr. Milner, ‘the accredited agent of the Irish [Roman] Catholic bishops, gave substantially (at least) their assent to the proposition of vesting a

* Page 166.

† Resolution of Roman Catholic Prelates, 1790.

negative on the nomination of [Roman] Catholic bishops in the crown.' The whole 'history of this proceeding,' says Mr. Wyse, 'is still involved in much obscurity.' But one thing is certain, that some influence, of what kind no one pretends to explain, compelled Dr. Milner to retract his concession, roused a popular movement in Ireland to condemn the proposal, induced all but three of the bishops, originally subscribers to the resolutions of 1799, to meet in September, 1808, and condemn them formally—('whether,' says Mr. Wyse, 'they directed or followed the people is not quite clear,' nor does it matter)—and induced them again, in 1810, to pass six formal resolutions—the direct contradictions of those which had been subscribed in 1799.

This sudden alteration of sentiment is in itself remarkable, and it might be interesting to inquire if any of the parties who were employed in rousing the popular feeling against the veto—the well-known Dr. England for instance in Cork—were connected either directly or indirectly with any secret influence from another quarter. It is equally remarkable, but less inexplicable, if we turn to some other changes, which had during that time taken place in the Irish priesthood. '*Maynooth*,' says Mr. Wyse, '*began to be felt* :*—Maynooth, the curse of Ireland—and when will Englishmen learn that nothing but a curse can spring from an abandonment of principle? This college, which is allowed on all hands to be the seat and fountain-head of the mischief, was founded, in 1795, under 'an Act for the better Education of Persons professing the Papist or Roman Catholic Religion.' Its real object was to take the Romish priests out of the hands of foreign influence. Its profession was to give them a better education, as if it were possible for any religion, least of all for Popery, to allow of, so-called, heretical interference with the education of its priesthood.

At its commencement, we learn from the evidence of the Rev. John Cousins, one of the first pupils, that it was conducted on Gallican principles; but the Jesuits, through the first Principal, Dr. Hussey,† Dr. Troy, Father Betagh, Dr. Murray, and Mr. Kenny, soon procured access to it; and that it then by degrees passed entirely into their hands, or under their influence, can no

* Vol. i. p. 203.

† The Digest will supply some information on the subject of Dr. Hussey. See especially p. 313, vol. i. Father Betagh seems to have been the principal reviver of Jesuitism in Ireland, by the school which he opened in Dublin. Mr. Kenny, we believe, who had been found by him in a coachmaker's employment, was educated there and afterwards sent abroad. Mr. Betagh is also supposed to have been intrusted with the funds of the Jesuits, from which Clongowes was purchased; and it has been also asserted, with what truth we do not venture to say, that he had no little influence in the elevation of Dr. Murray.

longer be doubted. Any one the least conversant with the nature of an Ecclesiastical establishment must know that the directing power of it will ultimately be traced to the great schools from which the clergy are supplied; and no one can know anything of Jesuitism, and suppose that such a place as Maynooth would long escape from their intrigues. By what steps this change was effected—who Dr. Hussey was, who Mr. Kenny was—what connexion exists between Maynooth and Clongowes—and what kind of books are and have been studied at Maynooth—will be well worth inquiry from the legislature. The inquiry which has been instituted before this was perfectly nugatory;—and the regular visitation of the college is, as might naturally be supposed, a farce. But just after the foundation of Maynooth and the consequent formation of a nucleus for an ecclesiastical movement, distinct from the parochial clergy, a very singular change comes over the Romish bishops. Dr. O'Connor* himself, the same learned Roman Catholic clergyman to whom we have so often been indebted, traces it again and again to ‘the private consistory of Maynooth.’ The first indication of it is a singular expression in the Resolutions of 1799—when, as Dr. O'Connor states,† ‘the Irish government made a private proposal to the trustees of Maynooth for an independent provision’ for the Romish priests. One of the proposals which the bishops suggested in return was, that in the vacancy of a see, the ‘clergy of the diocese should—not elect according to the canonical authorised practice, but recommend a candidate to the prelates of the ecclesiastical province, who elect him or any other they may think worthy.’ These resolutions were ‘kept a profound secret;’ and it seems probable that the hope of obtaining some such advantage was the inducement which operated with the bishops to recommend the *veto*. By these few words the power of nominating bishops was to be transferred into the hands of the then bishops; and the first step was taken to placing the whole parochial system under the hands of the purely Popish and Jesuit body, and eradicating the Gallican spirit, which was found to be so unfavourable for the purposes of agitation. About the same time we find the Irish bishops coming forward against the Gallican clergy in the midst of their greatest trials and noblest conduct, and supporting the concordatum of Pius VII. with Buonaparte. In 1804 a *public* avowal is made in Lord Redesdale’s correspondence with Lord Fingal, ‘that the recommendation of successors to Catholic bishoprics in Ireland, is in the bishops of the province.’ In 1808, Sept. 14, the Romish bishops resolve, that it is inexpedient to make any alteration in this practice. In 1809, a proposal is made through Dr. Moylan

* Columbanus, *passim*.

† P. 5, 190.

to Sir John Hippisley, that 'the Pope will engage that no person shall be named to any Roman Catholic vacant see in this country (Ireland) but such as shall be elected and presented by the Roman Catholic bishops,' who 'will engage' not to *elect* or present 'any but loyal persons.' In November, 1809, an appeal was made to the Pope by the bishops of Connaught against Dr. Troy and Dr. Reily, for 'supporting the last will of Dr. Dillon, [so-called] Archbishop of Tuam, who bequeathed his diocese, without consulting them, to Dr. Kelly.' In 1810, the bishops pass another resolution, that 'the recommendation of us bishops when concurring had been progressively advancing in weight and authority with the Roman see;' and they recognise this new practice of confining the election of bishops to themselves, as 'being in progress to become a part of the ecclesiastical system;' they add that the choice of bishops '*thus effectively originated and was circumscribed* by them, so far as at least to make it inaccessible (*except by their permission*) to foreign temporal influence.' And thus it appears that to obtain this power, taken from the lower orders of the clergy, and contrary to the canons of the Romish Church, they were first willing to admit the *veto* from the Crown, and when that was inadmissible, they threw themselves on the Pope, and abandoned all their Gallican and canonical principles, receiving in return the Pope's full licence for all their proceedings.

'The truth is,' says Dr. O'Connor, 'that twenty-one suffragan bishops have entered into a solemn compact with the four archbishops of Ireland, that they the suffragans shall be allowed to bequeath their respective dioceses to whomsoever they please, provided the archbishops are allowed to do the same; and so Dr. Troy has bequeathed Dublin to a Mr. Murray, Dr. Dillon has bequeathed Tuam to a Mr. Kelly. Other bishops also have already elected their own successors, without the least reference to the feelings of the subordinate clergy, gentry, or nobility; and this is styled canonical election. This is the boasted, this the glorious spiritual independence of the Irish Church!'

The names of Dr. Troy and Dr. Murray have been already alluded to. As connected with them the inquirer might be recommended to ask—Who was Dr. Troy? Was he, as Dr. O'Connor says, 'a Dominican friar, of the order of the Holy Inquisition, and connected with Spain?'† Who was Dr. Kelly? Mr. Wyse, for one, will answer that he was the most active of political agitators—the Romish bishops of Connaught will add another character of him, which our readers may see in their Appeal against his Election.‡ Of Dr. Murray we have heard

* Vol. i. p. 12.

† Columbanus, No. 7, p. 23.

‡ See it in Columb. p. 5. 209.

something already. His connexion with Mr. Peter Kenny, at first his assistant at Maynooth, and subsequently president of the Jesuit College at Clongowes, is not to be overlooked. And thus a clue may be obtained to the origin of this remarkable movement, the end of which naturally would be to place the Priests at the mercy of the Bishops, and the Bishops at the disposal of the Pope, or rather of that secret influence by which the Pope is both supported and controlled.

Notwithstanding this act of the bishops, in 1814 a very active movement seems to have been made by the priests in several dioceses—Dublin, for instance, Ossory, Cloyne and Ross, Cork, Dro-more, Meath, Clonfert, Limerick, and Derry—against this usurpation, and against the veto as *tolerated* (the word, to ears familiar with Popish principles, is very significant) by the well-known letter of Quarantotti. Quarantotti was at the head of the Propaganda, and during the captivity of the Pope, assumed the management of affairs, and seems to have acted cordially with the Irish bishops; as Irish bishops, on many other occasions, have been found to act in maintaining a similar close correspondence with the agitating party at Rome, while the clergy and nobility kept aloof and maintained their loyalty and Gallican principles. But the release of the Pope seems to have extorted a new movement from the bishops. On the 27th May, 1814, they resolved that ‘Quarantotti’s Rescript was not mandatory,’ and renounced altogether any notion of a veto connected with the concession of the Relief Bill. This change was evidently produced by the restoration of the Pope and the improved aspect of things. While he was in captivity, they were willing to make as good a bargain with government as possible. When he was restored to freedom, they resolved to take higher ground. The bishops also are in a great degree dependent for their incomes on the priests, and this consideration too may have had its weight.

At some subsequent period—(when, precisely, we are not able to say, and the whole proceedings of the Romish system are so hidden from sight, that, except on the authority of their own writers, it is dangerous to speak positively)—the usurped power of nominating to bishoprics seems to have reverted again from the bishops to the clergy; and these now, *we believe*, nominate three persons, of whom one is selected by the Pope, and generally the first on the list.

Still, it might seem, attempts were to be made, and they were not unsuccessful, to obtain, through some other means, the command over the parochial priests, without whose co-operation even Jesuitism could hope for little. Now, during the above negotiations with the crown, was it one of the objects secretly settled

settled at Rome, 'that, whilst with one hand concessions were made to the English government, the Inquisition should be introduced into Ireland in favour of absolute vicarial authority?' or, in words more intelligible to readers not familiar with the policy of Rome, was it now resolved, as a part of that policy, to break up the parochial system of Popery in Ireland; to bring the parish priests under the *absolute control* of their bishops; to place the bishops themselves under Vicars Apostolic, as 'Delegates of the Pope:' so that the Romish Church in Ireland might be converted from a quiet, well-disposed, religious community into an active, turbulent, overwhelming force, in the hands of the moving power of the Propaganda? And was this to be effected by introducing a branch of the Inquisition; such a branch as could be secretly established without attracting observation?

In 1816, Dr. O'Connor positively affirms such to be the fact.* His own excommunication is a sufficient indication of something of the kind. In 1814, in a letter from a Roman Catholic priest on the subject of the election of bishops, many hints may be found of intentions to degrade the parish priests; of 'unsuccessful appeals from curates who had incurred bishops' displeasure, to the meeting of bishops at Maynooth; of their being forbidden, under pain of canonical censure, to prosecute such appeals; of a random '*ad libitum*' power of suspension; of meetings of clergy on the veto being discouraged, whereas on the same subject in 1799 they had been recommended '*permissu superiorum*.' In 1821, Mr. Morrissy, a Roman Catholic priest, publishes an express declaration to the same effect;—exposing, in his own case, the existence of a secret tribunal, before which he was accused, and punished, according to the method of the Inquisition, without being confronted with witnesses, or allowed to make his defence; his real crime being, that he had come forward to maintain the laws, and reprobate the 'rebellious dispositions' of a body of '*agrarian outragists*,' called 'Caravats.' His statement is entitled 'A Development of the Cruel and Dangerous Inquisitorial System of the Court of Rome in Ireland,' and is well worth studying. In a work before referred to,† it is distinctly proved that the Appendix to Dens, circulated under the authority of Dr. Murray, recognises the existence of an Inquisition in Ireland. Dr. Doyle acknowledges the fact that Ireland is 'partly a *mission*, and partly an establishment;' a condition of things totally different from the Gallican view of the state of Ireland.‡ With this we would couple the changes

* Part. vii. p. 8.

† Romanism as it Rules in Ireland, vol. ii. p. 250.

‡ See Fleury, 'Discours sur les Libertés de l'Eglise Gallicane.'

which

which have been made in the appointment to curacies, by which the whole body of curates are placed at the disposal of the bishop, to shift about from place to place as he chooses; the arbitrary withdrawal of faculties; the refusal to collate priests to parishes, as before—holding them, as it were, suspended, with a power of dismissal at pleasure; a plan which, it is stated in the Evidence before the Tithe Committee, had been adopted by Dr. Doyle, and which is also understood to be practised by Dr. Mac Hale, if not by other bishops. We will add another question. Were there not secret bodies, especially one called ‘Thrashers,’ who rose up about this time—when the parochial priests, as it would seem, required coercion—not, as usual, against the landlords, *but against the priests*, threatening to reduce their dues, and often venturing on violence to them:—have *they* been heard of since?

The inquirers may then proceed to ask a few more questions. Is it the present practice,* when the old priest is unwilling to agitate, to attach to him a coadjutor of a more violent character, with a greater or less amount of salary;—and to what extent does this prevail? Have these coadjutors been multiplied to the number of two, three, or even four, in one parish? How are the present priests selected? Are they drawn from respectable, independent families, or from the lowest part of the population; picked out by the priests from the cleverest boys in the parish-schools, and recommended to the bishops; by the bishops placed at

* Another series of circumstances has been traced by the diligent and acute authors of the ‘Digest of Evidence:’—

1. In the year 1795, they say (vol. i. p. 314) the ‘Treatise on Theology’ ‘was published for the use of the Maynooth students under the presidency of Dr. Hussey.’ Of this treatise it is unnecessary here to give any account.

2. In the year 1797 appeared the ‘Pastoral Address’ of Dr. Hussey, then Roman Catholic Bishop of Waterford, suggesting the tampering with the soldiery.

3. In the years 1800 and 1804, societies of humble persons for the education of the Roman Catholic poor were instituted, and taken under the protection of the Pope. The nature of the education which these societies imparted may be inferred from Mr. Dunphy’s evidence (or rather his extreme unwillingness to give any evidence at all).

4. In 1814 the Jesuit college of Clongowes was established for the instruction of the gentry; and thus the education of the Irish Roman Catholics of the higher and the poorer classes was to become subservient to the designs or wishes of the Pope.

5. In 1816 tracts exciting to sedition, and containing sentiments of religious bigotry and superstition, were widely circulated; and the Rhemish Testament was published with Dr. Troy’s approbation.

6. In the year 1822 Friar Hayes was permitted to preach and publish his ‘incantatives to blood;’ and when the nature and extent of the Ribbon Conspiracy had been fully disclosed to government, Dr. Doyle published a pastoral address, *advising* the discovered conspirators to desist from their attempts, but *not commanding* them to desist, nor threatening them with an anathema if they persevered, and concluding with wishing them, whatever their determination may be, ‘peace and benediction.’

7. And in 1824 the same Dr. Doyle informed the Government in a published letter, that they ought not to depend on the Roman Catholic prelates or clergy; because, if a rebellion ‘were raging from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear, no prelate would fulminate an excommunication.’

Maynooth,

Maynooth, and there educated almost, if not wholly, gratuitously—that is, at the expense of the *English Protestant government*? Is the system at Maynooth enlarged, elevated, capable of expanding the mind, and softening the heart—or the very reverse? What has been, and must be, the result of training up a body of ecclesiastics under the influence of Popery in a preparatory course of education, without association with laymen? Compare the system at Carlow, and other private institutions, and at Maynooth. Is the system at Maynooth one of severe coercion by espionage, by the dread of expulsion without appeal, and without any check on the arbitrary proceedings of the governor? As the whole future prospects of the student depend on his admission to orders, is this dependence sufficient to maintain implicit obedience, with scarcely any other punishment? What is the course of their studies? Is it confined to the lowest classical authors; to tracts on science written by professors of the college, who were never heard of beyond its walls; and to a system of polemical theology, in which *Dr. Dens*, even if they dare not avow it, is the standard book of reference?

Are they trained up in feelings of hostility to Protestants and to Englishmen, and imbued with all the falsehoods respecting the English Church, which are subsequently found to be disseminated by them among the unhappy peasantry? Are their habits of life such as would form a body of men who might occupy that station among gentlemen, which, both for the peace and cementing of society, and for their own just influence over their flock, they ought to maintain? We are not speaking of false refinement, of luxuries, or comforts, but of those habits of general decency, of manly quietness, of a just appreciation of their own position—elevated as Christian ministers, lowly as citizens—of respect without servility, of self-confidence without arrogance, and of benevolence without weakness, which constitute the character of an English or Irish gentleman, whether of the laity or the clergy. Can, in fact, the Irish gentry admit them generally to their society—as they did admit the generation before them? Above all, what hold have the Jesuits on Maynooth? To what extent prevails the *Sodality of the Heart*, or of the *Propagation of the Faith* among them? Are habits of truth carefully inculcated there? Is *Dr. Dens* the rule of their morals? If not, who is?

These are questions bearing not only on the acknowledged fact that an extraordinary change has, by some instrument or another, been effected in the character of the parochial priests of Ireland—but also on the suggestion, that this instrument may perhaps be no other than what *Dr. O'Connor* asserts—*viz.*, the same intriguing power which is now effectually swaying the
general

general machinery of Popery. Perhaps in this place the following fact may not be without its weight.

It is well known to those who are acquainted with the history of Jesuitism, that, among other means of working on the mind and rousing it to the necessary pitch of fanaticism, the Jesuits lay much stress on the practice (invented by themselves) of *retreats*. These retreats take place annually. They continue for eight or ten days, during which the devotee is placed under a system of discipline, comprising meditation, self-examination, retirement from the world, profound silence, repeated devotional exercises : and the mind is heated and excited till it becomes a plastic and willing tool in the hands of its spiritual directors. These retreats, to which the Jesuits attach 'a value inferior only to the gospel,' used to be confined to monks, friars, and a few of the most enthusiastic of the laity. But within the last few years they have, we understand, been *extended to the parochial priests*, and the management of them has been especially committed by several of the Romish bishops to the Jesuits. Not two years ago, in one of the principal monasteries in Ireland, were the whole body of priests in two dioceses received for one week, and their coadjutors for the next—and did Dr. Kenny, the head of the Jesuits, the same who has been so often alluded to before, come down for the express purpose of superintending their spiritual exercises? When it is understood that these include not only direct instruction from the superintendents, but a confession on the 5th day, extending to the whole life from the earliest infancy, and at the close a communication to the confessor of the resolutions formed during the retreat; that the books used are written by Jesuits; that the confessors are either Jesuits themselves, or persons appointed at their suggestion; and that there are reasons for supposing it possible that the confidential secrecy of the confessional is not held binding upon priests in their conferences on church matters; it will not be thought strange that the influence exercised by the Jesuits upon the pupils at Maynooth should extend over them when located in parishes; and that, even with the enormous power possessed by these parish priests, they should still feel another influence above them, checking and overruling their movements.

And now it might be asked, what kind of parochial clergy would be required for the service of the Romish Church in Ireland, under its present circumstances? Let us pause a moment here.

That Church is now, as it always has been since the invasion of Henry II., struggling to obtain an entire dominion over Ireland. It cannot abandon this claim without forfeiting the charter of its existence. It never has abandoned it : it never will. It was the
hierocracy

hierocracy of Popery in Ireland—we thank Dr. Phelan for the term—which brought over Henry to support its own usurpations;—which, instead of assisting the crown in civilising the country, impeded all its plans, rather than strengthen the government;—which made the accumulation of enormous revenues the price of treason to its country, and wasted them, not as ecclesiastics, but as the worst species of temporal barons.† From jealousy against the old Irish Church, it refused to co-operate with Edward I. in admitting the Irish within the pale to the benefit of English laws, even when most humbly petitioned for.‡ Though the spiritual peers in parliament outnumbered all the temporal peers, and constituted, in fact, the chief power in the realm, they did nothing for its good. To shake off the yoke of England, they rebelled for Bruce, and were only checked by the influence of the English, who occupied the archiepiscopal sees. They ‘crossed and bearded Edward III.’§ They sanctioned, by their votes and anathemas, the notorious statute of Kilkenny, in which the very dress, name, language, poetry, even animals, belonging to a race deeply religious, and attached to their ancestors and their country, were denounced as objects of abhorrence both to God and man; and, again, their motive was|| jealousy against the ancient Irish Church, which refused to recognise the supremacy of Rome. They refused taxes, indulged in outrages, till, in a general privilege of pardon, granted to the Earl of Ormond, 1376, we find them excluded from it.¶ In Henry V.’s reign they are named as ‘rebels.’** In Edward IV.’s reign more symptoms are found of their disobedience, and at the same time of their habits of ruling—as they now rule—the unhappy people, by *their curse*.†† Against Henry VII. they openly rebelled, to place Simnel on the throne. During all this time we are told by their own writers that the Irish had been living in the most loyal submissiveness to their Church (it is their constant boast); and, as the same writers, among them Dr. Doyle, confess, they had beneath this rule become ‘ferocious, cowardly, cunning, astute, cruel, strangers to honesty and truth.’

That it was not so much the religious spirit of the laity—a false assumption common to all periods of Irish history—but the ambition of the hierocracy, which roused Ireland so often to rebellion, is proved by the readiness with which the Irish chieftains took the oath of supremacy to Henry VIII., and promised to ‘annihilate the usurped primacy and authority of the bishop of Rome,’ in

* Leland, vol. ii. p. 56. † Phelan’s Policy of the Church of Rome, p. 72.

‡ Phelan, p. 84. § Spenser, State of Ireland. || Cox, p. 210. ¶ Ib. p. 132.

** ‘All archbishops, bishops, abbots, and priors of the Irish nation, *rebels to the King*.’—Cox, p. 151. †† Leland, vol. ii. p. 56.

defiance of the utmost efforts made by the Roman pontiff to hold them in obedience. Under Elizabeth, at the very time when the great body of Roman Catholics was submitting willingly to the changes introduced; when multitudes of the priests and even the majority of the bishops exercised their functions according to the reformed ritual; at that very time the Queen was excommunicated, her life exposed to conspiracies, her kingdoms made over to Spain; every inflammatory engine applied to rouse Ireland to rebellion; and all the 'dismal and horrible effects' developed—to use the language of Cox—of that mission by which, as the greatest and worst of curses, Robert Wauchope, one of the three contemporary archbishops of Armagh, brought in the Jesuits. If the nobles joined in the rebellion, it was, says Sir John Carew,* not from religion:—'Let no man be deceived, for ambition is the true and undoubted cause.' In James I.'s time there was the same rebellious spirit, though, under the tutoring of the Jesuits, it worked secretly, and made its way by taking advantage of the liberality of the crown, by establishing itself insensibly in the kingdom, and by parliamentary manœuvres, 'supported by a Catholic association, and a Catholic rent.' Then came the Great Rebellion; the conduct of the priests under Rinuncini; the movement subsequently stirring whenever there were hopes of a foreign war,—the overtures to a connexion with America, and France,—in all, the separation from England, and the establishment of the supremacy of the Romish hierocracy, as independent masters of Ireland,—being the real and only object: now suspended, according to the bull of Gregory XIII., 'till the public execution may be had or made;' now openly avowed; now prosecuted by violence; now by the stratagems of Jesuitism; now under the mask of liberality; now with barefaced persecution; now in connexion with turbulent nobles; now with Presbyterian demagogues; now with the Irish as their soldiers; now with foreign invaders; now through the perjuries of clients; now by the sword of an O'Neil;—abandoned at once the moment law was enforced, and justice exerted against it; raised up with increased arrogance and clamour at every concession and indulgence. Such has been the uniform history, not of the Roman Catholics in Ireland—for we are not speaking of the laity—but of the leaders of the Popish priesthood in Ireland, when fitting opportunities occurred, especially since the management of the Jesuits began; and as, in all other periods, to gain one and the same end, they have adopted various means most fitting for their purpose, so they have now invented a most efficient instrument for the times out of a parochial clergy.

* *Desiderata Curiosa Hiberniæ*, vol. i. p. vi.

To understand this, let us consider the position which this papal hierocracy now occupies. It has, on the one side, a vast, untutored, impoverished, depressed population—inflammable, gregarious, ‘easily following the religion of their lords;’* full of natural intelligence, inquisitive, deeply religious—imbued with good prejudices, easily led by kindness, and thirsting for education. On the other side is an active, zealous, pure, simple-minded Church, which, though persecuted, has not been weakened, and which is actively engaged in its duty—in doing what it was placed to do both by God and its country, and endeavouring to win over the nation to truth from what Englishmen will not venture to deny is a lamentable and fatal error. With this Church are now beginning to co-operate a considerable body of landlords—it may be slowly indeed and partially—it may be with their eyes just awakening to the folly of encouraging, as their fathers did, the growth of a hostile religion in order to swell their rents or their votes; but inspired with a spirit of loyalty and benevolence, and, we really believe, to no little extent with the piety which they witness in their clergy. Once let the landlords and the clergy combine, and if this be an enlightened age, and Popery is error, neither of which will be denied by the advocates of a liberal policy, Popery must fall—and Ireland be converted. Landlords therefore must be thwarted, and intimidated—and the Church, either by assassination, or terror, or starvation, or a legislative process, be crippled and silenced. But this is not all. Two other bodies are still standing almost neutral—but either of them, by joining the Church and the landlords, would effectually give them the victory. The government of the empire is one, and the public opinion of Protestants the other;—terrify or cajole the one, and *blind the other*—and the triumph of Popery will be comparatively easy.

Now every one of these purposes is to be attained by raising up a body of priests who will hold the population in their hands, to be swayed to and fro as a sort of political bludgeon, ready for outrage and murder at the will of that hidden power which is struggling to reconquer Ireland—who will goad the peasantry into hatred and fear against their landlords, the clergy, and the Sassenach—who will now parade them in vast tumultuous masses, or organised as in the ‘Temperance’ processions—now herd them under the horsewhip to the hustings and registration courts—now marshal them in secret conspiracies—now keep them restless and excited by rumours of massacres, and rebellions, and the recovery of confiscated lands—and, lastly, let us remember,

* Strafford’s Letter.

while

while one hand secretly organises and infuriates them to outrage, will with the other ostentatiously soothe and affect to restrain them; commanding them to evade, but forbidding them to violate the law; that the eyes of the Government may be blinded—and ends may be gained by threats which never could be gained by open force—or, if attempted by force, would hazard not only the lives of the people, to which demagogues seem wonderfully indifferent, but the lives of the demagogues, of which they are pre-eminently and most discreetly careful.

This is the use and object of the present race of Popish priests in Ireland. Terror—terror in every part—terror over the landlord, terror over the clergy, terror over the Government, terror over England, and terror over the Irish peasantry. *It is the reign of terror in Ireland into which the English people are bound to inquire*; and here commences the chief difficulty.

If Englishmen once understood the real nature of the influence by which the Popish priest of this day rules his flock, the rest would be easily seen. But those who best know the truth despair of bringing this home to the understanding and conviction of any who have not personally visited Ireland. That it is affection, veneration, moral influence, the sympathy of birth, personal kindness, constant association, is the prevailing opinion in England;—and witnesses will not be believed who set these aside at once, and give a very different answer,—*Fear*. But witnesses who describe Ireland as it really exists must expect to meet with incredulity, and must patiently submit to it.

That the people are bound to their priests by some extraordinary *fascination*—no one denies. But let us consider for a moment. It cannot be an intellectual conviction of the doctrines of their religion, for that they are deeply in want of instruction is sufficiently attested by the avowed need of a national education. Neither is it the moral influence of character. Let impartial inquirers examine what is the character of the priests in general, and what the opinion entertained of them by the people.

For instance, have the people confidence in their honesty? When they send money from abroad, when they receive their pensions, when they appoint executors to their wills, when they deposit money in the care of others, when they wish to have matters settled by arbitration—*Do they trust their priest? Do they not with wonderful unanimity distrust him? Do they not recur ordinarily, as a matter of course, to their Protestant clergyman and their Protestant landlord?*—(we speak of the general feeling throughout Ireland)—and when asked why they do not have recourse to their priest—is it not the answer, that the priest would cheat them; or, more delicately, that they cannot trust him?

Will persons familiar with Ireland, and unbiassed by party, question the accuracy of this statement?

Upon the same principle, the influence exerted by the priest is not, as M. de Beaumont has so strangely found persons to assure him, and has so infelicitously published,—the influence of charity. That it was so in the last century is highly probable; but if one fact is more notorious than another in Ireland, it is that the present race of priests take everything they can, and give nothing.

Will Parliament inquire whether any change has taken place in the priest's dues since the tithes were taken off the occupier? Does the priest in many parts now exact two flukes, or twenty sheaves, from each head of a family, instead of ten? Have active agents of noblemen been compelled to resist this, and at the risk of their lives? What is the price at which extreme unction and other rites of the Church are now sold? Is it customary to administer them without their being sold? Are the Irish peasants afraid to improve their external condition from fear of additional extortions? What are *stations*, and why has Dr. Ryan, the Romish bishop in Limerick, just now prohibited the feastings which took place in them? What are now the fees for marriages? Is such a fact as this common, that a priest will separate a married couple on the plea of one of the parties being either a Protestant, or having been seduced, or being too nearly related according to the Romish canons, and will then engage to remarry them on the payment of a heavy fine—*eight guineas, for instance*? Will they ask, if it is not a proverb in Ireland that 'there is no luck in a priest's money?'—and whether a dress like a priest's be not the best of all preservatives against the importunity of beggars? And then it should also be asked what is the conduct of the landlords and the clergy, whose doors, M. de Beaumont asserts, can never be approached by the poor, while travellers who are staying within those doors will scarcely be able to come out without meeting some miserable object waiting to be relieved?

But, we are told, this influence of the priest is the result of social and religious communication!—Undoubtedly, as to the *social* point, the priest has access to the cabins of the peasants at all hours. Undoubtedly he does mix with them upon terms of more intimacy than the clergy of the Church. He is one of themselves: sprung from them, bred up in the same habits—very often (O, when will the Irish Church and the English government understand the value of this!) speaking the Irish language!—and the first to undertake their cause, and identify himself with their views, whenever a landlord is to be thwarted—or a magistrate bearded on the bench—or a criminal to be extricated from the law—or a tenant to be kept in possession of his land—or a clergyman to be resisted—or any other

other work to be done in which the spiritual power can safely be brought to bear against the Sassenach or the Church. So also—for facts must be stated plainly, however certain to be regarded as caricatures and exaggerations—if by *religious communication* is meant the performance by them at stated times of the rites of their Church in an unknown tongue—the delivery of a short address (called a *sermon*), enforcing the payment of dues, or denouncing individuals—the celebration of mass—the confession—extreme unction—the blessing the holy clay to be put into the coffins of the dead, that their souls may not be risked by their bodies lying in ground polluted with the corpses of Protestants;—if it means the saying masses not only for the dead, but in boats when first launched, for a good take of herrings—for sick cows and horses and pigs!—to prevent the fish from forsaking a bay over which a Protestant corpse had been carried;—if it means blessing a house to drive away fairies and goblins—writing orations or verses from St. John's Gospel to hang round the neck of children, as a charm—drawing up amulets as protections for cattle—hearing confessions, and pronouncing absolution at the rate of ten minutes for each case—(Mr. Mathison gives this calculation from their own statements)—then indeed, we freely confess, that *religious communication* has very much to do with the influence of the priests. But by religious communication, we mean the watchful, anxious solicitude of a clergyman for the real spiritual interest of souls committed to his care—the fatherly correction, the gradual development of principles and feelings, the consolation, encouragement, enlightenment of the conscience, the reading by sick beds, the prayers in the hour of death, the seizure of every occasion to put the truth of God into men's minds, and the love of God into their hearts. And once again, we intreat the English public—on whom, humanly speaking, the question now rests, whether the unhappy peasantry of Ireland shall be rescued to the Church or be abandoned to Popery—to inquire how much of this is to be found in the ministrations of the Romish priests, as they at present exist? We do not say there are not many, very many exceptions; God forbid that any body of men should so utterly have fallen!—but we speak of them generally. And when such a suggestion is met by the pathetic and imposing descriptions of the nightly journey of priests in cold and darkness, at all seasons, and on every call, to administer the consolations of religion to the sick and the dying—let it be understood that this consolation is simply the rite of extreme unction, which is never performed till hope has vanished—that it is rarely performed, even in the poorest case, without either money in hand or a pledge of payment—(2s., 6s., 10s., 15s., 20s., 30s., occur in

cases now before us)—that the priest dare not withhold it, because the people, *believing that salvation depends* on it*, will not tolerate a denial, and Dr. Dens himself allows it to them 'as a right.' These things are hard to speak of—they are very painful to hear, painful to believe. But again and again it must be repeated, that, unless the eyes of the English public are opened to the truth, the Church of Ireland, and Ireland itself, and with Ireland the English empire, and with the English empire all the great interests of mankind, spiritual as well as political, which are dependent on it, will be sacrificed to that abused delicacy with which Popery is now treated and described.

Where then, if neither in the intellect nor the heart, does the influence of the priest rule?

First of all, in that deep, secret, mysterious dread of supernatural agency which penetrates the Irish character. In England—civilised, reformed, enlightened England—from which railways, and newspapers, and spinning-jennies have banished ghosts, goblins, fairies, and the belief of everything unseen by sense—we cannot comprehend the hold which superstition (we call it superstition, not as if its root did not lie deep in truth and good affection) possesses over the Irish peasant.† A curse with him is now, and has been from the very beginning, the most powerful of charms. Tara 1100 years ago was rendered the waste it now is by a *priest's curse*, and every page of their history is full of similar facts. It has a living power with the Irishman, and a blessing even from the beggar is worth the risk of starvation.‡

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* 'What did you believe in' (said a friend to an intelligent young convert), 'before you were converted to the Church?' 'I believed in my priest.'—'What did you believe he could do?' 'Save me.'—'How?' 'By anointing me.' A better summary of the state of Popery in Ireland could scarcely be given. The necessity of extreme unction is so keenly felt, that in islands where ordinarily the priest never comes but twice a year to receive his dues, when, in consequence of the surf, he cannot land to administer the rite, they put the dying man into a boat, and carry him ten miles to the main land. The operation is called preparing them for death. An omission of it even from accident plunges the surviving family in the deepest affliction. Its performance quiets the conscience of the most guilty criminal. 'Lie still, or how can I save you?' was the angry expression of a priest to a poor dying man, whose convulsive movement interrupted the operation. And the threat of withholding the rite and permitting them to 'die like dogs' is one of the most ordinary influences exercised over the unhappy peasant.

† We cannot speak of the Irish peasant without alluding to the many lighter works of literature which have recently portrayed his character. But we hope to return to this more agreeable part of the subject, and devote some space to it. Two of the most pleasing are entitled 'Rambles in the South of Ireland by Lady Chatterton' (2 vols. 1839); and 'Home Sketches,' &c., by the same Lady, (3 vols. 1841); and it is no little satisfaction that volumes marked at once by so much talent and refinement, and by so much kind and affectionate interest for Ireland, should have been written by, we believe, an Englishwoman. But Lady Chatterton must not hope to escape from us in a note.

‡ This popular feeling will in fact completely neutralise the action of the poor-laws,

He bows down willingly to man as the minister of God. He sees a supernatural agency and a sacramental meaning in every thing. He has never yet been raised to know and exercise an independent strength either of intellect or of arm, and he throws himself willingly and gladly, and with all the warmth and confidence, and cowardice, and thoughtlessness of a child, under any one who professes to be his master. Would our readers believe that, among the great mass of the Irish peasantry, they would find such a creed as this:—that the priest, when IN HIS VESTMENTS AT THE ALTAR—(this must be remembered)—can bless and curse as God;—that he can work miracles, and does work miracles, as in healing the sick—(hundreds of such cases are circulated through the country, and believed, though the parties healed do not appear);—that he can turn *men into animals, birds, asses, and serpents*—can fix them to the spot;—‘can make horns grow out of their heads;’—that Father Mathew also works miracles—that his medal is a remedy against sickness; that it drives away ill-luck; that it rescues persons ‘even from the doors of hell:’—that their bishops individually, in the words of their catechisms, are not only what bishops are, ambassadors of God, ‘but personate God himself on earth, and are worthily called not only angels, but gods also;’*—and that, when the priest is in the confessional, ‘he is, as it were, God;’ ‘what he hears, he hears not as man but God’—and therefore he ‘knows it only *as God*,’ and may swear, without perjury, ‘I know nothing,’ ‘because the word I,’ as Dr. Dens explains it, (vol. vi. p. 219) ‘restricts to knowledge acquired by him *as man*’!!!

Is in fact Popery in Ireland the adoration of a priest? And is this the answer frequently given by the unhappy people when asked whom they worship, ‘My priest is my God?’

Now let such notions as these be supported by the principle of ‘implicit faith;’ by the fundamental doctrine of transubstantiation, which attributes to the priest a complete miraculous power, subversive of all the evidence of the senses; by the mystery of the confessional generally, which places any man, but especially an Irishman, completely at the mercy of his priest.† Let such notions,

so little do our present legislators understand the materials with which they propose to deal. Without vagrancy-laws workhouses are useless. But vagrancy-laws cannot be enforced when the people will not refuse to give—and the Irish will not refuse their potato so long as the beggar has a blessing to give in return, or a *curse* to denounce on the refusal.

* We are quoting from the Catechism set forth by the Council of Trent, and acknowledged by the Romish bishops to be a decisive authority, without appeal.

† It is a remarkable peculiarity in their character that they ‘become perfect slaves to a person who is acquainted with their guilt.’ We have heard a clergyman of our own Church assert that an Irishman, who had once in confidence confessed a crime to him, never came into his presence afterwards without trembling from head to foot.

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in place of being discouraged and combated, be studiously encouraged by the priest, and pushed to the utmost extravagance. Let the poor peasantry hear every Sunday of the power of the priest's curse! Let a mark be set upon the man who offends a priest—so that he becomes an outcast from society; that the most tremendous civil consequences of spiritual excommunication are brought down upon him for the most trivial act—precisely such as are enforced upon heretics by the authorised formularies of popery; * that his neighbours refuse to speak to him; that his property is left exposed to all kinds of injury, because there is no wrong in wronging a man who is a rebel against the Pope; that even *just debts are refused to be paid on the same ground*;—that wives will be brought to curse their husbands, on their bare knees, as devils, and worse than devils; that parents will, at the command of the priest, turn their children out of doors to starve; husbands separate from their wives—brothers hire ruffians to assault their brothers; buying and selling be interdicted, and the victim be abandoned to starvation. Let the injunction of the Achill priest—whom Dr. Mac Hale, with thirteen other priests, came over to the island to support—be recommended, and the Irish peasants be ordered, ‘if such condemned persons come to them in the field, whatever they would have in their hand, if it was a spade, to strike them with it,’ and ‘if it was a pitchfork, to stick them.’† Let there be a body of ruffians, such as Dr. Doyle describes them to be in his Pastoral Letters to *them*, capable of any crime, secretly moving about the country in all places of public resort, ready to fall on any one thus pointed out for punishment. Let there be few gradations of the poorer orders to check such persecution by a moral influence. Let the victim be completely dependent on his little holding of land, and no refuge be opened to him elsewhere. Let the landlord, if a Romanist, be under the influence of the priest; and if a Protestant, be indifferent to the persecution of a Protestant. Let the magistrate have no access to the chapel where these interdicts are fulminated; or be remiss in taking proceedings against the priests *who provide the members who form the majority which supports the government*; or else let him be utterly baffled in his inquiries by the impossibility of obtaining information under this reign of terror, by the notorious perjury which such cases generate, by the violence of the priests, and by the combination of the priest-ruled peasantry. Let *these facts* be realised in the mind, as they may be substantiated by proof—

* If any one wishes to see these he may find them, under the hand of a Roman Catholic priest, who had ascertained them at Rome, in 1821, in Mr. Morrissey's Development, p. 9, &c.

† Extracts from Evidence before the Lords on the Achill Mission, p. 101.

not in one part of Ireland, nor of one priest, but as the general character of the system—and Englishmen will then form some notion of our meaning, when we hinted that the *rule of the priest was a reign of terror*.

But this is not all. We have supposed hitherto that this spiritual tyranny is confined to purely spiritual offences. It is one of the delusions of the day that a determinate line can be drawn between spiritual things and temporal; and this delusion of ours enables the Pope to tolerate the Romish priests in taking the oath of allegiance. Their line is very different from ours. But even were it otherwise, it would be a question for a government whether it is not bound to interfere, as Christian states have interfered before, to prevent the abuse of such denunciations and excommunications, by confining them to cases where, in some legitimate court, some *spiritual and sufficient offence* had been proved.

‘I know,’ says Lord Grenville, arguing on the Roman Catholic Question, May 27, 1808, ‘that the Catholic practice of excommunication is objected. But this practice can be applied to spiritual matters only. Have there been attempts to extend it further? Permit no such interference with the temporal interests of your people: prohibit it by your laws; and if prohibition be found ineffectual, *punish it*.’

What would Lord Grenville have said if he could have known the use made, every Sunday, in Ireland, not perhaps of absolute excommunication—for this curse is felt to be too awful to be generally tolerated by the people* as a common thing—but by threats and

* We have before us one instance in which, when the priest was about to commence the ceremony by ringing the bell, the congregation protested against it, because (we are quoting the words) ‘the harvest was not gathered; and ringing the bell would bring bad luck on the parish.’ In others, to show that it is considered not as a spiritual discipline, but a curse, it is practised on Protestants. In another case before us, the victim was a poor woman excommunicated for allowing her children to go to a Scripture School. The examination was taken down in order to be laid before the Committee of the House of Lords, on oath. We will give a part of it, as illustrative of the state of things.—
‘Q. Were you in the chapel on the day of the cursing? A. I was.—Q. Did you hear it? A. I did.—Q. What did the priest say? A. *He bound he cursed her well*.
“‘I asked,” says the writer, “some more questions, but the man seemed disinclined to answer, and I did not press him.” The next witness came, promising to tell all about it, to oblige Mr. —; but evincing the greatest dislike to be known to have done so.
‘Q. Were you in — chapel the day the woman was cursed? A. I was.—Q. Did you hear it? A. I did.—Q. At what mass? A. At second mass.—Q. Did the priest give a reason for cursing the woman? A. He said it was for going here and there.—Q. What did he mean by that? A. Because he said she was to and fro, going sometimes to mass and sometimes to church.—Q. What did he say to her? A. He said enough, I’ll be bound.—Q. What did he say? A. *He cursed every inch of her carcass*.—Q. Did he bid the people not to speak to her? A. He desired them not to speak to her, or deal with her, or have anything to do with her.—Q. Did he curse her child? [the poor creature was pregnant at the time.] A. He cursed everything that would spring from her.—Q. Did he say anything about the child she was carrying—did he curse the fruit of her womb? A. I did not hear him say that: he cursed everything that would spring from her.—Q. How was he dressed? A. He threw off the clothes

and denunciations, in which individuals are either mentioned by name* or accurately pointed out; appeals are made to the people as the proper executioners of the threat; and a social persecution is set on foot, which scarcely any one, least of all an Irishman, with his gregarious habits and dependence upon others, can resist.

And here let us pause again.

How are statements like these, which unsubstantiated by facts are valueless, to be brought home to the minds of Englishmen? It must be by an accumulation of them in every shape and from every part of Ireland. And it would be well if those who are most interested in opening the eyes of the country would take steps to place on record, upon authentic information, and supported by such witnesses as *can* be procured under this system of intimidation, every occurrence of the kind—and to preserve them ready when called for—if not from time to time to lay them before the public through some regular channels. Something at least may be done in this way to overcome the almost hopeless apathy and incredulity which at present prevails. Mr. Colquhoun has made one collection from the *Reports of Parliamentary Com-*

clothes he had on, and put on a black dress.—*Q.* Did he do anything with candles? *A.* 'Tis the way: the clerk quenched all the candles but one, and himself put out that, and said, "So the light of heaven was quenched upon her soul;" and he shut a book, and said, the gates of heaven were shut upon her that day.—*Q.* What do you mean by saying "he cursed every inch of her carcass?" *A.* He cursed her eyes, and her ears, and her legs, and so on every bit of her.—*Q.* What did you think of such doings? *A.* I wished myself at Carminole—[a proverbial expression].—*Q.* What do you mean by that? *A.* I wished myself a thousand miles off from such a thing.—*Q.* Did the rest of the people in the chapel seem to like it? *A.* How could they like it? They all disliked it: some were crying, some women fainted.—*Q.* Did any one speak to the priest about it? *A.* I'll be bound they did not; they left him to himself—they would be in dread of their lives to stir.—Another witness, having deposed to the same effect, used these remarkable expressions, to be borne in mind when a demand is made for the names of witnesses, and such evidence as in England would be required before a jury. "Now, sir," said the man, after stating these circumstances, "I would go up to my neck in that sea there to serve the gentleman you are with—I would do anything short of my life, in fact—but it would be better for me to be dead a thousand times than to have my name brought in question about this business. Five hundred could tell you the same story, but what could a man do standing alone? for God's sake don't expose me." The whole examination is too long to extract. It may be enough to add, that the neighbours of the poor woman withdrew from intercourse with her. Shopkeepers refused to sell even bread to her. Her own children were included in the curse, except one, who was in the service of a Roman Catholic lady, and was prohibited from speaking to his mother. The poor woman with whom they lodged was so tormented by the neighbours that they were obliged to quit the house, and must have perished in the street had they not been received into the house of a Protestant: and when the poor creature's confinement approached, a *Roman Catholic lady* prohibited the usual person from attending her, under threat of losing her support; and no one could be found to attend until the wife of the clergyman of the parish (from whom we heard this ourselves) interested herself to obtain from the priest a reluctant permission.

* The evidence bearing on the fact that Lord Norbury was denounced, or held up to popular indignation, before he was murdered, may be found in the Report of the Committee on Crime: 3671 to 3703: 6539 to 6553: 10155: 14180 to 14192.

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mittees, chiefly that on *Intimidation at Elections*—and we pause to extract a portion of it, not as the foundation of our own statements, which were made before we met with his volume, but as specimens and illustrations only which may help to awaken attention.

And as the eye runs over them, we entreat the reader to transfer them for a moment to England—to imagine the English clergy, the natural ministers of loyalty, and order, and peace, coming forward simultaneously at elections, under the sanction of their bishops, to co-operate with the most turbulent and seditious demagogues—standing at the communion-table, and prohibiting from approach all who did not vote as they directed—denouncing them by name or description to a ferocious mob, as enemies and traitors—themselves heading that mob in acts of violence and outrage—enjoining exclusive dealing—allowing the walls of their churches to be placarded with incentives to murder, and turning their pulpits, and altars, and churchyards, into political platforms. Imagine *them* prostituting the most solemn mysteries of religion, the sanctity of the sacraments, and the awful threat of a *sinner's death-bed*, to the extortion of votes. Let *them* know that on every word of encouragement they uttered blood has flowed already, and will flow again; and let them still speak on! Let all this be done to exasperate the people against their natural superiors—tenants against landlords, and subjects against governors. Let it break forth not at a time of persecution, when past sufferings might be thought some extenuation for revenge, but in profound peace, when every day was heaping on them fresh acts of conciliation and kindness. Let these acts be known and proved, and the parties named, and yet let the heads of the English Church take no cognisance of such offences. Would it be a calumny to say that such acts might fairly be assumed as a representation of a general system; or, as in the real instance of Ireland, to assert that what takes place during an election will take place whenever it is the interest of the priests to employ similar instruments of power; and that their interest is inseparably connected, by their own confession, with the principles which in England are acknowledged to be destructive of law and of the country?

For what purposes then is this spiritual power exercised?

‘Priest Falvery threatened that he would neither baptize, nor christen, nor perform the rites of the church to a man named Connor, who had promised to vote for the Knight of Kerry. (11852.) Father Walsh said at Borris chapel, “that any one who voted for Kavanagh and Bruen should be refused all religious rites, and so run the risk of everlasting punishment.” (11094.) Father John O’Sullivan said at the altar “that any one who would vote for the Knight of Kerry he would not prepare him for death, but he would let him die like a beast, neither would

would he baptize his children. (11990.) In every chapel in County Kerry, *except three*, the priests warned the people to vote for the popular candidate, *on pain of being held as enemies to their religion.* (4659.) At Cashel the priest threatened Mr. Pennefather's tenants "with the deprivation of the rites of their religion; that he would melt them off the face of the earth; that he would put the sickness on them; that they should not dare to vote as they liked, but as he liked—that if they did, the grass should grow at their door—wiping his boots there at the same time." (5451.) At Clonmel, "not only," says Mr. Willcock, "did the priests of the town interfere, but all the priests from the adjacent parishes—one of them stated that he would turn any of his flock who voted for Mr. Bagwell into a serpent." (5525.) Priest Kehoe addressed the people from the altar of his chapel—said every man who did not vote with them he should denounce "as a renegade and apostate"—held up one who voted against them as a "hypocritical apostate seduced by Satan, who had bartered his soul, his country, and his God for money—told them not to do this, but to be true to their souls, their country, and their God." (11315.) In Kilkenny the constable of Bown-yarrow reports to Mr. Green "that on the 18th of January, 1835, (Sunday,) Mr. —, priest of —, stated to his congregation in the chapel that he would give his curse to any one that would vote against his country—that any one that would give his vote should be *marked*, and that he would mark them himself." "The parish priest of Y—, County Kerry, (4877,) told his parishioners in the chapel that every one who voted against his country should be marked out of the flock." (p. 282.) In County Carlow Father Maher said "he and the priest would mark them to their graves."

But with this spiritual denunciation is coupled something of a more temporal nature.

'In Borris chapel a meeting took place, with Father Walsh in the chair. Father Walsh said "that any person who voted for Mr. Kavanagh had ceased to be a member of his church, and was delivered over to Satan. Such as were present he called on them to quit the chapel, for fear of polluting the people, who should not eat, drink, or sleep with them. The curse of the Almighty would fall on them in this world, while, with the mark of Cain on their foreheads, they would go down to the grave, for betraying their religion and country. Any man who voted for Kavanagh and Bruen should be refused all religious rites, and would run the risk of everlasting punishment."

'In Tipperary, Mr. Fitzgerald states (6219) that "the priests declared, with respect to two tradesmen, that a cross should be placed opposite their doors, and that neither of them should sell a bit of bread." At Tralee a proprietor of public cars between Tralee and Dingle was informed that if he voted for Mr. Denny he should be compelled to take his cars off the road. (p. 282.) Another person dissolved his partnership immediately with a *marked man* who had agreed to vote for Mr. Denny. (p. 282.) After the elections the usual course was to make up a list of those who voted against the priest's order, printed and headed

as follows—we take the case of Queen's County—"The List of the Tithe Supporters who voted for Coote and Vesey, and against the people; for the sake of your country forget not your friends, but particularly *remember your foes.*" The object of this, lest any should misunderstand it, Mr. O'Connell explained in a placard issued in Kerry: "Let them take down, and publish in their parishes, the names of any traitors to Ireland—put up the names of the traitors—*let no man deal with them*—let no woman speak to them—let the children laugh them to scorn." (4379.)

'At Navan the notices were more pointed. "Take notice not to deal with your enemy, while you can either buy or sell with your friends. James Morgan voted for Randall Plunket; the shoemaker did the same; J—— Y——, M—— N——, sell bread, who would eat it? J—— Y——, M—— N——, sell boots and shoes, who would wear them?" (5882.) Lest these should be called idle threats, we turn to their application. Here is Mr. Coghlan's report from Navan. "Yesterday, and until late last night, a number of the peasantry congregated in front of ——'s shop, threatening persons not to dare to purchase bread or meat from him. Two women, Protestants, who purchased flour in ——'s shop, were severely beaten on their way home." (5888.) From Stradbally, Queen's county, the official report is, "such freeholders as did not vote by the direction of the priests, for Messrs. Cassidy and Lalor, are in the utmost state of fear, and no means are left to hold them up to the odium of the people throughout the country. In addition to their names having been posted and the lists printed, I send you the Maryborough Independent newspaper, which publishes their names, and calls on the public not to hold intercourse with them." (4861.) At Rosenallis the constable took down two notices on the chapel walls "threatening severe punishment on any who should deal with ——, of Rosenallis, shopkeeper, because he refused to vote for Mr. Lalor." (4871.)

'At Kells, County Meath, there was a little relaxing in the popular feeling. Out came, on the 16th February, a notice warning all to avoid the *marked shops*, and if they did not know them to ask others:—"They put up hand-bills begging of you to go back to them; but who dare attempt to cross their door, let them mark the consequences." (5916.) In the country, near Kells, some persons had taken conacres from a *marked* proprietor; they were immediately visited by a party of men, "who told them if they did not give them up, they would be under the clay before the corn could be over it; and in consequence each of these persons gave up the acres." (5916.) Nay, so late as the middle of April, long after the election heats were over, at Kilshier, a person intended to take some potato-ground from a marked proprietor; he found on the chapel wall a notice addressed to him, warning him that he should do so at the peril of his life. (5916.) At Kells, in July, the exclusive dealing is still continued, and "no Protestant whatever is dealt with there." (5919.) One placard is mentioned, "H——, you are a Rathcormac supporter—exclusive dealing will totter your establishment to the ground." (5830.) On the 11th of May a notice was served

served on a man of the name of ———, threatening him with the fate of another who was murdered in daylight, if he did not withdraw his cattle from the farm of a man who had been marked. (5833-4.) In Stradbally, after such a notice to a voter, a witness observes, "He remained some days after giving his vote, and *no single person entered his shop.*" (4856.) At Clonmiel, a man was obliged to remove his name from the door (as all custom had left him), "that people might not know he resided there." (5269.) But the strongest case, and the best illustration of the system of the priests, is that of a man who was offered as a witness to the Committee, being then in London on his way to America. It appeared that, because this man *had presumed, some time before, to vote contrary to his priest's wish*, he was marked, stripped of his business, excluded from work, and obliged, in utter destitution, to flee from his country. (5203.)

Lest this should prove inadequate, ministers of Christ in Ireland have recourse to still more stringent suggestions:—

'Father O'Sullivan said "that those who voted for the Knight of Kerry deserved *to be pelted* as they went along." (11990.) At Cashel the priest M'Donnell held *stations* at the houses of those who were opposed to Mr. Perrin—"said he kept a list of all who would vote against them, which should lie on his chimney-piece, open for public inspection; and in one of his speeches he said, that any one who would vote for Pennefather, would be guilty of the blood of those who died at Rathcormac," &c. (5451.) One priest in Tipperary said, "he saw no difference between the head of a fox and the head of a fox-hunter; *in consequence of which* the gentlemen of the hunt were pelted—they were not allowed to go through the country." (5533.) At Trim, the parish priest addressed the people in the chapel, advised them to go round all the freeholders in immense numbers, coerce them to vote, and, if they would not, *mark their doors with blood.* (5806.) In Meath a priest recommended them to get a coffin, and put four persons under the pall, to represent the Conservatives, and then throw the coffin into the Boyne. (5845.) On the hustings in Carlow in June, Father Maher addressed the people thus—and we have this on *his own testimony* before the Committee: "All who vote at the election, of the Roman Catholic religion, shall vote for Wallace and Blackney. We will take our stand here daily, in our capacity as priests, and we will know the name of the man who will vote against us, *we will watch the recreant till he goes to the grave.* Yes, upon the Catholic slave we will set a mark, who will vote against God and his country." (p. 595.) In Carlow chapel a witness tells us, he heard Priest O'Connel, *the parish priest*, tell the people on a Sunday, "that, as they were seeking for their rights, they could not do better than *employ themselves in hunting the freeholders on that day*"—and they went round in large bodies to the freeholders' houses. (11084.) If any one would more clearly understand the character of the priests' addresses, we refer him to that of Father Kehoe, *from the altar of his chapel*, at Leighlin-bridge on Sunday 14th June. He held out a man, Pat. Neil, to the abhorrence of his people, for voting for Col. Bruen—called him by every abusive name,

name, wretch, miscreant, ruffian, lickspittle!—denounced the police, and said, if they came there he should mark them—told the people that “all was in their power; denounced the landlords as tyrants and bloody despots! and said their lands should soon be resumed, retaken from them—that they were anxious to wade in human blood, and to bring the daughters of the people to prostitution, and their sons to beggary! told the people to be true to their religion, their country, and their God! that they had put an end to tithes, and soon would to the land-tax too; that he would strike fear and terror into the hearts of the Conservatives:—*I hope it will not be necessary to draw the sword*, the very sight of the scabbard will be enough to terrify them; *but if they gain this election* as they did the last, more blood will flow than there is water in the river Barrow.” (11315.)

But lest even such suggestions should be insufficient, the same ‘highly-educated’ ministers of the gospel advance still farther:—

‘In New Ross, Father Barry, parish priest, put himself at the head of a large mob, armed with bludgeons, who went round in the night to compel the voters to join them (4310), and scoured the neighbourhood of Cushingstown and the Barony of Shelburne. How they proceeded, we have an instance from the sworn testimony of Michael Kenaught, farmer, to whose door they came, called to him to get up, and go with them, and threatened to break in his door; but his door proving too strong for them, they moved off. He went next day to Wexford, to vote for the Conservatives, but “was forcibly driven back by a riotous mob,” and could not give his vote. (4312.) Instances of twenty-two parish priests in the County Kerry are given, who put themselves at the head of mobs, paraded the town and roads, with threats and clamour, entered houses, dragged out voters, pursued them, when they fled, from house to house, and instigated the mob to acts of violence—led up the voters to the poll, stood in the booths and dragged up unwilling freeholders. (p. 2812.) At Clonmel, a Roman Catholic tradesman was visited by the parish priest at the head of a large mob. The priest insisted upon his going with him—he refused—the mob then became abusive—the priest encouraged them, saying, “that’s right, boys.” “In the evening another mob came, and wanted to force the gates to get the man out, *but he had a gun and kept them off.*” (5496.) In Tipperary the priests went at the head of large mobs, round different houses, with crucifixes in their hands, and forced the electors to the booths. (5496.) Three priests came at night to one man to induce him to vote for Mr. Ronayne. He refused; but, after giving his vote, the mob became so furious, that he was obliged to remain in the court-house till night, and said “he should leave town next morning before daylight.” (5499.) A miller was visited by a friar, and terrified into voting for Mr. Ronayne. (5521.) Another was collared by a priest, who attempted to drag him out. His employer interfered with a pistol, and drove off the priest; *but the next day several priests came and dragged him to the poll.* (5525.) In Kerry, above twenty priests, says a witness most friendly to them, stood in the booths, and *took charge* of the freeholders. (7924.) But the most curious case, which we give *on the evidence of the priest’s gardener*, James Byrne, was that of Father

Kehoe,

Kehoe, priest of Leighlin-bridge, county Carlow, who, last June, drove round several parishes with men who acted under his orders, and forced no less than forty voters into gigs and carts—drove them to his house on Sunday and Monday, and kept them in durance there till Wednesday, when they were conveyed to Carlow. These men “wished to get away,” —“were very uneasy,”—and the threat which terrified them was, that they would be held out as *marked*—separated from the church, and *published from the altar*; and then, says the witness, “*they would have their houses burnt at night.*” (pp. 465-9.)

‘There was scarce any part of county Kerry—says a witness friendly to the priests (12187)—in which the priests did not take an active part, telling the freeholders that to vote for the knight of Kerry would be to vote against their religion (p. 686); terrifying them by threats to break their pledges; holding them up, if they resisted, as perjured apostates; letting loose mobs upon them; marking them out by going to their houses; forbidding all dealing with them (11782); collecting the freeholders, marching at their head, and conducting them to the poll (p. 687); employing their agents to put up the emblems of death over their doors (11708):—so that well might Lord Kenmare, a Roman Catholic, write to his agent (11720): “We are now arrived at a point beyond which forbearance is no longer possible. The question at issue is, whether we are to bow our heads to a system of insolent dictation and intimidation; whether those freeholders who will not submit to be used as puppets by Mr. O’Connell are to be pointed at as objects of insult and assassination; when the mob in Tralee is told that those who will not vote as he dictates are to be dragged from the hustings, and trampled under foot.” A witness says “that he could not trust the friendly voters without protection, in consequence of the *frightful intimidation of the priests.*”’ (12114.)

The enslaved people, as might be anticipated, are not slow in receiving these hints, and executing them as desired.

‘At Caherciveen they turned out, and refused to allow any of Mr. Fitzgerald’s voters to go up to Tralee. “One who attempted it was severely beaten; others were told their coffins would be ready for them. None dare vote from terror of their lives.” (4586.) This is taken from a sworn deposition. Carroll, who voted for the Knight, had one of his houses burnt down. (4605.) Many were beaten, but did not prosecute, lest a worse thing should befall them. (4623.) Various injuries on property were inflicted. (4640.) Two tenants said, “That if they voted *against the priests’ wishes*, they were in danger of *being murdered by night.*” (4701.) To a respectable Roman Catholic in another parish, a notice, with a coffin and a man’s head, was served, telling him, if he voted for Coote and Vesey, his life would be the forfeit; (4850;) and Mr. Singleton said, if he had not lived in a town, that this man dared not to have voted. One of Sir Charles Coote’s tenants was returning from Ballyfin House to his own, when he was knocked down by two armed men, beat, and his head cut in five places. (4874.) If a man is neutral, he equally suffers. In one chapel a voter’s son was hooted and kicked out, because his father did not vote for Lalor and Cassidy. “The Roman Catholic suffers

suffers even more severely than the Protestant." (4912.) A Roman Catholic, who voted for Coote and Vesey, actually "willed away all his property in order to save his life," endangered by his vote. (5095.) Another, a pensioner, was assaulted, and had his ribs broken. Another, a nailer, was attacked several times, and his shop ransacked. (5272.) In a word, as Mr. Fitzgerald sums up the case, *no man could vote contrary to the priest without danger to his person and property.* Mr. Wilcock says, "I have no hesitation in saying, that the Cashel election was carried by the priests; and had it not been for the presence of the military and police, no one at Clonmel could have voted." (5525 and -41.) At Trim, houses were attacked. At Navan, several freeholders had figures of death's heads and cross bones painted in black on their door. (5817.) Near Kells, notices were served threatening them with murder. (5833.) In Trim, thousands of Catholics assembled to destroy the Protestants; and were only prevented by Mr. Despard and a large force. (5860.) In Slane, the houses of many Protestants were attacked. (5879.) At Navan attacks were made on the Protestants. (5888.) In Meath, says Mr. Despard, no one voting for the Protestant candidate can do so without danger. (5975.) The same witness refers the violence to the intimidation of the priests. (5978.) In Carlow, many of the tenantry "were taken by force; and a large party of men came from the county of Wexford who seized on them, and took them away." (11077.) Another had a letter sent him to say, "that if he voted for Kavanagh and Bruen, his life would be endangered." (11132.) The Rev. Mr. Phelan delivered, in the chapel at Bagnalstown, a sermon, such as those which have been quoted; *in consequence*, this practical execution of his threats followed. Mr. Malcomson, a respectable apothecary in Bagnalstown, on returning from the house of Mr. Hogg, "was knocked down by three men—a pistol placed to his head—the trigger pulled—but it missed fire; and they were proceeding to murder him when the noise of a car prevented them. They then took and threw him into the river." A proclamation, offering a reward, was issued. Q. Any notice from Mr. Phelan, condemning this atrocity? A. None. (p. 639.) Violence pursued the voters everywhere. "John Dowling, a respectable Roman Catholic, came up to the table at Carlow to vote. One of Mr. Vigors' friends laid hold of him by the skirt of the coat, and was going to pull him off the table. It was dusk in the evening—a simultaneous rush took place—bludgeons and sticks were raised," and the riot was only quelled by the police. (11164.) Another freeholder was proceeding to the courthouse with another man; "they were met by a large party, knocked down, and dreadfully beaten. They took refuge in a grocer's shop; out of that the mob ordered them to be brought; immediately they were thrust into the street, and were again knocked down. A Mr. Dyer drew a sword, and rushed into the street, and saved them. I saw them a few minutes afterwards; they were so beaten that not a feature of their faces could be identified." "For three days at Carlow no one not of the Catholic interest could appear in the streets without being knocked down. The dragoons could not prevent them. I saw many knocked down

down under the feet of the horses." (11352.) Respectable men could not venture out. One, for five days, dared not approach his office." (p. 661-2.)

In the following passage of Mr. Colquhoun's summary we are enabled to trace the ulterior fate of various victims:—

'In county Wexford the terrors on the part of the freeholders were extreme, of what they should suffer after the election (p. 251). In Queen's County men were afraid to return to their houses (4845). Women related to the voters dared not go to the chapel; and when asked to sign their deposition stating this before a magistrate, they refused, saying that if they did so, "they dared not go out of their houses." (4861.) Men were visited in their houses and stabbed, because they had refused to vote for the priest. (Cases in Queen's County, 4871.) Others who voted were attacked and beaten in fairs and markets; and *this was a common practice*. Strangers were brought and employed to do this. (4887—4895.) Men were attacked in the chapel, dragged out, and thrown into the river; and when their family complained to the priest of the outrage, it was inflicted on themselves. (Case at Maryborough, 4902.) Others had their seats in the chapel torn up; were struck, and pelted, and abused. (4906.) The doorkeepers at the chapel instigated the very girls to outrage against those who had supported the Protestants. (Case at Raheen, 9387.) Others were debarred from the chapel, turned out of it with fury: *these cases we have sworn to by priests*, and they occurred in no less than four chapels. (pp. 600-602, and p. 653.) Others had their cars broken, and were pelted at the chapel-doors; others were dragged out of their pews, thrown down in the mud, pursued to their houses;—women were abused;—and these cases are proved in several chapels in Carlow alone, whose names are given. (pp. 645, 6.) Another man said he was hunted out of his chapel *like a dog*. (11573.) Others were attacked in their shops, knocked down in the streets (p. 1655), forced to have a guard of police in their houses at night. (Cases at Clonmel, 5562.) Others had their stables and horses destroyed by incendiaries. (Case at Baginbun, 10381.) Others were taken out of their houses and beaten. Others knocked off their horses. (p. 670.) Farmers had their ploughs and cattle destroyed. (11568.) Lists were posted up, giving in black the names of all who voted for the Protestant; and this struck the utmost terror, as they were certain preludes to injuries. Of this we have instances over all Queen's County (4861); at Clonmel. (5247.) In County Carlow these lists were put up on all the chapels (6645), "for the purpose," says a witness, "of holding out to vengeance the persons and properties of those Roman Catholics who dared to exercise their elective franchise free from the control of the priest and the mob." (5247.) To show how this practice was set on foot by the priests, we have evidence in pp. 666-7. To show how the priests hallooed on the rabble, I give one case at Borris chapel, on Sunday, the 1st of February. The priest Kehoe said, from the altar, "that there were many persons in the chapel who had voted for Kavanagh and Bruen; and he thought if the people *threw mud at them, pushed, hooted, or threw gravel at them,*

no law could be taken of them." But he added, "that the people should be quiet until mass was over." "I saw from the gallery," says the witness, "fifty men rush upon one (Edmund Milligan), drag him out of the gallery, pelt him with mud, stones, and gravel, kick and bruise him," and with difficulty, by the intervention of the police, he was rescued. All this is proved in a court of justice.' (*Evidence*. 11561.)

Mr. Colquhoun continues thus :—

"So established is the reign of terror everywhere"—I quote the words of a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant (5196)—"that, however severely a man suffers, he dare not complain." "It is nearly impossible," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "to procure evidence even of *what is passing before our eyes*, so great is the prevailing intimidation." (5243.) "It is very hard," says Mr. Willcock, "to get one of the flock of a priest to make affidavit of a fact which has occurred." (5525.) "Though I could mention numerous cases," says another, "it would be quite impossible to get anything satisfactorily proved of this nature." (5196.) Two witnesses, after stating facts of personal outrage, when asked to sign their names, refused, because they said they dared not. A third witness, Priest Kehoe's gardener, when asked, if he went back to Ireland (after giving the evidence he had done before the Committee against the priest), "Should you feel yourself safe?" answers, "I would not be safe; they would put me to death." (8110.) Another, a magistrate, says, respecting facts which occurred at Mountmellick, that there was only one man who could give information, and he was then in London. And why was he in London? He had been seized by Father —, a priest of Mountmellick, carried in his gig, and kept a prisoner in his own house, that he might not vote for the Conservative candidate; but as he would not vote for the Catholic, the priest "has since persecuted this individual," and so successfully that the man was at last "driven to desperation," and fled from Ireland. Mr. Singleton was asked what would happen to this man, if, after giving evidence respecting the conduct of the priest, he were to return to Ireland? "*His life would not be safe for twenty-four hours after he returned.*" "What!—if his evidence was in obedience to an order of the Committee and the Speaker's warrant?" "*He would be assassinated if he gave his evidence against his priest.*" (pp. 30-34.)

Even on matters not avowedly connected with politics, if any one favours the administration of justice, and prosecutes or gives evidence against those who commit outrages, his life is forfeited.

"After the special commission in Queen's County, I was obliged," says Mr. Singleton, "to send many of the witnesses to America." In one case where witnesses were examined, *touching their house being attacked, the son of the owner of it being stabbed in the breast*, Mr. Singleton was obliged "to commit them to Bridewell for safety," because they had thus presumed to tell in a court of justice these crimes. No one would hire his cars out to convey them to Dublin, and they had to remain in Bridewell till an escort of military arrived. (5224.) At the Carrickshock trials, in like manner, men re-

fused to serve as *jurors*, because they dared not follow their consciences and convict; and others were found who were summoned as *jurors*, who had actually subscribed to the funds of the confederate body which had effected this wholesale massacre. In the trials of those who were the chief actors in the tragedy, *the juries, all without exception, acquitted the murderers*. Nor is this a solitary case, though, if it stood alone, it were enough. At the Borrisokane trials, Dr. Heisse, a resident physician in Borrisokane, where he had lived ten years, gave his evidence in court of that which fell before his eyes. It was a simple statement of facts; but facts which convicted the populace. Another witness gave evidence which exculpated the police. Mark the results. *The latter witness was murdered after the trial* (p. 127); *Dr. Heisse found his life in danger and was obliged to leave the country*. And what part did the priest, Mr. Spain, take in this? An attack was concerted by the Roman Catholics upon the house of John Ledger, a Protestant, because he assisted the police in their defence, which had led to Smith being shot. The priest, instead of allaying the excitement of the populace, infuriated them by placing Smith's body in the chapel, and allowing it to *lie naked there, which, he says, was never done except in the case of a priest*.'

Let us stop one moment more to contemplate the machinery with which this reign of terror is supported:—

"In every parish," says Mr. Singleton, "a complete political organization exists." In Meath, for instance, its nature was laid bare in 1831, "for there was then an effort made to see how soon the people could be raised and organised over different parishes of the county, and at different places. *There were bodies of 20,000 men assembled here this day—twenty miles off the next—ten miles off the next*." These were all confederated on oath; all Catholic Ribbonmen; they paid large salaries to their leaders. (6144.) Whatever were their objects they could accomplish them. (6135.) "So tremendous was their power," says another witness, "that in Queen's County, though the farmers and peasants hated the association, they submitted to it through fear." In Galway, "a most respectable man, a large farmer, made application to be admitted into this association *in order to preserve his life and property*." "Of this organization," says Mr. Singleton, "the priests are avowedly the movers: they touch the spring over the whole country, and they are all linked together, receiving their suggestions from the central political body in Dublin (of which Mr. O'Connell is the chief agent at present); they direct the mass of savage forces to the object selected—tithes to-day—church to-morrow—elections—repeal." "So perfect is the system," says Mr. Singleton, "*that they can raise the whole of Ireland in three weeks*."

'In Queen's County, at the last election, the passes of the country were, by their command, occupied, so that even *large bodies* of freeholders could not enter or approach the poll, and Mr. Singleton was obliged to call out the military in order to open a passage.'

Let

Let us now turn with Mr. Colquhoun to the published Report of the Maryborough Special Commission in 1832:—

‘But the case of most fearful interest, which connects these atrocities with their secret authors, was that of John Magee, who had occupied a farm from which a previous tenant had been expelled. Just after midnight, on Good Friday, when he was in rest, and, as he thought, in safety (for his fears had been composed by the assurances of the very men who were sent to attack him), thirty men came to his house—awaked him from his sleep, by knocking at his window—forced open the door—placed him upon his knees—shot him, and then struck him with their guns to finish the work of slaughter. “I saw them,” says the mother of their victim, “dragging my son in his shirt from the bed-room into the parlour; they were kicking him about. My daughter lit a candle; she was with my son about a moment before I found him in the hall. He was so heavy that we could not raise him—we dragged him as well as we could—we got pillows—he was cold and quite pale—I held him in my arms, endeavouring to stop the blood—he was speechless—we put warm bricks to his feet.” Asked in court about the murder of a dog; she answered, “Was it a dog I was minding, when I saw my child bleeding to death?”

‘Now turn from this humble cabin-plunged in blood to the dark agency by which this murder was produced. The family assailed were Protestants. One of them, the sister of the victim, Ellen Magee, was (though a Protestant) in the habit of attending the Catholic chapel. When asked in court why she did this? if she liked the Catholic prayers? she said, O no, she always said her own in the chapel. Then why did she go there? She went to look about her. But why go to mass? The reason at last came out: it was thought by her and her friends that if she professed herself a Catholic she would be safe herself, and a means of safety to her family. Her uncle and all her friends pressed her to go; and “I told my uncle,” says the girl, “that there was no fear of us, as they thought that I was a Catholic.” When asked the particulars, she said there was a priest, Father Tyrrell (p. 176), who told her “that the place was full of Whitefeet,” full of those secret associations, “and he desired me go to Father Kelly, and in consequence of that I did go to Father Kelly.” Thus we are at last led to the agent who wove the toils round the victim. Q. “What was your object in going to Father Kelly? A. I thought the people there would be civil to anybody that the priest would like. Q. You had no religious feeling that brought you to him? A. *I would not go about religion to a priest.*” Then another fact comes out, that the cause of the hostility against the Magees was (as Father Kelly told her) that one of their ancestors *had murdered a priest*. Such was the tradition; and therefore they were pelted as they went to the Protestant church, and their lives were unsafe. She says Father Kelly questioned her about her religion, and she professed she was inclined to attend the chapel. (“I was not,” she adds, “though I told him so.”) He then asked her a great many questions about the arms which they had in the house; and, in her simplicity, she told him they had none; and *well did the assassins, it after-*

wards appears, know *this fact*—"the priest must have told the White feet," she says. He then lulled her fears by assuring her that they had no need of arms—that he would take care they were not attacked—"that I need not be afraid of the Whitefeet, *he had them at his command, and that they would not meddle with me.*"—"Then he bid me often go and see him at his house, and come to confession; and he said, that he expected he would make a Christian of me." *But as to her uncle, whose house was the one attacked,* the priest told her "*he did not like him, because he was hindering me from going to mass.*" And as to the Protestants, he said, "that this day twelvemonth there would be no Protestants left alive in Ireland; that they had beat the Catholics out and robbed them, when they had established their own religion, but that the people were ready to lay down their lives to have their rights again; and that he would shortly have his own religion established again."—"He told me that I would be damned if I would go to church; and that none of my blood would have any chance of being saved but myself."—From the words of Nash, one of the assassins, we find how well the priest's denunciations on the Protestants were understood. In the attacks, when one of the men was about to assail Ellen Magee, the others interfered and said *she* was not to be touched, *Father Kelly* had said they would not meddle with her.

This, we presume, is the English translation of Mr. Wyse's phrase that 'Maynooth began to be felt:—

'The clergy,' Mr. Wyse says elsewhere, 'had been roused to a spirit of combination by the necessities of *self-defence*. Their *repugnance* to public exhibition was overcome; they stepped out beyond the *modesty* of their habitual functions into the activity of public life—they began to feel the usual excitement of such scenes, to acknowledge the *gaudia certaminis* of such a warfare: the Church became gradually militant, and the weak inventions of the enemy recoiled in front and in flank upon themselves. The priesthood no longer refused co-operation in every expedient of *constitutional annoyance*—they seized with alacrity every opportunity of *legitimate attack*; they joined every meeting, they seconded every proposition, they lent their aid to the execution of every project. . . . It cannot be denied,' the Romish historian proceeds in this very remarkable confession, 'that the priesthood, though they may have lost in some particulars, in others gained materially by this active union?' [*i. e.* with political agitators.] 'The doctrines of passive obedience, once so popular in the Irish Catholic Church, and in so many other churches on the Continent, have altogether disappeared from the political creed of the modern ecclesiastic. No disciple of Locke or Blackstone can now speak with more fervent conviction of the great principle of *civil and religious freedom* than the Irish Catholic priest. A revolution not less miraculous than that which occurred amongst the peasantry spread upwards through every order of the clergy. The *rights of conscience* were solemnly placed beyond all human interference in this new profession of faith; the sanguinary usurpations of *inquisitorial power*, under whatever form they had appeared, were anathematised. The *encroachments of the spiritual power* on the civil were not less reprobated than the encroachments

encroachments of the civil on the spiritual.'—*History of Catholic Association*, vol. i. p. 231.

Now, setting aside the political conduct of the priests, of which something has been seen already, let us confine ourselves to the spiritual proceedings of this *anti-inquisitorial power*. May we ask Mr. Wyse what is the meaning in Ireland of 'rights of conscience?' In England (whether right or wrong we are not here called on to say) the phrase is commonly assumed to mean the privilege of reading the Bible, of listening to instruction as we choose, of judging for ourselves on all points of religion, the casting off all interference of the clergy, the following any teacher we like, the bringing any truth or falsehood before the world without fear of molestation. In Ireland it takes a different shape. The chief energy of these 'rights of conscience' priests, according to Mr. Wyse, was directed—against what? Against the reading of the Bible—against the Kildare Place schools, which had been filled willingly with Romanist children—and against the efforts of the Protestant clergy, efforts to which the people when left to themselves made no objection, to set the truth before them. And it took a singular direction for the men who repudiated the inquisition.

'The war,' continues Mr. Wyse, 'raged long and loudly, and in some places the spiritual brought the fleshly arm to its aid. Teachers were sometimes burnt out of their schools by nightly marauders—flourishing Kildare-street colonies were in a moment annihilated by a single anathema from the popish altar; every man took part in the insurrection; children were withdrawn from the hostile establishments, and were forced by their parents to give up their reading and writing, rather than run the risk of reading or writing in the wrong way.'

May we ask Mr. Wyse who are the parties here indulged with this *right of conscience*—the children forced away from school, or the parents who had sent them there willingly in numbers till the anathema was fulminated from the altars, and who, as Mr. Wyse informs us in the next page, had no other schools to recur to, because their priest, who prohibited Protestant, had himself established no Romanist education? Is it part of the *right of conscience* to be excluded from reading the Bible? Is it *civil and religious liberty* to bring in 'the fleshly arm in aid of the spiritual'—to burn out from their houses teachers who were bringing instruction in its most simple and least offensive form to a people left in darkness by their spiritual guides, and thirsting for education? Will Mr. Wyse propose a parliamentary committee to inquire of the converts from Popery, in Ireland, what they have been made to suffer in escaping from that Egyptian bondage? Curses, ejection, scorn, the malediction of friends,
banishment

banishment from society, loss of livelihood, starvation, personal outrage, stoning, assassination, and death, and the most horrible insults even on dead bodies, and in the grave—this is the civil and religious liberty now enjoined by the priests from Maynooth! Let candid men deliberately examine on the spot the great centres from which conversion is now spreading in Ireland—and they will tell the English public that persecution is at this moment as rife in Ireland as in the most palmy days of Popery—that there are martyrs in Ireland in the nineteenth century under the eye of a liberal and Protestant government—that Irish farmers and shopkeepers who dare think for themselves, if not burnt, are stoned—if not confined in the cells of the Inquisition, are turned out of house and home—if not broken on the rack, are tortured by the still worse rack of public scorn and detestation—if not delivered over to the tender mercies of the secular arm, are abandoned to the insults and violence of the most brutal of ruffians; and purchase their reception into the English church, and even the simple reading of their Irish Bible, as our ancestors did of old—with their blood.

They will tell the English people further, that these crimes do not originate spontaneously in the Irish peasantry. The Irish peasantry are a kind, affectionate, grateful race—most anxious to read their Bible, most desirous to obtain instruction, willing to have their minds enlightened, contented to hear their errors pointed out, wonderfully quick in discerning and abandoning them; *naturally* full, until their minds are poisoned, of confidence in their Protestant landlords and Protestant clergy; convinced of the superiority of Protestants; dissatisfied with the darkness, coldness, and fearfulness of their own creed of purgatory, and penances, and prayers in an unknown tongue, and the ‘opus operatum’ of unction and confession, without any spiritual communion of the heart; disgusted with the curses of their priest, wearied with his extortions, smarting under his horsewhip and his fist, irritated by his vexatious interference between the tenant and the landlord, and ready to cast off the yoke, if they dared to risk certainly their livelihood, perhaps their life. This is the condition of the Irish peasantry at this moment, when left to themselves. But, partly, to use the proverb of the country, ‘*the priest’s curse is on them*’—partly they have been filled by their priests with the most false alarms and jealousies of Protestants, and the Sassenach, and the tyranny and hatred of Englishmen, against which their native good sense, notwithstanding their experience of the contrary, finds it hard to struggle—and partly from the same mouths they have been taught from their childhood to believe of the Church of England as follows:—We are speaking deliberately

deliberately, and from evidence :—They are taught that its religion is the ‘religion of the devil ;’ that the clergy of that church are ‘ devils ’ and ‘ priests of the devil ;’ that our Bible is the ‘ devil’s manual ;’ ‘ that there is not a word of truth in it,’ (we are quoting words from the mouths of priests) ; that it was ‘ invented by Luther with the assistance of the devil ;’ ‘ that it is bad luck to have it in the house ;’ that it is not safe to touch it, without making the sign of the cross to drive away evil spirits ; and that, rather than read it, it is better to burn it, or take it out with a pair of tongs, as Dr. Doyle recommended, and bury it in a hole ; that our creed is Atheistic or Socinian ; that our baptism is worse than invalid—(and therefore, in direct contradiction to the canons of their own church, they contrive, under certain evasions, to re-baptise a convert to Popery) ; that our marriages are so many adulteries ; that our faith is drawn not from the apostles, but from Luther, and Calvin, and Henry VIII. ; that our souls can never be saved ; and that our very bodies pollute the cemeteries in which they are permitted to lie. This is the explanation of the persecution with which the priests stimulate the peasant to revenge conversion. Address truth to the poor, simple Irishman in the *Irish language*,* which with a most touching and generous affection he believes is a holy language, and cannot be spoken by evil beings, and his hostility drops in a moment. Let the work of conversion commence in a parish gently and yet firmly, and the priest† not denounce it, and no persecution breaks out. Let

* One instance out of a hundred. In one of those frightful tumults instigated by the priests at the funerals of converts, and in some of which they head the mob, when the infuriated people were about to throw the officiating clergyman into the grave and trample on him, the clergyman had the presence of mind to commence the Lord’s Prayer in Irish ; instantly the whole tumult ceased, spades and pitchforks were dropped, the ceremony was allowed to be performed with perfect quiet, and a few days afterwards, when the clergyman was walking, a peasant came up to him almost in tears, and ready to kneel down before him. He had been on the point of striking the clergyman down with a cleaver, at the very moment when he heard the sound of the Irish—and now came to ask forgiveness. When will England learn, that to make Ireland English, England must first become Irish, and identify itself with all the good, simple, patriotic prejudices of a people worthy to be loved, because they love so much which good men ought to love ? When will the Church of Ireland make it a condition with her ministers, that in the Irish-speaking districts they shall speak the Irish language ; and render this possible by providing means for teaching it to them when young ?

† A priest in one of the islands denounces an Irish reader, and forbids the people to sell him any food or speak to him. They comply rigidly—refuse to speak to him—but flock to him to hear the Scriptures read—and sell him nothing, but lay every night at the door of his cabin all the little luxuries they can procure. We mention this as a specimen. What follows is from the Report on National Education—‘ I never gave but one shout after Mr. Nangle’ [the clergyman at Achill], said a poor man, ‘ and I only gave that shout in order that I might not have the priest’s curse lying on me ; for he prayed in the chapel that the tongue might drop out of any one that did not shout ; and as soon as I got the priest’s curse removed from me by giving that one shout, I shouted no more.’

him curse the converts, instantly they are attacked. When his curse is found from experience to have no supernatural efficacy, everything becomes quiet again. The schools, as Mr. Wyse has said, are emptied by his anathemas; but in a few days the children steal back again 'by back gates and lanes.' Let them have intercourse with the persons whom they are taught to abhor, and their abhorrence turns into confidence. 'Do you remember, sir,' said a poor old woman to a clergyman who was attending her on her death-bed, 'the first time you came to see me before I became a Protestant? Yes.—Do you know when you came into the room I fell into such a trembling, and was so frightened?—Why?—Sir, I believed you were the devil.—Who had taught you that?—The priest, sir; and when you began to talk good words to me, sir, I thought it so strange that the devil should speak about God.—We cannot leave our statement better summed up than in this anecdote, which we received from the clergyman himself; and which is a very fair representation, not only of the harangues of the priests, but of the *authorised doctrines* of Popery on the subject of the English church; and which we beg to put side by side with Mr. Wyse's panegyric on the code of *civil and religious liberty and rights of conscience*, promulgated by the 'highly-educated' disciples of the Jesuits of Maynooth.

And now—after all these melancholy details of facts—is it necessary to point out the use, to which that dark, mysterious hand that wields the destinies of Ireland first shaped its ready tool of violence, in the present parochial priest, and to which that tool is now unsparingly applied? It is employed—*First*, to carry agitation into every parish; to inflame it by the most solemn sanctions of religion; to organise it, as Mr. Wyse describes, upon a regular recognised basis, far more extensive than affiliations of committees, and capable of evading every law. *Secondly*, it commands the election, not only for members of parliament, but for poor-law guardians; everything, in short, in which the obnoxious landlords may be thwarted, separated from their tenantry, disgusted with their residence, and so, finally driven from Ireland, leaving the ground free for the dominion of Papists and of foreign influence. *Thirdly*, by securing the elections it secures the majority in the House of Commons, and thus ties the hands of government—(we have no wish to use harsher language of *any* government)—from repressing their violence. *Fourthly*, it enables the foreign ruling power to maintain a perpetual ferment, by repeal meetings, the collections of rent, secret associations, temperance processions, &c. &c.—which alarm the government, dishearten Protestants, and exercise the unhappy people in contempt for law, and in prospects of rebellion and pillage;

pillage; while at the same time it provides a check over premature violence, and secures the operation of the Jesuitical system, now so successfully adopted, of obtaining its ends and triumphs—not by another rebellion, which has so often been tried in vain, and which their present 'most skilful leaders' are far too discreet to head, but—by menaces of some secret danger, and by quibbling evasions of law. Any one who reads the reports of the committees on Ireland will see how carefully this policy is adhered to now; how ostentatiously the priests come forward to co-operate with the magistrates in repressing rash acts of Rebellion; how strenuously they work elsewhere in fomenting the spirit of Rebellion. Perhaps, as we have before said, no greater model of such an art is to be found than the Pastoral Letter to the Ribbonmen by the notorious Dr. Doyle. *Fifthly*, the terrorism of the priests—supported by a most wonderful system of espionage;—which is conducted, not only by friars and monks, but by numerous confraternities of Scapularians and Purgatorians, who are tools in the hands of the priests, and efficaciously backed by the secret physical arm of the Whiteboys and Ribbonmen, and Caravats and Steelboys, and Captain Rocks—this terrorism stands over the subjects—it is the word they use themselves—the subjects of the Romish Church, and prevents desertion. No other power in the hands of Rome could effect this. Jesuits, with their acuteness, polish, craft, and versatility, may act on the higher orders; but in the lower there is nothing to resist the ministrations of a pure, scriptural, episcopal, and *evangelical* Church (we use the word not in its sectarian sense), carried boldly into the cabins of the Irish poor by such men as the Protestant clergy of this day, and supported judiciously, yet firmly, by the benevolence and authority of the landlords—there is nothing in Romanism to resist this—but *terror*. They dare not meet it in controversy: controversy is therefore forbidden both to priests and people. They cannot compete with it in benevolence—and do not even make the attempt. They cannot educate without rousing a power which will turn against its masters; and in the embarrassment thus produced by the exertions of the Church to carry education throughout Ireland, their policy has been as follows. Before the Church began to establish schools—(whether on perfectly sound principles or not we do not say)—Ireland was left without any but miserable hedge-schools, in which the teachers were wholly incompetent, or were ministers of sedition and crime. When the Church began its movement, some attempts were made to provide counter-schools by the Roman Catholic Association, but they seem to have done very little. As the

the Church became more energetic, and her schools increased, and the people's desire for education became more ardent, and the priests' denunciation more ineffectual to keep them from seeking it—then, and not till then, came the suggestion of a (so called) National Education.

Upon the principles and details of this scheme we shall not at present enter: it must suffice to say that *now*, in fact, *the Parliamentary grant is absorbed in the encouragement of Popery*. A few questions, if fairly answered, would be enough to bring out the practical working of the system: and, indeed, the answers to most of them may already be seen in the Report of the Committee on the subject in the House of Lords. For example—Do the priests establish schools except where there are schools of the Church already existing? Though these schools of the Church may be ample for the parish, do the priests procure demands for more, and from parties who have no connexion with the parish, and by means which impose on the commissioners? When the new school is built, where is it placed? Is it planted either close by the old school to draw off its children—or close to the Popish chapel, or within the chapel-yard, or adjoining the priest's house, so that, if a Protestant did attend it, he must to a great degree be identified with his Romish companions? Or is it placed out of the way, where children may not easily find access to it? Is it used for other purposes than education,—for political purposes, for agitation, for the celebration of Popish ceremonies? *Have there been any singular mistakes in multiplying the number of scholars, as the accounts appear in the Reports?** Who are the masters? Are they connected with agitation? *Are any of them Ribbonmen?* Are they persons fit to be intrusted with the education of children?† Are the subjects taught in the least likely to open and improve the mind? *By whom are the money-grants received, and the accounts audited?* In the schools attached to nunneries, and aided by the national board, are the children, as a regular part of the system, *taught to repeat devotions which connect them with the Jesuits?* Is not, in one word, the whole scheme of co-operation, as any one conversant with Ireland, and Christianity, and human nature, foresaw it must be from the first,

* For an elucidation of this see some recent numbers of the Irish Ecclesiastical Journal—a weekly paper established lately in Dublin, and which promises to be very useful to the Protestant cause.

† Out of four consecutive cases, in which a friend examined these schools, the masters, in the face of the scholars, severally declared that they were regularly in the habit of reading the Scripture lessons every day in the week, three times and twice; and when the visitor insisted on hearing them read, the poor children, under the eye of the master, were induced to assert the same thing, but with such palpable contradictions and ignorance, that when the master was charged with the falsehood, he was unable to utter a word, and the children confessed that they were not read at all.

a complete

a complete failure? Is anything left for the country but to insist at once on a withdrawal of the grant, as being so much money devoted by a Protestant empire to the encouragement of spiritual error and political treason?

In what has been written there has been no intention of treating the contest with Popery as a controversial theological question. This is for other hands. It has been spoken of as an ambitious, intriguing, political, temporal power, struggling for the conquest of Ireland, and the subjugation of the empire under its own political and religious tyranny. Religious controversy has comparatively little connexion with it. If mere political statesmen and the country at large will view it in this its true light—if those who can look higher and deeper, and who know that the abandonment of the cause of God's truth must be fatal to an empire, whether political evils seem mixed with it or not, will take this their own ground firmly—if the true Churchmen of England, instead of listening to the calumnies which have been poured on the Church in Ireland, will understand her true condition, her *poverty*, her *persecution*, her *zeal*, her *piety*, her *self-devotion*—and dare, what they, as a body, did not dare to do when the first attack was made on her, to stand boldly forward as her defenders, and recognise one common interest, and common duty—if this be done, some step will be made to rescue Ireland from the grasp of its greatest enemy.

And when it is asked more particularly what is to be done by us in England, is the answer difficult? By our Clergy, everything which sympathy can suggest to extend the activity of their Irish brethren, to supply their wants, to encourage and assist their exertions—especially a cordial and immediate co-operation in obtaining the restoration of their bishops, whether with or *without their revenues*. Here was the first blow* aimed against them: and the English Church sat by in silence: and when supplicated by the Irish clergy for assistance against it, she answered, and from a high place, that the two Churches (they are not two, but one) stood on wholly different grounds, and that the English branch could not endanger herself by undertaking to

* We cannot refrain from extracting a note from the journal of an officer in the Queen's service, on the subject of the suppressed bishoprics:—

NOTE.—When the Bill passed that got rid of so many Irish bishops, I was one Sunday evening much astonished to see every mountain top simultaneously in a blaze; and not knowing what the signals meant, I was on the point of turning out my men, to be prepared for the worst, when I was informed that the priest at mass that morning had ordered the people to illuminate the mountains in the evening, for the victory they had obtained over a Church, which, I suspect, was not spoken of in very respectful terms, as a respectable member of the priest's flock afterwards told me "*his reverence was certainly mad*."

defend

defend the Irish—a maxim false in fact, and fatal, as we have found it, in practice. Not a blow has been struck against Ireland which has not recoiled upon England. Not an assault has been attempted upon England, until it has first been tried, and has succeeded against Ireland.

If it be asked next what should be done by the English people? The answer is—petition at once without hesitation, and demand that which the Relief Bill (falsely so called) promised—that which those who introduced that Bill are bound to see performed—the *banishment and suppression of the Jesuits, under whatever names they disguise themselves, Christian Brothers, or Sodalties of the Heart, or Confraternities of Faith, or any other masquerade. No country ever yet could tolerate Jesuits in its bosom without certain destruction.* Even Romanism itself, again and again, by the mouth of Romish bishops, and Romish sovereigns, and the wisest and best of Romish philosophers, and Romish Universities, and Popes themselves, have warned us of the fact.

Add to this petition another for the enforcement of law against outrages—for the protection of converts from all injury, if only on the popular ‘principle of civil and religious liberty’—for a withdrawal of the grant to Maynooth—or, what would be equivalent to this—and attainable without offending the, as we think, mistaken views of some estimable men—such a rigid superintendence by the State over that Seminary’s course of education as would exclude the mischievous influence which is now working within it. How opposed this influence is to all loyalty and order would be showed, there is little doubt, at once, by the immediate rejection of the grant, if accompanied with such a condition. Add to this, the withdrawal of the grant for Popish Education under the National Board;—a strict superintendence over priests;—the prohibition of personal denunciations from the altar—of excommunication—except under such cases and with such restrictions as may be compatible with the legitimate exercise of Christian discipline, as in instances of proved offences—and, as the Romish bishops themselves declare that it should be limited, under the solemn permission of the bishop. Add to this petition a heavy penalty on any but purely spiritual interference with voters, tenants, prisoners, witnesses, jurors, and magistrates. Grant the Irish peasantry a bill to rescue them from the curse and crime of perjury; and none would welcome such a boon with so much gratitude as the peasantry themselves. They have not yet learned that political power is in itself a blessing—or that it is any power at all—when they dare not exercise it except at the bidding

bidding of their priest; and their priest compels them to exercise it against their own interests and the wishes of their best friend, their landlord. Add strict impartiality in the government—yet, it may be, rewarding the Roman Catholic laity even more than the Protestant for acts of loyalty, order, and support of law, which the history of the past will justify us in expecting in very many of that body—and punishing Protestants even more than Romanists for any bitterness, or uncharitable, or violent aggression upon those who differ from them. In this we do not think there is anything which a candid mind can object to as sectarian or uncharitable. Upon this should follow a strict watch and inquiry into the schools of every class maintained by Roman Catholic bodies, male or female, to prevent the use of *inflammatory books and treasonable doctrines*. After that a proper encouragement should be demanded for priests, who are disposed to learn the errors of their system, and to abandon them;—an encouragement such as was once held out, sufficient to secure them against want, without being a temptation to hypocrisy. And, lastly, let the English people join in straining every nerve to procure ‘real justice to Ireland’ in all things, as to a part, and *the vital part of England*—justice in watching over her interests—justice in encouraging her manufactures and commerce—justice in maintaining quiet—justice in large expenditures upon public works—justice in the distribution of patronage—justice in granting every liberty, which can be granted without really introducing slavery. All this in the present state of parties may sound impracticable and visionary; but a course is not the less right because our own sins and follies *may* prevent us from following it.

Of the course which ought to be pursued by government, of whatever party, we are unwilling to speak. Few things have so injured the cause of peace and of religion in Ireland as the introduction of party politics into questions of a far higher order. But we will venture to point out the course by which James II.—a name set as a beacon upon our history to warn us against Tyranny and against Popery—endeavoured to subvert the liberties and constitution and religion of England. There are warnings in history what Government *should not do*. Let us take up ‘The State of Protestants in Ireland, 1692,’ and mark, page by page, the steps which the author there successively enumerates as so many preparations made by James for the establishment of Popery in Ireland.

1. The employment of Public Ministers who, having no fortunes of their own, could scarcely afford to adopt rigid measures, by which they might risk their places (p. 24). 2. The forcing men of low birth and education on the bench of magistrates, to the disgust
of

of the gentry of the country (p. 29). 3. The resting for support of government upon men 'who, though they seemed to make conscience of hearing masses and not eating flesh on Fridays,' were notoriously 'knaves,' and yet the publicly 'declaring that they must make use of such' (p. 31). 4. The permitting men to exercise powers under law from which they were excluded by law (p. 43). 5. The encouragement of a party who took pains to conceal the real oppression of the Protestants in Ireland, and 'to run down and discredit all relations to the contrary' (p. 49). 6. The peculiar selection of Roman Catholics for offices of trust. 7. The filling the army (there was no constabulary then) with a preference to Roman Catholics (p. 60). 8. The same with respect to the bench of Judges (p. 65). 9. The placing some few Protestants in commissions, but enough only to give a colour of impartiality, without allowing them any real power (p. 68). 10. Annoying and insulting the magistracy (p. 85). 11. Destroying the Protestant corporations, and putting them into the hands of Roman Catholics (p. 88). 12. The introduction of perjuries into courts of justice and juries, so that neither life nor property was safe (p. 101). 13. The disarming of Protestants, by permitting nightly marauders to rob them of arms, and by putting down quiet and peaceable associations of Protestants combined for self-defence (p. 119): a proceeding on which the author makes a pertinent observation, that 'if one should tie a man's hands, and turn him naked among wild beasts, all the world would believe that he designed they should devour him' (p. 118). 14. The permitting the landlords and Protestants to be attacked in their houses and lives, until it was no longer safe for them to live in the country (p. 133). 15. The giving 'great discouragement to the most eminent Protestant lawyers' (p. 135). 16. The multiplication of friars, nuns, monks, and priests (p. 138). 17. The permitting Protestant property to be destroyed, without adequate efforts to secure it:—(The author is speaking of lay property, such as might be embarked in manufactures or in estates—not of tithes, as we might speak:)—Chief Justice Nugent confessed it was 'a necessary piece of policy' (p. 143). 18. The putting it into the power of Roman Catholics to ruin Protestants by imposing taxes on them (p. 149). *The poor-laws* were not then in Ireland; the writer confines his remarks to other cases.* 19. King James had a parliament, and a papist majority in it, who passed various striking laws affecting Protestants, which it must be needless to mention. 20. This same Irish parliament were very anxious to remove

* 'Now we have the poor-laws,' said a priest to a friend, when thrown off his guard, 'won't we tax the landlords, and drive them fairly out of the country?' This, by the by, will account for the anxiety of the priests to secure the poor-law guardians.

every vestige of their subjection to the crown of England; they were, in fact, Repealers (p. 173). 21. The tenants were set against their landlords, and taught to deny their right to their estates (p. 182). 22. There were a number of private murders and assassinations of Protestants, and government was supposed not to be very active in the persecution of them (p. 188). 23. The priests *were active*; 'fearing to shock their friends in England and Scotland,' when they encouraged people to rob their Protestant neighbours, they charged them not to kill them—(Dr. Doyle's recommendation in the tithe war)—assuring them that everything else would be forgiven them (p. 211). 24. People were kept very much in the dark, both in England and Scotland, as to the real sufferings of the Protestants in Ireland; and when travellers came over to Ireland and found the Protestants persecuted, 'they seemed to stand amazed at what they saw, and could hardly believe their own eyes' (p. 213). 25. Protestants, in large numbers, emigrated (p. 210). 26. The Protestants were numbered (p. 202): a step which, in modern times, Mr. Wyse has not hesitated to consider as one of the most important taken by the so-called Catholic Association, as preparatory to the enforcement of its demands. 27. The king commenced his reign with a solemn declaration that he would protect the Church of England; but the Romanists took care to observe that in this was no specific mention of Ireland (p. 216). It is a singular coincidence that observers have remarked at this day on the studied exclusion of Ireland from similar declarations of the crown. 28. One of the first of James' plans was to introduce *Jesuit schools*; 29. to discourage the former schools of Protestants; and to place the education of the country in the hands of Papists; though not under the name of a national system, professing no religion whatever. In this he surpasses ourselves (p. 217). 30. He tampered with the statutes of Trinity College (p. 218). 31. He diminished the number of the bishops by refusing to keep up the succession (p. 220). 32. Their revenues were seized on, and applied to the use of Papists—though in a more direct way than by relieving them from the payment of a just debt. 33. And Cashel, Clogher, Elphin, and Clonfert, were expressly accepted by the Papists 'as an instalment' of the whole (p. 221). 34. The people were taught to refuse the dues, and the priests forbade the payment of tithes; so that for two years scarcely any were recovered by the clergy, 'or recovered with so much difficulty and cost, that they turned it to little account' (p. 223). 35. The principle was publicly recognised that every man ought to pay the ministers of his own religion (p. 223). 36. The crown-rents reserved upon livings

livings 'were exacted from the Protestant clergy, notwithstanding the greatest part of their tithes was taken from them.' (p. 227). It was but the other day that the government, in conveying to the clergy the amount of tithes received for them, balanced it by their demand for crown-rent; and in a case which came under our own observation, the tithes recovered were so many shillings, the crown-rent demanded so many hundred pounds. 37. The crown encouraged all kinds of sectarians in their resistance to the church (p. 230). 38. It proceeded to subvert the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the bishops (p. 231). 39. It claimed a right of interference with the church, which it professed itself incompetent to exercise over other religious bodies (p. 232). 40. It employed about the person of the monarch men 'very corrupt in morals and debauched,' as being the persons most 'in a fair way to embrace the persuasion' of popery (p. 233); and they were particularly remarked for 'their profanation of the Lord's Day, so as, if they had any signal ball or entertainment to make, any journey or weighty business to begin, they commonly chose that day for it' (p. 234). 41. Churches were damaged and profaned (p. 236), others shut up (p. 242):—as it was proposed recently to shut them up where the congregation fell short of fifty souls. 42. The utmost violence was exhibited by the priests in making converts (p. 244). 43. They interfered with mixed marriages (p. 244); and employed secret rioters, like Ribbonmen, to insult and assault Protestants who were firm to their religion (p. 245). 44. The clergy were attacked and beaten (p. 246). 45. Funerals were made the scenes of insult and riot (p. 246). 46. Protestants, on their death-bed, were exposed (as they are now) to the intrusion of the priest, anxious to claim them as converts, by forcing on them the rite of extreme unction (p. 247). 47. The clergy were compelled to undertake offices and discharge duties as the menial servants of the state (p. 248). 48. Every effort was made to exhibit the church and the Protestant religion as a monster (p. 249). 49. Newspapers were set on foot for the very purpose of circulating calumnies against the clergy (p. 251). 50. All this was carried on while the government were 'loudly proclaiming *liberty of conscience*.'

These fifty points, to those who have studied the recent progress of affairs, will probably seem curious. They have been roughly thrown down here, for the purpose simply of showing what English ministers should *not* do, who do not wish to establish Popery in Ireland, and to rule it by the instrumentality of the priests.

But whatever thoughts are turned to governments, there is a truth which every day's experience must impress deeper both on the English and the Irish people—that in the present state of
this

this country no ministers can do much for good, though they may do much for mischief. It is on the landlords and the clergy that the hopes of the empire must rest—and on their co-operating together heartily and vigorously, and at the same time prudently and quietly, as men who can have but one interest, and one duty, and of whom, if one is destroyed, the other *must* perish likewise.

* * It is to give, *professedly* to such a population as we have described, but *substantially* to the priests—their directors and despots—a vast accession of political power, that the Government—the Government of a Queen who holds her throne by the tenure of *Protestantism*—have, while we have been writing these articles, introduced, under the colour of a *Registration Bill*, a NEW FRANCHISE for Ireland. Their Bill is so monstrous, that, ill as we think of the ministry, we are almost inclined to doubt whether they were, before the debate—whether they are *even yet*—fully aware of the practical effect of that revolutionary project.

We, at the conclusion of our last Number, foretold too truly that the earliest duty imposed on the Conservative party would be the defence of the Reform Bill against its own authors; but we hardly expected that the attempt would be made either so soon, or in so sweeping, yet so insidious a form.

The abuses of the Irish registry were so enormous and so flagrant, that, in spite of the combined efforts of the Papists and the Ministry, Lord Stanley had last year carried a remedial Bill beyond the second reading, and had announced his intention to renew it early this session. Any measure which should tend to rescue the real elector from the thralldom of the priests and Mr. O'Connell, and to brush away any portion of the fraudulent registration, must be fatal to the Ministry, whose existence, as we have already shown, depends on this illegal, but at present irresistible, influence of the Priests. What, then, was to be done to avert the danger of a real remedy for those abuses?—Why, the old Popish shift of confessing, when it could be no longer denied, the existence of the evil and the necessity of a remedy—and then, with Jesuitical candour, offering to provide one:—which, of course, prepared by the self-same hands that had created the abuse, was certain to be at least as bad as the disease itself.

This is the real history of Lord Morpeth's Bill, and the way in which it proceeds to effect its object is in exact pursuance of that mixture of impudence and cunning—that sly audacity—in which it was conceived. One of the main conditions and supposed securities provided by the Relief Bill—not merely accepted

but advocated by Mr. O'Connell and the rest of the Romanist party—was the substitution of a *bonâ fide* value of 10*l.* for the old 40*s.* franchise in counties—and in boroughs, the occupancy of 10*l.* tenements instead of 5*l.* This fundamental compact, on which the Roman Catholics were admitted into parliament, is now to be broken;—and a new franchise is proposed, which, we do not hesitate to say, is worse than the old system, and will be liable to equal if not greater abuses.

The new scheme provides that the occupier of any portion of land, or any tenement, which shall be rated to the poor-rate in the sum of 5*l.*, shall have a vote.

Now, observe how this will work.

In the first place, it revives at one stroke all the corruptions of the old Borough constituencies, and throws back again every borough into those corrupt hands, by at least *trebling* the present constituencies. Belfast has about 2000 electors, under the 5*l.* franchise. It is shown by parliamentary documents that there will be above 6000 under Lord Morpeth's bill; that is, the present constituency will be overwhelmed with 4000 of the lower class of inhabitants; and Belfast was chosen by ministers as *their* example, because the proportion would be vastly greater in any, and every other town in Ireland.

In Counties the effect of the Bill would be still worse, and particularly by totally changing the nature of the county franchise. Its first proposal is to admit occupiers of *tenements* of 5*l.* to the franchise for counties: *an entire innovation.*

Next, the portion of *land* rated at 5*l.* would, generally speaking, differ little from an old 40*s.* freehold. No tenant could have had a real and *bonâ fide* profit of 40*s.*—over and above rent, rate, and taxes—out of any portion of land which should not be of the *gross* value of 4*l.* 10*s.* at the very lowest. So that in point of *extent* this new franchise would be little or no better than the 40*s.* freehold; and the old and ruinous system of creating small tenures to make voters of the lowest possible qualification, would be revived on the most sweeping scale. Nay, it would be much worse. The 40*s.* freeholder had, or at least was supposed to have, a *profit* from the land to the amount of 40*s.*; but under Lord Morpeth's new *five-pound* franchise, the voter need not have *five farthings* of beneficial interest in the lands out of which he is to obtain his political franchise.

The land must be *rated* at 5*l.*;—true—but let not our English readers be deceived by the word *rated*. The land is rated indeed, but in Ireland—which is so clamorous for assimilation with England—it was carefully provided at the recent introduction of a Poor-Law rating, that the rate should be paid—not as in England by the
the

the occupier—but by the occupier and landlord jointly—the landlord in all cases paying one-half—in many cases, more—in some, the whole. And as the modes of apportioning these rates are complicated and arbitrary, the greatest efforts have been made, as we have said, by the priests to predominate in the elections of the guardians of the poor-law unions, in order to use them as a weapon of political and pecuniary oppression against the landlords.

The *rating*, moreover, will be no criterion whatsoever of the *value* of the tenant's holding. We have stated, and indeed the fact is notorious, that the poor Irish cottier will give for land not only the utmost penny of its value, but even beyond it; the rate, therefore, is no proof nor measure of his *rent*, and still less of his *profit*—he may hold land rated at 5*l.* on terms which make his bargain worse than nothing.

Thus, then, is to be overthrown in Ireland (England's turn will soon follow) the first constitutional principle of county representation, that the *franchise* should be connected with *profit* from the land. The Irish elector, if this bill passes, may be an absolute insolvent without one penny of profit out of the land he votes for.

But this is not the worst:—all this assumption of *rating* as a check on fraud or a measure of value, is in itself a most scandalous fraud.

The vote must arise out of land rated:—Yes, but the rate *need not be paid*!—the non-payment of the rate does not invalidate the vote conferred by the rating! Was there ever such a mockery?

Again: if a vote be once acquired by a *five pound* rating, a subsequent *diminution* of the rating shall not invalidate the vote. Thus, land may be rated for one year at 5*l.* to confer a vote, and may next year be lowered for all other purposes to 2*l.*, but without desroying the vote—which the one year's rating will confer irrevocably for 14 years, subject only to the voter's paying *his share* of the difference of the rates—which would be, in the case stated—at 6*d.* in the pound—*ninepence* per annum for a vote, the rated foundation of which was gone!

But still more monstrous. The Poor Law Act had exempted certain poor lands (bog, &c.) from *rating*:—Will it be believed that Lord Morpeth's bill provides that these lands—too valueless to be rated under the Poor Law—shall nevertheless be rated under this Bill for the *purpose of creating votes*?

There have been already exhibited in Ireland some strange instances of abuse in the poor-law ratings—gross partiality, great injustice, and a general irregularity and uncertainty of principle; but if this be so *already*, where the actual apportionment of the

money must operate as a kind of check, what may we expect from those ratings which are not *money-ratings* but *vote-ratings*? The wastes, barren of money, will be found prolific of votes. What a specimen of Hibernian legislation!—one bill exempting as valueless the same land, where the other bill permits the valuers to find as many *five-pound* franchises as they may think proper!

In short, we are convinced that this measure would create a state infinitely worse than the old 40s. freeholders—worse, we almost think, than Universal Suffrage; for Universal Suffrage has a principle—an erroneous and dangerous one indeed—but a principle—it boldly rejects *property* and adopts *personality*; but Lord Morpeth's bill is a *mere fraud*, which talks of *property and rating* only to abandon them in practice, and which admits to a franchise, *affecting to be based upon property*, persons as destitute of any pretence to property as the poorest individual whom Universal Suffrage could bring to the poll.

Our readers, from this exposure of the principle—the *real principle* of Lord Morpeth's bill—cannot be surprised that the Conservatives would not consent to give it a second reading; and they will understand why the ministerialists now admit, with affected candour, that 'they fear they may be beaten on the 5*l.* clause, which no doubt will be raised up to 10*l.* in the Committee.'

But it is clear that the principle is equally bad—equally unconstitutional—whether the sum be 5*l.* or 10*l.*;—for neither ensures any beneficial interest in the voter. The poor fellow who gives a *rackrent* for land of the rated value of 10*l.* is not likely to be more independent or more solvent, indeed less so, than he who rents only a 5*l.* lot. The only difference is, that so many voters cannot be manufactured on the same extent of ground—that is, of ground *rated to the poor*:—but on the ground to be rated for *vote-making*, there will be little other limit than the conscience of the valuator; and as we know *by whom* the valuers will be appointed, we foresee great elasticity of conscience. But the personal condition of the 10*l.* voter, in respect to property, might be no better, and would probably be worse; and the constitutional objection will be just the same.

We therefore fairly confess that we are nearly indifferent whether the Conservatives shall, or shall not, try in the committee to substitute 10*l.* instead of 5*l.*; but if their doing so, and succeeding, were to increase, as we fear it might, the chance of the ultimate passing of the bill, we should most strenuously deprecate it.

There are fifty other objections, which we have not time to develop, to this most fraudulent measure—as fraudulent in its details as in its general design;—but the great, the constitutional

tional objections—the objections which can neither be removed nor *compromised*—are first, the alteration of a fixed constitutional principle—the severance of the *franchise* from *beneficial property*—and secondly, the overthrow of the *landmarks* of the Relief and Reform bills, so lately and so solemnly fixed and recognised as *inviolable* by all the parties to those great national compacts;—these are what we trust the House of Commons—which has already admitted the second reading by a majority of only five—will never, when it comes to consider the whole bearings of the question, persist in sanctioning—these are sacrifices of principle and good faith—which we are confident the House of Lords can never sanction, and which the people of England will never tolerate.

The unanimous applause with which the whole Radical and Chartist press have received the bill is no doubtful indication of its real merits and expected effects; and Mr. O'Connell has told the House that the measure will satisfy *him* and his *constituents*. That is enough for us. We have shown who Mr. O'Connell's real constituents are, and we know that any measure that satisfies *him* and *them* must be another step towards establishing the despotic domination of popery in Ireland.

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